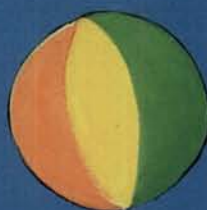


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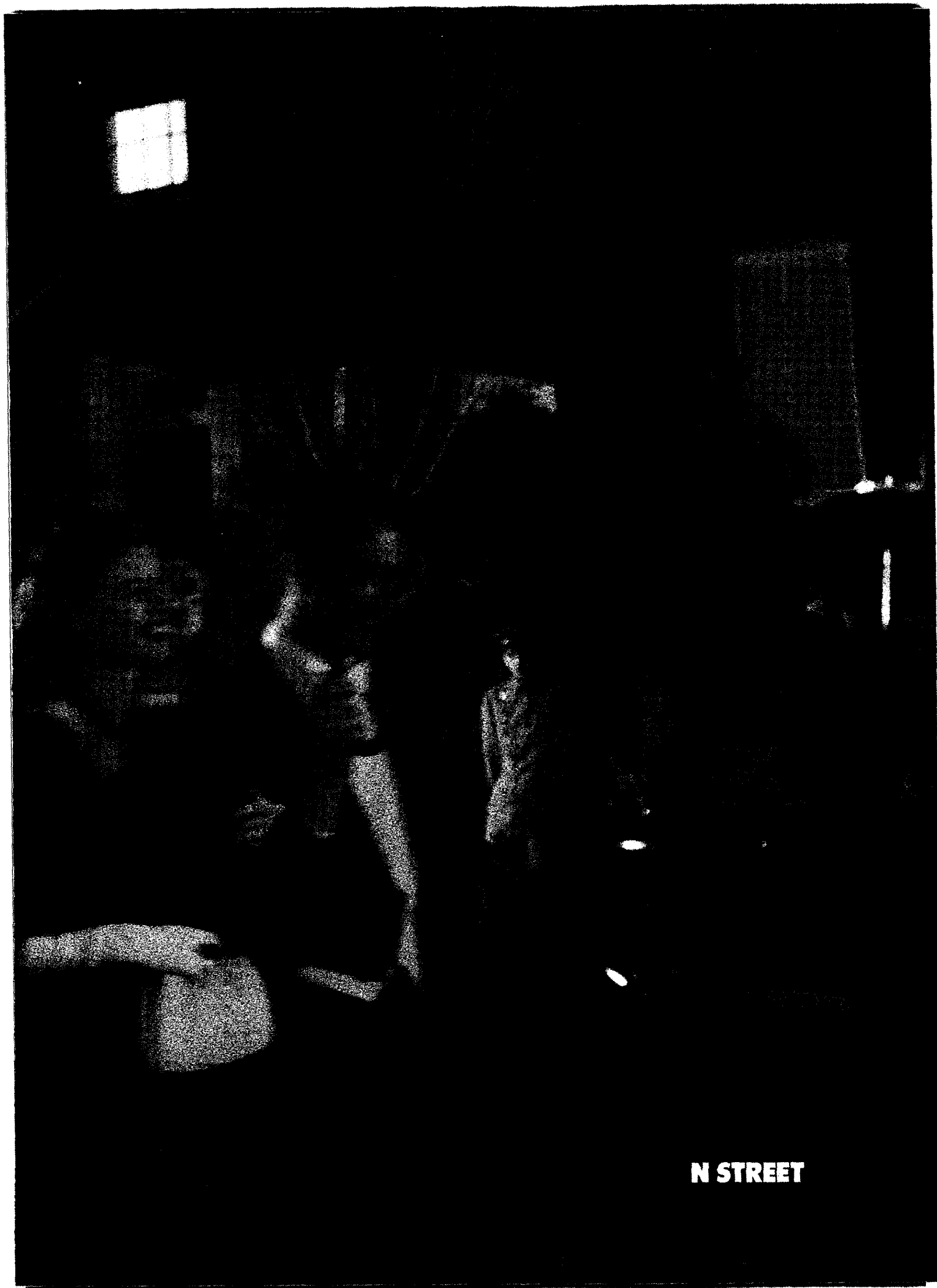
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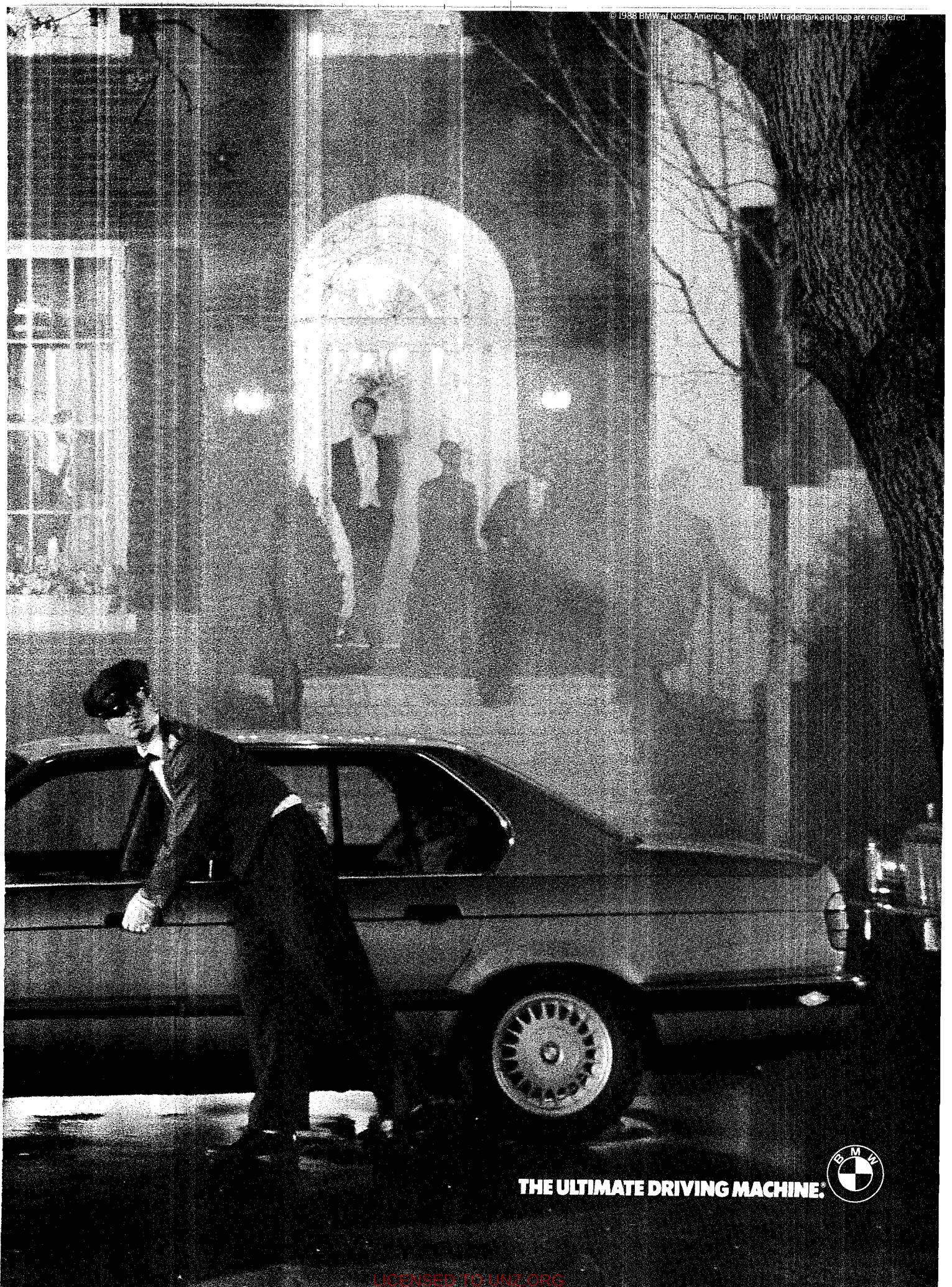


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THE NEW YORKER

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THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Steven T. Florio, president and chief executive officer; Rebecca Wesson Darwin, vice-president and publisher; Sam R. Spoto, vice-president; Stuart H. Jason, vice-president and treasurer; Ruth A. Diem, vice-president and human resources director; Frank Mustacato, vice-president and circulation director; Virginia L. Keegan, vice-president and business manager; Lynn Guthrie Heiler, advertising director. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 41 Osgood Place, San Francisco, Calif. 94133; Suite 2360, 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; 67½ Chestnut St., Boston, Mass. 02108; 19 South Audley St., London, W1Y 5DN. Metropolitan Publishers Representatives: 3017 Piedmont Road, NE, Atlanta, Ga. 30305; 2500 So. Dixie Highway, Miami, Fla. 33133; 3016 Mason Place, Tampa, Fla. 33629; 3 Church St., Suite 503, Toronto, Canada. M5E 1M2. Vol. LXIV, No. 23, July 25, 1988. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1988 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. The magazine's name, logo, and various titles and headings herein have been registered with the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, \$32.00; two years, \$52.00. In Canada, one year, \$50.00. Other foreign, one year, \$56.00, payable in advance.

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322.

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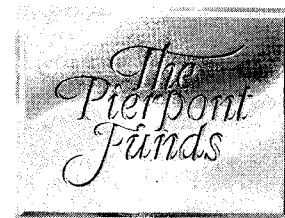
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MORGAN STANLEY

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

AMERICAN REPERTORY THEATRE—Two plays in repertory. **BIG TIME: SCENES FROM A SERVICE ECONOMY:** Keith Reddin's one-act satire about a smartly dressed international banker who is morally an empty suit. Directed by Steven Schachter. (Monday and Tuesday, July 18-19, and Wednesday, July 27, at 8. Closes Saturday, July 30.) ... **SIX CHARACTERS IN SEARCH OF AN AUTHOR:** Final performances of Robert Brustein's adaptation of the Pirandello classic. (Wednesday and Thursday, July 20-21, at 8; Friday and Saturday, July 22-23, at 5 and 9; and Monday and Tuesday, July 25-26, at 8.) (Joyce, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

THE FILM SOCIETY—A play by Jon Robin Baitz, with Dillon Evans, William Glover, and Margaret Hilton. Directed by John Tillinger. Previews Monday through Wednesday, July 18-20. Opens officially on Thursday, July 21. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Saturdays at 2.)

GODSPELL—A revival of the 1971 musical by Stephen Schwartz and John-Michael Tebelak. (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

INTO THE WOODS—This musical by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine is an attempt to show what lurks beneath the surface of conventional fairy tales. The amusing first half is like a musical staging of Bruno Bettelheim's "The Uses of Enchantment." The rather nasty second half degenerates into cheap philosophy. The costumes (by Ann Hould-Ward) and sets (by Tony Straiges) are pretty to look at and the songs are beautiful or funny—sometimes both. With Dick Cavett as the Narrator. Directed by Mr. Lapine. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/16/87.) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

JIKA—A play about the South African student movement, written and directed by Maishe Maponya. (Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, July 31.)

M. BUTTERFLY—David Henry Hwang's funny, mysterious, and often beautiful play is based on an actual case: in 1964, a French diplomat took as his mistress a star of the Beijing Opera, and some twenty years later—when they were both charged with being spies—discovered that "she" was a he. John Lithgow, in the leading role, gives an exceptional performance, and so does B. D. Wong as his lover. Lori Tan Chinn, George N. Martin, and Rose Gregorio give them sound support. (4/4/88) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. The performance on Monday, July 18, will have two sign-language interpreters.)

MIRACOLO D'AMORE—This theatre piece, conceived and directed by the extraordinary Martha Clarke, was inspired by, among other things, the Punchinello drawings of Tiepolo, the eighteenth-century Venetian artist. The score was composed by Richard Peaslee, the setting and costumes were designed by Robert Israel, and the lighting was by Paul Gallo. The show is a treat for the eye and ear and, occasionally, the funny bone for the mere sixty minutes it runs. (7/11/88) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Tuesdays and Thursdays at 8, and Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 9:30.)

MOROCCO—Sam Freed, George Guidall, and Gordana Rashovich in a play by Allan Havis. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 9. Matinees Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 3.)

THE NIGHT OF THE IGUANA—Except for the performances of Jane Alexander and Maria Tucci, this revival of Tennessee Williams' play is negligible. (7/11/88) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tues-



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days through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

OIL CITY SYMPHONY—Mike Craver, Mark Hardwick, Debra Monk, and Mary Murfitt, gifted and sophisticated singers and instrumentalists, appear as a quartet of dedicated hicks reuniting at their small-town high school in this very funny, very musical musical. Mr. Hardwick and Miss Monk, by the way, are alumni of "Pump Boys and Dinettes" of blessed memory. (1/18/88) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

O'NEILL CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION—A disappointing revival of **LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT** alternates with a sunny revival of **AH, WILDERNESS!** Jason Robards and Colleen Dewhurst star in both. (7/4/88) ... **"Ah, Wilderness!":** Monday and Tuesday, July 18-19, at 8, and Wednesday, July 27, at 2 and 8. ... **"Long Day's Journey":** Wednesday, July 20, at 2 and 8; Thursday and Friday, July 21-22, at 8; Saturday, July 23, at 2 and 8; and Monday and Tuesday, July 25-26, at 8. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 246-0102.)

THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA—The much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets (by Maria Björnson), everything about the show is negligible, including the overhyped performance of Michael Crawford in the title role. (2/8/88) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE ROAD TO MECCA—An absorbing, if somewhat elusive, play by the South African dramatist Athol Fugard, about an aging woman sculptor who is mystical and independent, and who resists the attempts of a local minister to persuade her to go into an old-people's home. With Yvonne Bryceland, Mr. Fugard himself, and Kathy Bates, as a young disciple of the sculptor. Mr. Fugard directed. (4/25/88) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

ROMANCE/ROMANCE—A pair of charming one-act musicals that have travelled successfully from Off to Broadway. Scott Bakula and Alison Fraser are as romantic as required in the leading roles. Barry Harman wrote the clever books and lyrics, and Keith Herrmann wrote the engaging scores. Mr. Harman directed. (5/16/88) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

SPEED-THE-PLOW—David Mamet's satire on Hol-

lywood is just as scathing, just as acute as his "Glengarry Glen Ross," and even funnier, if that can be imagined. Under the direction of Gregory Mosher, Joe Mantegna and Ron Silver give stunning performances as a pair of sleazy producers, and Madonna does well, too, as a wide-eyed secretary. (5/16/88) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6277. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

TAMARA—A participatory theatrical encounter, in which the audience must literally follow the characters as they move from room to room in what is supposed to be Gabriele D'Annunzio's villa. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. 239-2590. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 5 and 9; and Sundays at 7. The matinee schedule varies; please call ahead.)

THREE WAYS HOME—S. Epitha Merckson is a welfare mother; Malcolm-Jamal Warner is her unmanageable sixteen-year-old son; and Mary McDonnell is a volunteer social worker assigned to her case. All of them are splendid. The play, by Casey Kurti, much of it in monologues, is comic and sad and never dull. (6/6/88) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—ANYTHING GOES: This exuberant revival is primarily a celebration of Cole Porter himself. The company, which includes Bill McCutcheon, Howard McGillin, Patti LuPone, and Kathleen Mahony-Bennett, does more than justice to the words and score. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **BROADWAY BOUND:** Neil Simon retains his accustomed skill at comedy but has wisely suppressed his weakness for surefire gags in a touching and unexpectedly serious study of a family—presumably the playwright's—as it begins to fall apart in Brooklyn in the nineteen-forties. Joan Rivers plays the mother; Gene Saks directed. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **BURN THIS:** A play by Lanford Wilson, with Eric Roberts as a foulmouthed restaurant manager who woos and wins his dead brother's dancing partner. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **CATS:** A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Score by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for many more years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

... **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **DRIVING MISS DAISY:** Frances Sternhagen and Earle Hyman star in Alfred Uhry's play, which tells of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. Directed by Ron Lagomarsino. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **THE FANTASTICKS:** This longest of long runs recently celebrated its twenty-eighth birthday. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.) ... **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:15. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:15, and Sundays at 3.) ... **FRANKIE AND JOHNNY IN THE CLAIR DE LUNE:** Carol Kane and Bruce Weitz in Terrence McNally's enchanting comedy

about sex and the sudden onset of love in an apartment on Tenth Avenue. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.) ... **ME AND MY GIRL:** A silly chestnut of a British musical, dating back to the thirties. With Jim Dale. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **LES MISÉRABLES:** Tim Shew and Norman Large star in the musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel, but the real standouts of the production are the settings, by John Napier, and the lighting, by David Hersey. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Saturdays at 2.) ... **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **SARAFINA!** This South African musical, an explosion of talent, was conceived, written, and directed by Mbonengi Ngema, who also, with Hugh Masekela, composed and arranged the score. The acting, dancing, and singing, to a local form of popular music called Mbaqanga, are a wonder. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **A SHAYNA MAIDEL:** A well-wrought and deeply moving play by Barbara Lebow about a Polish-Jewish family torn apart by the events of the Hitler era. The production is beautifully directed by Mary B. Robinson. Bring lots of Kleenex to this one, but expect to leave uplifted. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **STARLIGHT EXPRESS:** A bore on roller skates. (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **STEEL MAGNOLIAS:** This first play by Robert Harling is set in a beauty shop in a small town in Louisiana, and consists mainly of the often amusing, wisecracking chatter of the proprietress, her assistant, and four steady customers. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

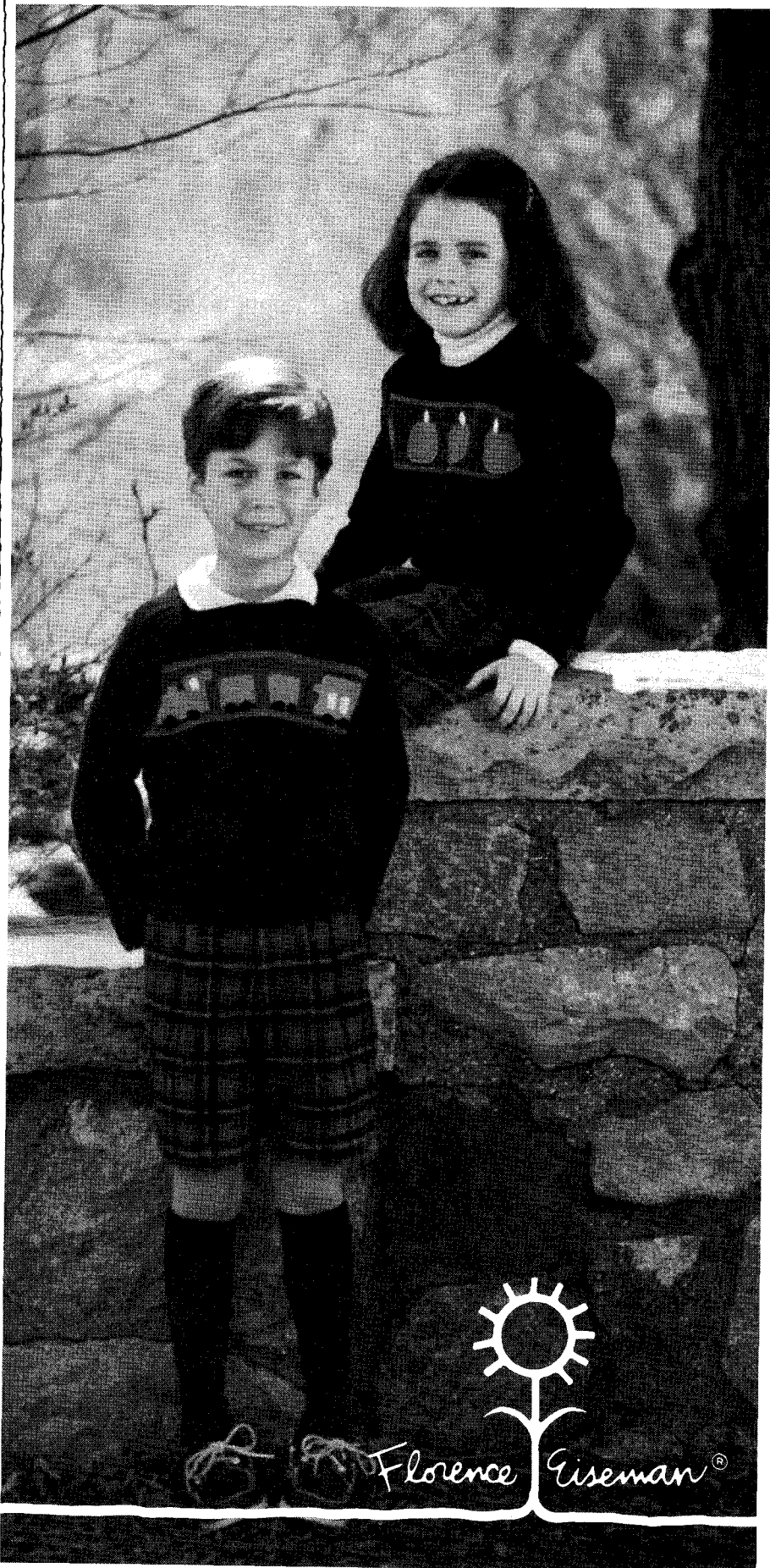
"SERIOUS FUN!"—The second annual summer series. Tuesday, July 19: Kathy Rose in a dance-film production, and the Elodie Lauten ensemble in five new works composed for a Fairlight computer, piano, and strings. ... **Wednesday, July 20:** Laurie Anderson. ... **Thursday, July 21:** Geoff Hoyle, a clown of the "new vaudevillian" persuasion, and Ethyl Eichelberger. Mr. Eichelberger will portray both Abe and Mary Todd Lincoln in a new performance piece. ... **Friday, July 22:** An accordion extravaganza, with Guy Klucsevsek, Pauline Oliveros, Bill Schimmel, the B. Z. Squeezies, and Terrance Simien & the Mallet Playboys. ... **Saturday, July 23:** Percussionist David Van Tieghem, solo and with his ensemble; Mr. Van Tieghem will also dance in a work that he has choreographed. ... **Tuesday and Wednesday, July 26-27:** Four aerially inclined dance companies: Pat Graney and her troupe, Robert Davidson and Susan Murphy, Sara Pearson, and Bridgman/Packer/Feldman. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Evenings at 8. Through Thursday, Aug. 4.)

WITHOUT YOU I'M NOTHING—Sandra Bernhard in a one-woman show. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 5:30 and 9.)

JACKIE MASON'S "THE WORLD ACCORDING TO ME!"—The comedian's one-man show. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

CANCIONES DE MI PADRE—Linda Ronstadt and a company of twenty-one in a revue of mariachi songs and dances. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, July 30.)

LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN—Presenting Gilbert and Sullivan's **PIRATES OF PENZANCE**. (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednes-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE—Cont'd

days at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

TEN PERCENT REVUE—A musical revue by Tom Wilson Weinberg about gay life. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

DANCE

NATIONAL BALLET OF CANADA—A one-week engagement—Monday, July 18, at 7:30, and Thursday and Friday, July 21-22, at 8: The U.S. premieres of "La Ronde" and "Blue Snake."... Tuesday, July 19, at 8, and Wednesday, July 20, and Saturday, July 23, at 2 and 8: "Onegin," with guest artists Natalia Makarova and Fernando Bujones. (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

PILOBOLUS—Appearing for a single performance of "Molly's Not Dead," "Land's Edge," and "Day Two." (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Monday, July 18, at 8.)

MIAMI CITY BALLET—The first Manhattan appearance by Edward Villella's new troupe. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Friday, July 22, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. ... Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A big cabaret on the edge of Chelsea, near the flower and fur markets. **PATTI PAGE** reprises some of her megahits Tuesday through Saturday, July 19-23, at nine and eleven. The club will be closed for two weeks starting Sunday, July 24.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—On the back wall of this jazz club, there's a neon version of the Manhattan skyline, with a crescent moon and two stars attendant upon it—one of the best examples of inert-gas folk art we know of. Drummer **ELVIN JONES'** group and pianist **HILTON RUIZ'** ensemble trade sets Tuesday through Sunday, July 19-24. The **YELLOWJACKETS**, a fusion band, begin a six-night stint on Tuesday, July 26. Music from nine. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Music for many kinds of people, including unreconstructed folkies, rock-and-roll fundamentalists, Village bopcats, and followers of **MARTI JONES**, a specialist in country-rock heartaches and low-grade fevers, who sings on Monday and Tuesday, July 18-19; appearing with her are some of the people whose songs she has recorded—**GRAHAM PARKER**, **JANIS IAN**, **RICHARD BARONE**, and **DON DIXON** (who is also her producer). The rest of the lineup: Wednesday and Thursday, July 20-21, **JANE SIBERRY**; Friday, July 22, **LIVINGSTON TAYLOR** and **BONNIE KOLOC**; and Saturday, July 23, **DOC WATSON** and **DAVE VAN RONK**. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A crowded, duskily lit neighborhood bar, where pianists, bassists, and, occasionally, horn players compete for your ear with professional conversationalists. Truth and beauty usually prevail. Pianist **KIRK LIGHTSEY** works with bassist **CECIL MC BEE** through Saturday, July 23. On Sunday, July 24, Mr. Lightsey heads up a trio. Pianist **JOHN HICKS** comes in on Monday, July 25. First set at nine-forty-five. Dining.

CARLOS I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—Everything about this club is nice: the long rows of tables covered with pink linen, the bijou bandstand, the view from the bar of the bandstand, and the view out the window of Vaux and Withers' gabled Victorian courthouse. **HAMMET BLUIETT**, the bearded baritone voice of the World Saxophone Quartet, leads his Telepathic Big Band on Mondays. **LOU DONALDSON**, an amiable hard-bop altoist, is here with a quartet Tuesday through Sunday, July 19-24. **IRENE REID**, a Dinah Wash-

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ington admirer who sang with the Count Basie Orchestra in the early sixties, arrives on the scene Tuesday, July 26. Music from nine-thirty.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Through a heavy-duty steel door, through a green Plexiglas door, down a long, narrow, fun-house passageway (mirrors in which you can watch yourself multiply; corrugated-metal siding you can rattle), and down a flight of stairs, you'll find this velvet-and-mirror-walled *boite*. Vocalist Jackie Paris, who spent some time with the Lionel Hampton band in the late forties, sings Tuesday through Sunday, July 19-24. Mondays are in the hands of guitarist **LES PAUL**. Music from eight. Dining.

FORTUNE GARDEN PAVILION, 209 E. 49th St. (753-0101)—Two things not known to be available in the next world—Chinese food and American jazz—can be found here, under a greenhouse roof giving onto a patch of midtown sky. Three fine pianists will be on the premises: **ROLAND HANNA** Tuesday and Wednesday, July 19-20; **BARRY HARRIS** Thursday through Sunday, July 21-24; and **JUDY CARMICHAEL** Tuesday through Thursday, July 26-28. Music from nine-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays, and from six on Sundays.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—Once a truck warehouse, this SoHo establishment now provides space for palm trees to mature in and for non-trucking types to eat and drink and listen to good pianists. The schedule: Tuesday and Wednesday, July 19-20, **MICHAEL WEISS**; Thursday through Saturday, July 21-23, **Nat Jones**; and Tuesday through Thursday, July 26-28, **HAL SCHAEFER**. Sets begin at seven Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at seven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays.

J's, 2581 Broadway, at 97th St. (666-3600)—A room where the tenth letter of the alphabet (uncapped and disguised as a quarter note) turns up often: on doors, window shades, matchbooks. It's also a room with a view (of Broadway) and with jazz (mostly of the mainstream type). Mondays belong to pianist **DICK HYMAN**, Tuesdays to singer-pianist **RICHARD RODNEY BENNETT**, and Thursdays to guitarist **JOHN PIZZARELLI**'s trio. The rest of the schedule: Wednesday, July 20, the **CAROL BRITTO** trio; Friday, July 22, pianist **TERRY WALDO**'s trio; and Saturday, July 23, singer-owner **JUDY BARNETT**'s band. Music from eight Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

KNICKERBOCKER, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Turn-of-the-century New York Sunday *Herald* posters and Hirschfeld caricatures on the walls, and, next to the brass-railed partition between the bar and the dining room, a modern Steinway. **HERMAN FOSTER** will have **JAY LEONHART** at his side Tuesday through Saturday, July 19-23. On Tuesday,

July 26, pianist **STEVE KUHN** teams up with bassist David Fink. **HARRY CONNICK, JR.**, a young New Orleans-born pianist, flies all by himself on Sundays and Mondays. Music from about nine-thirty.

KNITTING FACTORY, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—A second-floor retreat that features avant-garde jazz, advanced and unadvanced rock, medicinal teas, medicinal beer, and space to think your thoughts in. Monday, July 18, **ELLIOTT SHARP**, the Alternatives, and others; Wednesday, July 20, **Tiny Lights**, guitarist **JEAN-PAUL SOURELLY**, and **CURLEW**; Thursday, July 21, ex-dB **CHRIS STAMEY** and current dB **PETER HOLSAAPPE**, in an acoustic set; Friday, July 22, **Joey Arias**; Sunday, July 24, **Roger Miller** (Birdsongs of the Mesozoic member, not the King of the Road) and the **Michael Rabinowitz sextet**; Monday, July 25, **Word**; and Wednesday, July 27, the **BERN NIX** trio and the **Rootless Cosmopolitans**. Music after nine.

LONE STAR CAFE, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Texas-like in significant respects, though not in the open-spaces-and-clear-sight-lines department, in which it is New York-like. Monday, July 18, **LITTLE BUSTER**; Tuesday, July 19, **BUCKWHEAT ZYDECO**; Wednesday, July 20, **DELBERT MC CLINTON**, who played harmonica on Bruce Channel's 1962 hit "Hey! Baby," in one show only, at nine-forty-five; Thursday, July 21, **SON SEALS** and the **Broadcasters**; Friday, July 22, **JAMES COTTON** and **Sugar Ray** & the **Blue Tones**; and Saturday, July 23, the **SUN RHYTHM SECTION**, a group of Elvis-era rockers from Memphis. Music after nine. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Unicorns and lions on the walls, well-heeled cats on the banquettes, and jazz-history experts on the bandstand. Two bands are sharing the bill. One is **VINCE GIORDANO'S NIGHT-HAWKS**, a ten-piece outfit that is known for its re-creations of music played by the orchestras of Fletcher Henderson, Jean Goldkette, and others. The second group, led by a young guitarist named **FRANK VIGNOLA**, models itself after Django Reinhardt's Quintette du Hot Club de France. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining. Closed Sundays.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Up-to-the-minute rock in a half-century-old ballroom. It's a place for people who don't mind taking their rock standing up; the few seats that exist—in the balcony—are reserved for the usual suspects. Friday, July 22, the **Divinyls**, an Australian outfit; and Saturday, July 23, **KOKO TAYLOR & HER BLUES MACHINE** and **JOHN MAYALL'S BLUESBREAKERS**. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A musical melting pot: samba bands, African pop bands, reggae people, zydeco outfits, and salsa ensembles all pass through this former luncheonette. The menu, in part: Monday, July 18, **MARIO RIVERA & THE SALSA REFUGEES**; Wednesday, July 20, **TABOU COMBO**; Saturday, July 23, **PE-DE-BOI**; and Wednesday and Thursday, July 27-28, **JUDY MOWATT** and **Andrew Tosh**. Music from nine Mondays through Thursdays, and from ten, Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays.

SPEAKEASY, 107 Macdougall St. (598-9670)—Outside, on the boulevards of Greenwich Village, heedless local youths and tourists from New Jersey make mad music; inside, dulcimers are hammered, fiddles are fiddled, folk songs are sung, and Professor Irwin Corey sometimes pops his head in to explain what a light bulb is (a thing that sucks up darkness until it goes out). **Bob Dylan** won't be here on Wednesday, July 20, but some of his imitators will be, all of them competing to approximate Bob most nearly. This contest is an annual Speakeasy event. On Saturday, July 23, former Band member **RICK DANKO** will be entertaining the troops. Music from about eight-thirty. Dining.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A convivial and crowded jazz club—but not so crowded, as **Yogi Berra** said of another night spot, that nobody comes here anymore. Pianist **TOMMY FLANAGAN**, accompanied by bassist **GEORGE MRAZ** and drummer **KENNY WASHINGTON**, has the floor Tuesday



through Sunday, July 19-24. On Tuesday, July 26, pianist **OLIVER JONES** kicks off Canadian Jazz Week at the club. Monday, July 18, has been set aside for Tokyo pianist **YOSUKE YAMASHITA**, and Monday, July 25, for singer **DAKOTA STATON**. Shows from ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A low-ceilinged, plain but functional blues and rock outpost. The decorative flourishes include pictures of Big Joe Turner, a Mets pennant, roadhouse neon, and a fiddle-footed black cat, which roams the premises looking for a seat better than the one it just abandoned. Monday, July 18, the Tall Lonesome Pines, **LOUP GAROU**, the **SURREAL MC COYS**, and the World Famous Bluejays; Wednesday, July 20, Michael Hill's Bluesland, and others; and Friday, July 22, blues harpist **CAREY BELL**'s group. Shows from nine-thirty.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Downstairs, in the gym-size room where hep cat d.j. Symphony Sid used to spend his Monday evenings hosting Latin-jazz shows, Latin music is still the rule on Mondays. On July 18, tenor saxophonist **HAROLD DUSLEY** solos with **WILLIE COLÓN** and **JOSÉ ALBERTO** and their bands; on July 25, reedman **FRANK WESS** works with ensembles led by **TITO PUENTE** and **LOUIE RAMÍREZ**. Activity from nine-thirty. ¶ One flight up, in the Terrace Bar, where business and conversation are often at boom level, **JIMMY GOURLEY**, a bop-rooted guitarist who has lived in Paris for the past thirty years, collaborates with bassist Dominique Lemerle nightly, except Mondays. On Tuesdays, the visiting duo trades sets with **HELLMAN'S ANGELS**, a string trio whose head angel, **DAPHNE HELLMAN**, plays the harp. Music from ten.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—One of the few places below the surface of New York that deserve landmark status. It's also one of the few places anywhere that have a notable (if that's the right word) light fixture—one that Charles Mingus K.O.'d while trying to reason with the proprietor, and that the proprietor, a preservationist as well as a businessman, decided to leave in Mingus-ized condition. Brooklyn composer-woodwinds wizard **HENRY THREADDGILL** and his Sextett play new-fashioned marches, dirges, stomps, and just about everything else Tuesday through Sunday, July 19-24. Mondays are reserved for saxophonist **BOB MINTZER**'s big band. Music from ten.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Those who can resist the temptations of the large barroom here—pinball, video games, a dialogue with a budding logical positivist from Columbia U.—will find another, smaller room, where jazz musicians hold sway. Guitarist **SAL SALVADOR** pilots a quintet Wednesday through Sunday, July 20-24. Music from about nine. Dining.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—Pasta and jazz. The latter emanates from a passageway between a front-room bar and a back room reserved for trenchermen. Pianist **JANE JARVIS** and bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY** team up through Saturday, July 23; on Monday, July 25, **KIRK LIGHTSEY** and **RAY DRUMMOND** take over the piano-bass duties. Music from eight.

JAZZ / ROCK / PERSONAL APPEARANCES / PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

PRESERVATION HALL JAZZ BAND—Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Tuesday, July 19, at 8.

VICTOR BORGE—Carnegie Hall. Wednesday through Saturday, July 20-23, at 8.

MUSIC AND DANCE FROM PERU—With Eva Ayllón, Lucho Neves, El Carreta, Maria-Jesús Vasquez, Los Takis del Peru, and Gente Morena. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Saturday, July 23, at 7.)

GLORIA ESTEFAN AND MIAMI SOUND MACHINE—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 757-3100. Monday through Wednesday, July 25-27, at 8.

JAZZ IN JULY—A series of six concerts. Tuesday, July 19: Maureen McGovern and the Dick Hyman quintet. ¶ Wednesday, July 20: Ralph Sutton, Derek Smith and Dick Hyman, Art Hodes, and Carrie Smith. ¶ Thursday, July 21: Loren Schoenberg & the Duke's Descendants and Jeanne Faulkner. ¶ Tuesday, July 26: Kenny Davern, Major Holley, Ed Polcer, Mr. Hyman, and Dorothy Loudon. ¶ Wednesday, July 27: Vince Giordano & the Nighthawks, Terry Waldo's Gotham City Stompers, Andy Stein, and the Howard Alden—Dan Barrett quintet. ¶ Thursday, July 28: Walt Levin'sky's

Great American Swing Band, Lynn Roberts, and Bob Haggart. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Evenings at 8.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

GEORGE AULT (1891-1948)—Works on paper. Through July 29. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St.)

JOSÉ CAMPECHE (1751-1809)—A Puerto Rican who recorded the high society of San Juan in his portraits. Forty-seven of his paintings are currently on view at the Metropolitan Museum. Through Sept. 25. (Museo del Barrio, 1230 Fifth Ave., at 104th St. Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

LAURA FOREMAN / BONNIE LUCAS—Assemblages. / Paintings on paper and assemblages. Through July 30. (Yi, 249 Centre St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

ADA GILMORE (1883-1955)—Color woodcuts and watercolors. Through July 30. (Ryan, 452 Columbus Ave., at 81st St. Opens at noon Tuesdays through Saturdays.)

JULIO GONZÁLEZ (1876-1942)—Paintings and drawings. Through Aug. 19. (Kent, 41 E. 57th St.)

COLIN GRAY—Sculptures in mixed-up mediums, including one piece called "Oddballs"—a hundred and fifty or so tennis balls cut to resemble spiders, tongues, and tulips, and arranged in a swarm on the wall. Through July 29. (Ruth Siegel, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

DAVID HOCKNEY—A number of gallery shows are being held to coincide with his retrospective at the Metropolitan Museum. Drawings at Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Through July 29. ¶ Prints at Drake, 50 W. 57th St. Through Saturday, July 23. ¶ Early graphics at Ingber, 415 West Broadway. Through July 30. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

OLIVER JOHNSON—New paintings and drawings. Through Aug. 26. (Felicie, 141 E. 56th St.)

CHARLES MOORE—Drawings the architect made for such projects as the Beverly Hills Civic Center and a condominium complex in Sea Ranch, California. Through Aug. 12. (Protech, 560 Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

REE MORTON (1936-77)—More than twenty of the sculptor's sketchbooks—containing drawings, quotations, and reminders ("Read some Montana history," "Ask to meet Louise Bourgeois")—are shown in cases, along with selected photocopied pages. Through Aug. 27. (Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. Opens at noon Tuesdays through Saturdays.)

DENNIS OPPENHEIM—A model and drawings for a sculpture the artist recently installed in Seoul's Olympic Park. Through Aug. 12. (Plumb, 81 Greene St.)

PICASSO (1881-1973)—Paintings, sculptures, and prints from 1950 to 1973. Through July 29. (Krugier, 41 E. 57th St.)

MILTON RESNICK—Densely painted abstractions done in the late fifties. Through July 29. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

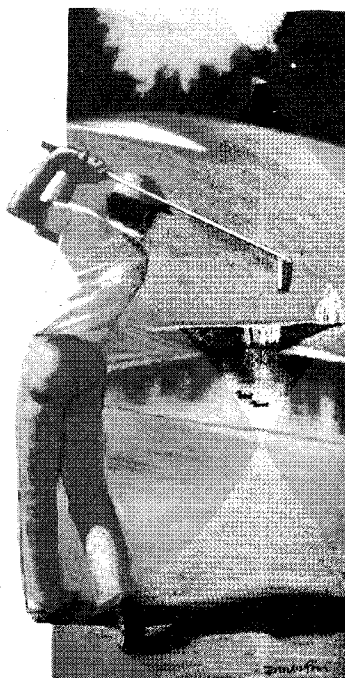
FULVIO TESTA—Dark small-scale watercolors of valleys, alleyways, and hills. Through July 29. (Bernard, 33 E. 74th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **BLUM HELMAN**, 20 W. 57th St.: Paintings by Michael Young, Jack Barth, and Joan Nelson. Through July 29. ¶ **BRANDT**, 568 Broadway: Betty Beaumont, Francesc Torres, and others in a show of works in various mediums. Through Friday, July 22. ¶ **DAVIDSON**, 415 West Broadway: Still-lives on canvas and on paper by Carol Anthony, Deborah Deichler, Janis Goodman, Ruth Miller, and George Stave. Through Sept. 2. ¶ **THE DRAWING CENTER**, 35 Wooster St.: A selection of sixty-nine drawings that the curator has categorized as art that copies art. Michelangelo, Dürer, Watteau, Cézanne, and Picasso are among the copiers. Through Saturday, July 23. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) ¶ **GORNEY**, 100 Greene St.: Two works by Joel Otterson, one of which, subtitled "Hot Wheels from Hell," is a stereo-equipped "love seat" upholstered with nylon rock-and-roll banners and stocked with compact disks; an installation by Barbara Bloom called "The Seven Deadly Sins," in which Sloth, for instance, appears as a blue-and-white beach

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ART—Cont'd

chair and a copy of "Paradise Lost" opened to Book Two; and a painting by Justen Ladda. Through July 29. . . **HERSTAND**, 24 W. 57th St.: Sculptures and drawings by Auguste Rodin, Isamu Noguchi, and Jenny Lee, among others. Through Sept. 16. . . **HOFFMAN**, 429 West Broadway: Paintings by Elizabeth Magill, Shahnaz Said, Yuko Shiraishi, and Suzanne Treister. Through July 29. . . **JACOBSON**, 50 W. 57th St.: Works that create an illusion of depth, including a painting by Gregory Amenoff, a drawing by Wayne Thiebaud, a construction by Joseph Cornell, and sculptures by David Kezur. Through July 29. . . **KOURY WINGATE**, 578 Broadway: Dike Blair, General Idea, and Cary Smith are a few of the painters and sculptors in this exhibit of new works. Through Friday, July 22. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **LITTLEJOHN SMITH**, 133 Greene St.: Paintings, constructions, sculptures, and photographs in a show highlighting the influence of billboard art. The artists include James Rosenquist, Walker Evans, and Julie Heffernan. Through July 30. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **NATURE MORTE**, 204 E. 10th St.: A show of architectural plans and models for commercial art galleries which were submitted to a gallery-sponsored competition. The architects include Elizabeth Diller and Ricardo Scofidio, Michael Sorkin, and Lynne Breslin and Shauna Mosseri. Through Sunday, July 24. (Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.) . . . **NOLAN**, 560 Broadway: Works on paper by, among others, Miriam Cahn, Sigmar Polke, and Arnulf Rainer. Through July 29. . . **PEARL**, 420 West Broadway: Works by three painters from Chicago—Didier Nolet, Dan Gustin, and Rodney Carswell—and by a sculptor from Philadelphia, Stephen Robin. Through Aug. 12. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **SCHMIDT BINGHAM**, 41 W. 57th St.: Paintings that the gallery calls "oxymorons in art," by Martha Mayer Erlebacher, Joyce Treiman, Donald Roller Wilson, and others. Through Friday, July 22. . . **SHAINMAN**, 560 Broadway: Large and small paintings, sculptures, drawings, and photographs by Bruno Ceccobelli, Petah Coyne, and others. Through July 29. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **SHARPE**, 152 Wooster St.: Sculptures by Terry Rosenberg and Steve Wood, and paintings by Stephen Williams. Through Aug. 5. . . **TILTON**, 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings by Hispanic artists, including Patricia Gonzalez and Robert Gil de Montes. Through Aug. 15. . . **TOLL**, 146 Greene St.: Paintings by Louise Fishman, Joan Mitchell, and David Reed. Through July 28. . . **WEBER**, 142 Greene St.: Photographs by Thomas Joshua Cooper, a conceptual installation by Franz Erhard Walther, and a series of more than two hundred works in plaster by Allan McCollum. Through Friday, July 22. . . **YORK**, 21 E. 65th St.: Paintings and works on paper by Joseph Stella, James Wells Champney, and Lilly Martin Spencer, among others. Through July 29. . . **ZARRE**, 379 West Broadway: Abstract paintings, including works by Susan Crile, William Fares, and Jonathan Santlofer. Through July 30. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

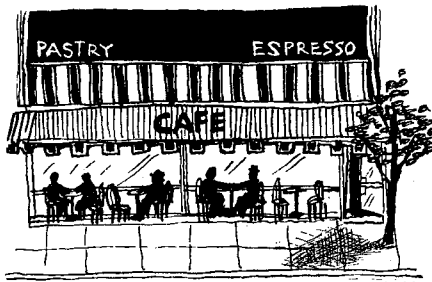
Exhibitions of works by gallery artists can also be seen at: **BURGIN**, 270 Lafayette St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **DE NAGY**, 41 W. 57th St. . . **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE**, 24 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **HEIDENBERG**, 50 W. 57th St. . . **MARCUS**, 578 Broadway. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **MUNROE**, 415 West Broadway. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **NOSEI**, 100 Prince St.

PHOTOGRAPHY

KAREKIN GOEKJIAN—Photographs taken by the light of the moon, a strobe, and a halogen flashlight. The time exposures range from fifteen to forty minutes. Through July 28. (Pfeifer, 568 Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

GARRY WINOGRAND (1928-84)—Black-and-white photographs dating from the fifties, sixties, and seventies. Through Aug. 31. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St. Open Saturdays. A retrospective of the artist's work can currently be seen at the Museum of Modern Art.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **BURDEN**, 20 E. 23rd St.: Harry Callahan, Henri Cartier-Bresson, and Sylvia Plachy are some of the artists who have photographs in a big exhibit entitled "Swimmers." Through July 30. (Opens at 1 Tuesdays through Saturdays.) . . . **GLADSTONE**,



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27			

99 Greene St.: Portraiture by Robert Mapplethorpe, Richard Prince, Thomas Ruff, and Jeff Wall. Through July 29. . . **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: "Collaboration in Recent American Photography," including works by Laurie Simmons and Allan McCollum, Clegg & Guttman, and Suzanne Hellmuth and Jock Reynolds. Through Sept. 11. (Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.) . . . **LIEBERMAN & SAUL**, 155 Spring St.: Photographs by Zeke Berman, Andrea Modica, and Richard Ross, among others. Through Sept. 10. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The earliest work in the David Hockney retrospective is a self-portrait done when the artist was seventeen. Mr. Hockney has also recorded the Acoustiguide tape for the show, on which he explains his ideas and techniques. Through Aug. 14. Complementary exhibits are at André Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.; Douglas Drake, 50 W. 57th St. (ending Saturday, July 23); and Ingber, 415 West Broadway. . . . Ninety paintings and drawings by Paul Klee, gifts to the museum from Heinz Berggruen. Through July 31. . . . Religious paintings and portraits by the eighteenth-century Puerto Rican artist José Campeche. Through Sept. 25. Works by the artist are also at the Museo del Barrio. (The Metropolitan is open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Deconstructivist Architecture," drawings, models, and site plans by Coop Himmelblau, Peter Eisenman, Frank Gehry, Zaha M. Hadid, Rem Koolhaas, Daniel Libeskind, and Bernard Tschumi. The chief organizer of the exhibit was Philip Johnson, who describes these architects as having eschewed harmony, unity, and clarity for the sake of disharmony, fracturing, and mystery. Through Aug. 30. . . . The Garry Winogrand retrospective. Through Aug. 16. Pace-MacGill has a complementary show. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.) . . . **NOTE:** The museum's sculpture garden, at 14 W. 54th St., is open, free, on Fridays and Saturdays from 6 to 10; on these nights musicians from the Juilliard School perform works by John Cage and others at 7:30.

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A retrospective of works by Georges Braque. Through Sept. 11. . . . A loan show of sixty modern paintings from the National Gallery in Prague, consisting entirely of works that are in America for the first time. The artists include Cézanne, Chagall, Klimt, Gauguin, and Matisse, and their Czech counterparts. Through Sept. 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Frank Gehry's architecture is surveyed in more than two hundred and fifty drawings, photographs, and models. The

projects represented include the Fishdance Restaurant in Kobe, Japan, and the Laser Laboratory Building at the University of Iowa in Iowa City. Also on display are several walk-through constructions. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—"The Uses of Photography in Contemporary Art," a small exhibit from the permanent collection which contains works by Julie Wachtel, Ellen Carey, and David Hockney. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Fossils from China—including several dicynodonts that are about two hundred and fifty million years old—along with some of their North American counterparts taken from the museum's collection. Starts Friday, July 22. . . . Three Buddhist monks, including Lobsang Samten—an attendant to the Dalai Lama—create a sand mandala before your eyes. The sand men do not create on Mondays. Through Aug. 21. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

AMERICAN CRAFT MUSEUM, 40 W. 53rd St.—A show on the contemporary partnership between artists and architects, focussing on the artists' contributions. There are, for instance, stone seats by Scott Burton that are like those he made for the Equitable Center, and objects in glass by three artists who worked on the redesigned Rainbow Room. Through Sept. 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Two feather suits (complete with feather crowns) that Roger Chapelain-Midy designed for the Paris Opéra's production of "Die Zauberflöte" are among the costumes on display in an exhibit documenting the history of the Paris Opéra House. Also included are costume designs, in watercolors, by Erté, André Derain, and Yves Saint Laurent, original architectural studies by Charles Garnier, and stage jewelry. Through Sept. 25. . . . The museum's garden is currently dotted with lawn chairs in every conceivable style. These bizarre—but comfortable—pieces are the work of thirty-one San Francisco Bay Area artists, including Martha Schwartz, Veronica di Rosa, and Daniel Friedlander. Through Sept. 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70th St.—Paintings and drawings Henry Clay Frick collected as a young connoisseur in the early eighteenthies have been brought from his Pittsburgh residence, Clayton, and hung alongside some of the Old Masters he acquired later. In the former group are works by Jean-Charles Cazin, Pascal Dagnan-Bouveret, and William M. Harnett. Through Aug. 7. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

GROLIER CLUB, 47 E. 60th St.—A retrospective of etchings, woodcuts, and lithographs by the English painter Graham Sutherland (1903-1980). The prints range from pastoral landscapes to expressionistic renderings of birds and insects. Through Sept. 30. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A show in which Jewish themes are explored in video art: installations by Juan Downey, Beryl Korot, and Grahame Weinbren and Roberta Friedman, mounted in three separate galleries; and six videos that run on a single, continuous tape for just over two hours, including "Harold's Bar Mitzvah," by Bart Friedman, and "Women in the Camps," by Barbara Rosenthal. Through Sept. 1. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—A comprehensive exhibit of the works of Beatrix Potter (1866-1943) which includes watercolors of

her familiar subjects (Peter Rabbit, Jemima Puddle-Duck) and her not so familiar subjects—insects, plants, and fossils. Through Aug. 21. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The Uffizi Gallery, in Florence, repository of nearly thirteen hundred artists' self-portraits, has sent a selection of thirty—by Andrea del Sarto, Annibale Carracci, Walter Crane, and others—in an exchange show with the National Academy, which sent a selection of its thirteen hundred self-portraits to Florence. Through July 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8; with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 144 W. 125th St.—"The Portrayal of the Black Musician in American Art," a show of paintings, sculptures, and lithographs dating from 1890 to 1970. Through Aug. 28. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

SPORTS

(The ticket-information number for Shea Stadium is 1-718 507-8499, and for Yankee Stadium 293-6000.)

BASEBALL—**YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Texas, Monday through Wednesday, July 18-20, at 7:30. . . . **MILWAUKEE**, Monday through Thursday, July 25-28, at 7:30. . . . **METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Atlanta, Thursday and Friday, July 21-22, at 7:35, and Saturday and Sunday, July 23-24, at 1:35.

GOLF—The U.S.G.A. Women's Open Championship. (Baltimore Country Club, Baltimore, Md. Championship rounds, Thursday through Sunday, July 21-24.)

RACING—At **BELMONT**: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1; through Monday, Aug. 1. The Brooklyn Handicap, Saturday, July 23. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30. The Monmouth Oaks, Saturday, July 23. . . . **ATLANTIC CITY RACE COURSE**, McKee City, N.J.: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:15. The United Nations Handicap, Wednesday, July 20.

TROTTING—At **MEADOWLANDS**: Weeknights at 7:30; through Friday, Aug. 19. . . . **YONKERS RACEWAY**: Nightly at 8, and Tuesdays at 1; through Wednesday, Aug. 3. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 7:45.

MUSIC

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Tuesday through Friday evenings, July 19-22; Saturday matinée and evening, July 23; and Sunday matinée, July 24: "The New Moon," with alternating casts. Jim Coleman conducting. . . . **Tuesday evening, July 26: "Rigoletto,"** with Faith Esham, Susanne Marsee, Frederick Burchinal, Richard Leech, and Stephen Dupont; Elio Boncompagni. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Evenings at 8. Matinees Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, Nov. 20.)

MOSTLY MOZART FESTIVAL—Tuesday and Wednesday, July 19-20, at 8: Gerard Schwarz conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, with James Galway and Eugenia Zukerman, flute. . . . **Thursday, July 21, at 8: Chamber music,** with Mr. Galway; Joseph Swensen, violin; Paul Neubauer, viola; and Phillip Moll and Jeffrey Kahane, piano. . . . **Friday and Saturday, July 22-23, at 8: Raymond Leppard conducting the Festival Orchestra,** with Dmitry Sitkovetsky, violin, and Walter Klien, piano. . . . **Sunday, July 24, at 7:30: Alicia de Larrocha, piano.** . . . **Monday, July 25, at 8: Christopher Hogwood conducting an ensemble of original instruments,** with Anner Bylisma, cello. . . . **Tuesday and Wednesday, July 26-27, at 8: Raymond Leppard conducting the Festival Orchestra,** with Benita Valente, soprano, and Tatiana Troyanos, mezzo-soprano. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Through Saturday, Aug. 27.)

ANNAPOLIS BRASS QUINTET—Performing mostly Renaissance music. (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. Wednesday, July 20, at 5:30. For information about tickets, call 288-0700.)

BALTIMORE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—David Zinman conducting two all-Beethoven programs, using Beethoven's own metronome markings

and phrasings. Sergiu Luca will be the violin soloist on the second night. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Tuesday and Wednesday, July 26-27, at 8.)

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL—Final performances of **MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING**, with Blythe Danner, Kevin Kline, Jerry Stiller, and Phoebe Cates. The first of two productions to be presented in the Delacorte Theatre this summer. (Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Monday, at 8. Through Sunday, July 24. For information about free tickets, call 861-7277.)

DAMROSCH PARK, Lincoln Center—Tuesday, July 19, at 7: Doriot Anthony Dwyer, flute, and Liona Boyd, classical guitarist. . . . **Saturday, July 23, at 7:30: Martin Josman directing the National Chorale** (rain date, July 25). . . . **Tuesday, July 26, at 7: Abbey Simon, piano.**

RIVERSIDE PARK ROTUNDA—Wednesday and Thursday, July 20-21, at 6: The Riverside Shakespeare Company in "Love's Labour's Lost." . . . **Sunday, July 24, at 4: Kimati Dinizulu and the Kotoko Society.** (W. 79th St., near the Boat Basin.)

MUSIC FESTIVAL ON THE PIER—The Miller beer people's summer series. Wednesday, July 20: Bob Goldthwait, the Turtles (with Flo and Eddie), and Wilson Pickett. . . . **Thursday, July 21: Chicago and Henry Lee Summer.** . . . **Friday, July 22: 10,000 Maniacs and Robyn Hitchcock.** . . . **Wednesday, July 27: Roy Orbison and Southside Johnny & the Jukes.** (Pier 84, Twelfth Ave. at 45th St. Evenings at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

CENTRAL PARK BAND SHELL—Thursday, July 21, at 7:30: Vincent La Selva conducting the New York Grand Opera in a performance of Verdi's "La Traviata." . . . **Friday, July 22, at 8:30: DanceBrazil.** . . . **Saturday, July 23, at 3: Son Seals and Jean-Paul Bourelly.** . . . **Sunday, July 24, at 3: Sangkala.** (Mid-Park at 72nd St. For rain-date information, call 860-1335.)

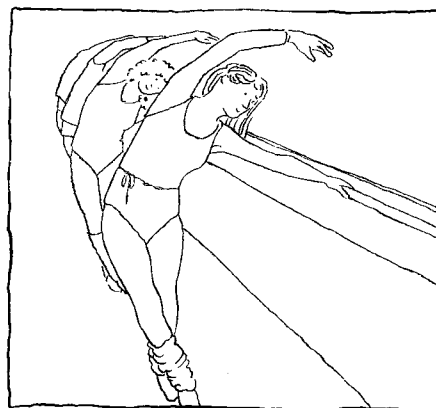
PROSPECT PARK BAND SHELL—Friday evening, July 22: Bill T. Jones/Arnie Zane & Co. (rain date, July 25). . . . **Saturday evening, July 23: The Miami City Ballet and Ralph Lemon and Company.** . . . **Sunday evening, July 24: Ralph Lemon and Company, Paul Thompson & Troop Three, Martha Bowers, and the Monica Levy Performance Group** (rain date July 26). (Evenings at 8.)

MUSIC CRUISES—With Dizzy Gillespie. (On the DeWitt Clinton, South Street Seaport, Pier 16, East River at Fulton St. Monday, July 25. The boat leaves the pier at 7 and 9. For information about tickets, call 406-3434.)

WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK—Henry Schuman conducting the Festival Orchestra. With Ole Böhn, violin. (Tuesday, July 26, at 8. In the event of rain, the concert will take place at Washington Square Church, 135 W. 4th St.)

IN THE COUNTRY

SUMMERFARE—"LE NOZZE DI FIGARO," the contemporary version by Peter Sellars and Craig Smith. With an orchestra and vocalists. (Wednesday, July 20, at 8; Friday, July 22, at 8; Sunday, July 24, at 2:30; and Wednesday, July 27, at 8.) . . . **"LINE ONE,"** a rock musical performed in English by the original



ERNST

Berlin cast. (Wednesday through Saturday, July 20-23, at 8; Sunday, July 24, at 2:30; and Wednesday, July 27, at 8.) . . . **"AWAY,"** a play by Michael Gow about a stormy Christmas in Australia, performed by the Sydney Theatre Company. (Thursday, July 21, at 8; and Friday and Saturday, July 22-23, at 8:30.) . . . **"BEN-HUR,"** the 1925 silent film, will be shown with accompaniment by the Philharmonia Virtuosi. Carl Davis, who composed the score, will conduct the orchestra. (Friday and Saturday, July 22-23, at 8:30; and Sunday, July 24, at 4.) . . . **"ELVIRE JOUVET 40,"** a dramatic reenactment of Louis Jouvett's directions (1940) for the part of Elvire in Molière's "Dom Juan." Performed in French by Philippe Clévenot and Maria de Medeiros. (Saturday, July 23, at 6:30; and Sunday, July 24, at 7.) (State University of New York at Purchase. Through Sunday, July 31. For information about tickets and about round-trip bus transportation from Lincoln Center, call 1-914 253-5900.)

CARAMOOR MUSIC FESTIVAL—Thursday, July 21, at 4:15: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble, with Kathryn Selby, piano. . . . **Friday, July 22, at 9: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble** in an all-Telemann program. . . . **Saturday, July 23, at 8:30: John Nelson conducting the Orchestra of St. Luke's,** with James Galway, flute, and Heidi Lehwalder, harp. . . . **Sunday, July 24, at 5:30: The Emerson String Quartet.** (Katonah, N.Y. Through Sunday, Aug. 21. Trains leaving Grand Central Terminal on Saturdays at 2:48 and 5:48, and on Sundays at 3:48, are met at Katonah by buses for Caramoor. For information about tickets and trains call 1-914 232-5035.)

WATERLOO FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA—The final program is conducted by Gerard Schwarz, with André Watts, piano. (Waterloo Village, Stanhope, N.J. 1-201 347-4700. Saturday, July 23, at 8:30.)

TANGLEWOOD—The summer residence of the Boston Symphony. Thursday, July 21, at 8:30: Christopher Hogwood conducting an ensemble of original instruments. With Michala Petri, recorder; Stanley Ritchie, violin; Myron Lutzke, cello; and Mr. Hogwood, harpsichord. . . . **Friday, July 22, at 9: Andrew Davis conducting the orchestra,** with Emanuel Ax, piano. . . . **Saturday, July 23, at 8:30: Leon Fleisher conducting the orchestra** in celebration of his own sixtieth birthday. Mr. Fleisher will also play the piano. . . . **Sunday, July 24, at 2:30: Andrew Davis conducting the orchestra,** with Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg, violin. . . . **Tuesday, July 26, at 8:30: The Takács String Quartet,** in an all-Bartók program. . . . **Wednesday, July 27, at 8:30: Harry Ellis Dickson conducting the Boston Pops.** (Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 28. For information about tickets, call 1-413 637-1600.)

JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL—Through Saturday, July 23: The Hubbard Street Dance Company. . . . **Tuesday through Saturday, July 26-30: The Miami City Ballet.** (Becket, Mass. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8:30; and Saturdays at 2 and 8:30. Through Saturday, Aug. 27. For information about tickets, call 1-413 243-0745.)

SARATOGA PERFORMING ARTS CENTER—Final performances by the **NEW YORK CITY BALLET**. Tuesday evening, July 19: "Black & White," "Behind the China Dogs," and "Fancy Free." . . . **Wednesday evening, July 20: "Five," "Fancy Free," "Sonatas and Interludes,"** and "Rhapsody in Blue." . . . **Thursday matinée, July 21: "Five," "Western Symphony,"** and "Rhapsody in Blue." . . . **Thursday evening, July 21: "The Bounding Line," "The Waltz Project,"** and "Space." . . . **Friday evening, July 22: "Barber Violin Concerto," "Danbury Mix"** (with the Paul Taylor Dance Company), and "Gershwin Concerto." . . . **Saturday matinée, July 23: "Black & White," "Behind the China Dogs,"** and "Western Symphony." . . . **Saturday evening, July 23: "Barber Violin Concerto," "Danbury Mix"** (with the Paul Taylor Dance Company), and "Gershwin Concerto." (Saratoga Springs. Evenings at 8:15. Matinees at 2. For information about tickets, call 1-518 587-3330.)

ET ALIA

DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION—Opens at Atlanta's Omni Coliseum on Monday, July 18, at 5 P.M. The keynote address, by Texas State Treasurer Ann Richards, will be delivered later that evening. The convention continues through Thursday, July 21.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

PUBLIC THEATRE, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)

Through July 21: (Separate admissions) "Loose Connections" (directed by Richard Eyre); "A Day on the Grand Canal with the Emperor of China" (Philip Haas) and "A Bigger Splash" (1984; Jack Hazan), both with David Hockney; and "Joan of the Angels?" (1962; Jerzy Kawalerowicz; in Polish).

From July 22: (Separate admissions) "Loose Connections;" and "The Color of Destiny" (1987; Jorge Duran; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese).

MOVIELAND 8TH STREET TRIPLEX, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)

Theatre 1: Through July 19: "Red Heat" (Walter Hill), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Jim Belushi. From July 20: "Die Hard" (John McTiernan), with Bruce Willis, Bonnie Bedelia, and Alexander Godunov.

Theatre 2: "Short Circuit 2" (Kenneth Johnson), with Fisher Stevens and Michael McKean.

Theatre 3: Through July 21: "License to Drive" (Greg Beeman), with Corey Haim and Corey Feldman. From July 22: "Caddyshack II" (Allan Arkush), with Jackie Mason and Chevy Chase.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

"Who Framed Roger Rabbit" (†).

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

Through July 19: "Big Business" (†).

From July 20: "Die Hard" (John McTiernan), with Bruce Willis, Bonnie Bedelia, and Alexander Godunov.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)

"Bull Durham" (†).

LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: "Coming to America" (John Landis), with Eddie Murphy.

Theatre 2: Through July 21: "Willow" (†).

From July 22: To be announced.

Theatre 3: "Coming to America."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

Through July 21: "Arthur 2 on the Rocks" (Bud Yorkin), with Dudley Moore, Liza Minnelli, and John Gielgud.

From July 22: To be announced.

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

"Bambi" (†).

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

"The Dead Pool" (Buddy Van Horn), with Clint Eastwood.

GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

"Big" (†).

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

Through July 21: "License to Drive" (Greg Beeman), with Corey Haim and Corey Feldman.

From July 22: "Caddyshack II" (Allan Arkush), with Jackie Mason and Chevy Chase.

MANHATTAN TWIN, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: Through July 19: "Phantasm II" (Don Coscarelli). From July 20: "Midnight Run" (Martin Brest), with Robert De Niro and Charles Grodin.

Theatre 2: Through July 19: "Red Heat" (Walter Hill), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Jim Belushi. From July 20: "Midnight Run."

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)

Through July 20: "The Kitchen Toto" (Harry Hook).

From July 21: "Red Heat" (Walter Hill), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Jim Belushi.

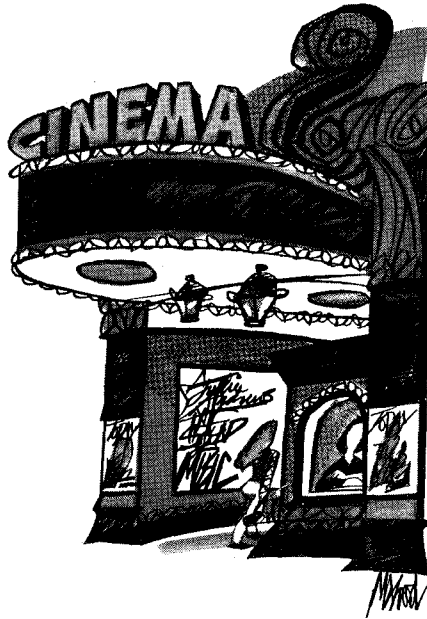
BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: "Die Hard" (John McTiernan), with Bruce Willis, Bonnie Bedelia, and Alexander Godunov.

Theatre 2: "Who Framed Roger Rabbit" (†).

CINEMA I AND II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)

Theatre 1: Through July 21: "A World



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 14.

Apart" (†). From July 22: "Pascali's Island" (James Dearden), with Ben Kingsley, Charles Dance, and Helen Mirren.

Theatre 2: "Big Business" (†).

GEMINI I AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: "Short Circuit 2" (Kenneth Johnson), with Fisher Stevens and Michael McKean.

Theatre 2: "Coming to America" (John Landis), with Eddie Murphy.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

Through July 21: "Arthur 2 on the Rocks" (Bud Yorkin), with Dudley Moore, Liza Minnelli, and John Gielgud.

From July 22: To be announced.

LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: "Bull Durham" (†).

Theatre 2: Through July 21: "The Presidio" (†). From July 22: To be announced.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

Through July 21: "The Unbearable Lightness of Being" (†).

From July 22: "Mr. North" (Danny Huston), with Anthony Edwards.

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

"A Fish Called Wanda" (†).

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

Through July 21: "License to Drive" (Greg Beeman), with Corey Haim and Corey Feldman.

From July 22: "Caddyshack II" (Allan Arkush), with Jackie Mason and Chevy Chase.

LOEWS ORPHEUM I AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

Theatre 1: "Coming to America" (John Landis), with Eddie Murphy.

Theatre 2: "The Dead Pool" (Buddy Van Horn), with Clint Eastwood.

86TH STREET EAST TWIN, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

Theatre 1: Through July 19: "Big" (†). From July 20: "Die Hard" (John McTiernan),

with Bruce Willis, Bonnie Bedelia, and Alexander Godunov.

Theatre 2: (Matinées only) "Bambi" (†); and (evenings only) "Big Business" (†).

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM I AND 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatres open in the late afternoon.)

Theatre 1: Through July 19: "The Love Suicides at Sonezaki" (1981; directed by Midori Kurisaki; in Japanese). From July 20: "God Doesn't Believe in Us Anymore" (1981; Axel Corti; in German); and "Santa Fe" (1985; Axel Corti; in German).

Theatre 2: See listings under "Revival Houses."

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA I AND 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

Theatre 1: "A Taxing Woman" (†).

Theatre 2: "Tampopo" (†).

WAVERLY I AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: "The Dead Pool" (Buddy Van Horn), with Clint Eastwood.

Theatre 2: Through July 21: "Big Business" (†). From July 22: To be announced.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

"Hairspray" (†).

ART GREENWICH TWIN, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: "Big" (†).

Theatre 2: Through July 19: "Arthur 2 on the Rocks" (Bud Yorkin), with Dudley Moore, Liza Minnelli, and John Gielgud. From July 20: "Midnight Run" (Martin Brest), with Robert De Niro and Charles Grodin.

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: "The Manchurian Candidate" (†).

Theatre 2: "The Kitchen Toto" (Harry Hook).

Theatre 3: Through July 21: "Candy Mountain" (†). From July 22: "Patti Rocks" (†).

Theatre 4: Through July 21: "Aria," ten episodes by ten directors; and "Light Years" (René Laloux). From July 22: "A World Apart" (†).

23RD ST. WEST TRIPLEX, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)

Theatre 1: Through July 21: (Matinées only) "Bambi" (†); and (evenings only) "Phantasm II" (Don Coscarelli). From July 22: To be announced.

Theatre 2: Through July 19: "Big" (†). From July 20: "Midnight Run" (Martin Brest), with Robert De Niro and Charles Grodin.

Theatre 3: Through July 21: "Bull Durham" (†). From July 22: To be announced.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

"Bambi" (†).

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

"Who Framed Roger Rabbit" (†).

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)

Through July 21: "Au Revoir les Enfants" ("Goodbye, Children") (†).

From July 22: "A World Apart" (†).

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

Through July 21: "Shy People" (Andrei Konchalovsky), with Jill Clayburgh and Barbara Hershey.

From July 22: "Shame" (Steve Jodrell).

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)

"White Mischief" (†).

CARNEGIE SCREENING ROOM, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)

"The Last Emperor" (†).

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

"A Handful of Dust" (†).

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

Through July 21: "Crocodile Dundee II" (John Cornell), with Paul Hogan.

From July 22: To be announced.

LOEWS PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

"A Fish Called Wanda" (†).

LINCOLN PLAZA I, 2, AND 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: "Commissar" (1967; Alexander Askoldov; in Russian).

Theatre 2: "Bagdad Café" (†).

Theatre 3: "Boyfriends and Girlfriends" ("L'Ami de Mon Amie") (†).

CINEMA STUDIO 1 AND 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

Theatre 1: "Babette's Feast" (†).
Theatre 2: "Wings of Desire" (†).

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

"The Dead Pool" (Buddy Van Horn), with Clint Eastwood.

EMBASSY 72ND ST. 1 AND 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)

Theatre 1: "Big" (†).
Theatre 2: "Big Business" (†).

LOEWS 84TH STREET SIXPLEX, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)

Theatre 1: "Coming to America" (John Landis), with Eddie Murphy.
Theatre 2: Through July 21: "Short Circuit 2" (Kenneth Johnson), with Fisher Stevens and Michael McKean. From July 22: To be announced.
Theatre 3: "Bull Durham" (†).
Theatre 4: "Coming to America."
Theatre 5: "Red Heat" (Walter Hill), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Jim Belushi.
Theatre 6: "Arthur 2 on the Rocks" (Bud Yorkin), with Dudley Moore, Liza Minnelli, and John Gielgud.

METRO CINEMA 1 AND 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Theatre 1: Through July 21: "Bambi" (†). From July 22: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through July 21: "Crocodile Dundee II" (John Cornell), with Paul Hogan. From July 22: To be announced.

COLUMBIA CINEMA, B'way at 103rd. (316-6660)

"Who Framed Roger Rabbit" (†).

OLYMPIA I AND II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: Through July 19: "Phantasm II" (Don Coscarelli). From July 20: "Midnight Run" (Martin Brest), with Robert De Niro and Charles Grodin.
Theatre 2: Through July 19: "License to Drive" (Greg Beeman), with Corey Haim and Corey Feldman. From July 20: "Die Hard" (John McTiernan), with Bruce Willis, Bonnie Bedelia, and Alexander Godunov.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION CENTER, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)

Theatre 1: "Arthur 2 on the Rocks" (directed by Bud Yorkin), with Dudley Moore, Liza Minnelli, and John Gielgud.
Theatre 2: "Red Heat" (Walter Hill), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Jim Belushi.
Theatre 3: "Rambo III" (Peter Macdonald), with Sylvester Stallone and Richard Crenna.
Theatre 4: "Short Circuit 2" (Kenneth Johnson), with Fisher Stevens and Michael McKean.
Theatre 5: "Die Hard" (John McTiernan), with Bruce Willis, Bonnie Bedelia, and Alexander Godunov.
Theatre 6: "Bull Durham" (†).

EMBASSY I, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)

"Big Business" (†).

EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: Through July 19: "The Presidio" (†). July 20-21: Theatre closed. From July 22: "Big Top Pee-wee" (Randal Kleiser), with Pee-wee Herman.
Theatre 3: "Bambi" (†).
Theatre 4: "Crocodile Dundee II" (John Cornell), with Paul Hogan.

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)

"Coming to America" (John Landis), with Eddie Murphy.

MOVIELAND, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)

Through July 19: "Phantasm II" (Don Coscarelli).
From July 20: "Midnight Run" (Martin Brest), with Robert De Niro and Charles Grodin.

NATIONAL TWIN, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: "The Dead Pool" (Buddy Van Horn), with Clint Eastwood.
Theatre 2: Through July 19: "Big" (†). From July 20: "Midnight Run" (Martin Brest), with Robert De Niro and Charles Grodin.

WARNER, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)

Through July 19: "License to Drive" (Greg

Beeman), with Corey Haim and Corey Feldman.

From July 20: "Big" (†).

REVIVAL HOUSES

BIOGRAPH CINEMA, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)

July 18: "Terms of Endearment" (1983; directed by James L. Brooks), with Debra Winger, Shirley MacLaine, and Jack Nicholson; and "Ordinary People" (1980; Robert Redford), with Donald Sutherland, Mary Tyler Moore, Timothy Hutton, and Judd Hirsch.

July 19-20: "The Spy Who Came In from the Cold" (1965; Martin Ritt), with Richard Burton and Claire Bloom; and "Seven Days in May" (1964; John Frankenheimer), with Burt Lancaster, Kirk Douglas, Fredric March, and Ava Gardner.

July 21-23: "Houseboat" (1958; Melville Shavelson), with Cary Grant, Sophia Loren, Martha Hyer, Harry Guardino, and Eduardo Ciannelli; and "To Catch a Thief" (1955; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Grace Kelly, Jessie Royce Landis, Charles Vanel, and Brigitte Auber.

July 24-25: "Rear Window" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Grace Kelly, and Wendell Corey; and "Vertigo" (1958; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Kim Novak, and Barbara Bel Geddes.

July 26-27: "The Lady Eve" (1941; Preston Sturges), with Barbara Stanwyck, Henry Fonda, and Charles Coburn; and "Sullivan's Travels" (1941; Preston Sturges), with Veronica Lake and Joel McCrea.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

July 18-19: Two programs of Warner Brothers cartoons shown each day—one program featuring Bugs Bunny and the other Daffy Duck.

July 20-21: "Baby Doll" (1956; Elia Kazan), with Karl Malden, Carroll Baker, Eli Wallach, Mildred Dunnock, and Lonny Chapman; and "On the Waterfront" (1954; Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger.

July 22-23: "Down by Law" (†) and "Fool for Love" (†).

July 24: "Saturday Night at the Palace" (1988; Robert Davies), with John Kani; and "The Gods Must Be Crazy" (1979; Jamie Uys).

July 25-26: Two programs of Warner Brothers cartoons shown each day—one program featuring the work of Chuck Jones.

From July 27: "Vagabond" (†) and "Entre Nous" (†).

FILM FORUM 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

July 18: "49th Parallel" (1941; Michael Powell), with Laurence Olivier, Leslie Howard, and Raymond Massey; and "The Spy in Black" (1939; Michael Powell), with Conrad Veidt and Valerie Hobson.

July 19: "The Thief of Bagdad" (1940; Ludwig Berger, Michael Powell, and Tim Whelan), with Sabu, Conrad Veidt, June Duprez, and Rex Ingram; and "The Elusive Pimpernel" (1950; Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger), with David Niven.

July 20-21: "A Canterbury Tale" (1944; Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger); and "The Wild Heart" (1952; Michael

Powell), with Jennifer Jones, David Farrar, and Cyril Cusack.

July 22-23: "Home Remedy" (1988; Maggie Greenwald); and "Stranger Than Paradise" (†).

July 24: "Home Remedy;" and "Return of the Secaucus 7" (1980; John Sayles).

July 25: "Home Remedy;" and "Repo Man" (†).

July 26: "Home Remedy;" and "Smitherens" (1982; Susan Seidelman), with Susan Berman.

July 27: "Home Remedy;" and "Blood Simple" (†).

THALIA SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)

July 18: "Paris, Texas" (1984; Wim Wenders), with Harry Dean Stanton, Nastassja Kinski, and Dean Stockwell; and "The Searchers" (1956; John Ford), with John Wayne, Natalie Wood, Jeffrey Hunter, Vera Miles, and Ward Bond.

July 19: "Vice Versa" (1947; Peter Ustinov); and "Arthur" (1981; Steve Gordon), with Dudley Moore, Liza Minnelli, John Gielgud, and Geraldine Fitzgerald.

July 20: "Suddenly" (1954; Lewis Allen), with Frank Sinatra, Sterling Hayden, and James Gleason; and "The Parallax View" (1974; Alan J. Pakula), with Warren Beatty, Paula Prentiss, and Hume Cronyn.

July 21: "Scarlet Street" (†); and "The Woman in the Window" (1944; Fritz Lang), with Edward G. Robinson and Joan Bennett.

July 22-23: "Foreign Correspondent" (†), "Strangers on a Train" (†), and "Sabotage" (†).

July 24: "The Children Are Watching Us" (†); and "Tomorrow Is Too Late" (1950; Leonide Moguy; in Italian), with Pier Angeli, Vittorio De Sica, and Lois Maxwell.

July 25: "Li'l Abner" (1959; Melvin Frank), with Peter Palmer, Leslie Parrish, and Stubby Kaye; and "Red Garters" (1954; George Marshall), with Rosemary Clooney, Jack Carson, Guy Mitchell, Gene Barry, and Pat Crowley.

July 26: "America America" (1963; Elia Kazan), with Stathis Giallelis.

July 27: "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961; Blake Edwards), with Audrey Hepburn, George Peppard, Patricia Neal, Martin Balsam, and Mickey Rooney; and "Funny Face" (†).

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

July 18: "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (1959; Alain Resnais; in French), with Emmanuèle Riva and Eiji Okada; and "Muriel" (1963; Alain Resnais), with Delphine Seyrig.

July 19: "Her Man" (1930; Tay Garnett), with Helen Twelvetrees, Ricardo Cortez, Marjorie Rambeau, and Thelma Todd; and "The Woman I Stole" (1933; Irving Cummings), with Fay Wray and Jack Holt.

July 20: "In a Lonely Place" (1950; Nicholas Ray), with Humphrey Bogart and Gloria Grahame; and "Dead Reckoning" (1947; John Cromwell), with Humphrey Bogart and Elizabeth Scott.

July 21: "Twelve Angry Men" (1957; Sidney Lumet), with Henry Fonda, Lee J. Cobb, and Jack Warden; and "Witness for the Prosecution" (1958; Billy Wilder), with Tyrone Power, Marlene Dietrich, Charles Laughton, Elsa Lanchester, and Una O'Connor.

July 22-23: "Laura" (1944; Otto Preminger), with Gene Tierney, Clifton Webb, Vincent



MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

- Price, Dana Andrews, and Judith Anderson; and "Night and the City" (1950; Jules Dassin), with Richard Widmark and Gene Tierney.
- July 24: "My Favorite Wife" (1940; Garson Kanin), with Irene Dunne, Cary Grant, Gail Patrick, and Randolph Scott; and "Unfaithfully Yours" (1948; Preston Sturges), with Rex Harrison and Linda Darnell.
- July 25: "The Earrings of Madame de..." (1953; Max Ophüls; in French), with Charles Boyer, Danielle Darrieux, and Vittorio De Sica; and "Le Plaisir" (†).
- July 26: "Lost Horizon" (1937; Frank Capra), with Ronald Colman, Margo, Sam Jaffe, and Edward Everett Horton; and "The Bitter Tea of General Yen" (1933; Frank Capra), with Barbara Stanwyck, Nils Asther, Gavin Gordon, and Walter Connolly.
- July 27: "The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner" (1962; Tony Richardson), with Michael Redgrave and Tom Courtenay; and "The Loved One" (1965; Tony Richardson), with Robert Morse, Jonathan Winters, John Gielgud, Robert Morley, Rod Steiger, Milton Berle, and Margaret Leighton.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THEATRE 11: July 18 at 6: "The Gay Desperado" (1936; directed by Rouben Mamoulian), with Nino Martini, Ida Lupino, and Leo Carillo. . . . July 19 at 6: "Doctor X" (1932; Michael Curtiz), with Lionel Atwill, Fay Wray, and Preston Foster. . . . July 21 at 2:30: "The Toll of the Sea" (1922; Chester Franklin; a silent film), with Anna May Wong and Kenneth Harlan; and other

examples of early color-film processes. . . .

July 21 at 6: "Liliom" (1930; Frank Borzage), with Charles Farrell, Rose Hobart, and H. B. Warner. . . . July 22 at 2:30: "Becky Sharp" (1935; Rouben Mamoulian), with Miriam Hopkins, Cedric Hardwicke, and Frances Dee. . . . July 22 at 6: "The Last Outlaw" (1936; Christy Cabanne), with Harry Carey, Hoot Gibson, and Tom Tyler; and "Randy Rides Alone" (1934; Harry Fraser), with John Wayne, George (Gabby) Hayes, and Yakima Canutt. . . . July 23 at 2: "Little Women" (1933; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, Joan Bennett, and Edna May Oliver. . . . July 23 at 5: "The Gay Desperado". . . . July 24 at 2: "Liliom". . . . July 24 at 5 and July 25 at 2:30: "History Is Made at Night" (1937; Frank Borzage), with Charles Boyer, Jean Arthur, and Colin Clive. . . . July 25 at 6: "La Vida Nocturna" (1930; James Parrott; in Spanish, with no English subtitles), with Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy; and "Politiqueries" (1930; James W. Horne; in Spanish, with no English subtitles), with Laurel and Hardy. . . . July 26 at 2:30: "The Last Outlaw" and "Randy Rides Alone". . . . July 26 at 6: "For Whom the Bell Tolls" (1943; Sam Wood), with Gary Cooper, Ingrid Bergman, and Katina Paxinou.

THEATRE 2: July 18 at 2:30: A program of recently restored short films made between 1903 and 1915, mostly in New York. . . . July 19 at 2:30: "The Hearst Metrotone Newsreel Collection: Preserved Footage, 1919-40."

FRENCH INSTITUTE-ALLIANCE FRANÇAISE, 22 E. 60th St. (355-6100)—July 20 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "Fanny" (1932; Marc Allégret; in French, with English subtitles), with Orane Démaizis, Raimu, Pierre Fresnay, Alida Rouffe, and Fernand Charpin. . . . July 27 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "César" (1936; Marcel Pagnol; in French, with English sub-

titles), with Raimu, Orane Démaizis, Pierre Fresnay, Alida Rouffe, Fernand Charpin, and André Fouché.

CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. (662-2133)—July 21 at 8: "The Passion of Joan of Arc" (1928; Carl Theodor Dreyer; a silent film), with Marie Falconetti. Original organ score written and played by Lee Erwin.

MURDER, MYSTERY AND MAYHEM—A series of films set in New York City during the thirties, forties, and fifties. July 24 at 2: "Laura" (1944; Otto Preminger), with Gene Tierney, Clifton Webb, Vincent Price, Dana Andrews, and Judith Anderson. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. 873-3400.)

GRACE RAINY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. (82nd St. entrance on Tuesdays) (570-3949)—July 19: "Jezebel" (1938; William Wyler), with Bette Davis, George Brent, Margaret Lindsay, and Fay Bainter. . . . July 20: "Some Like It Hot" (1959; Billy Wilder), with Jack Lemmon, Tony Curtis, Marilyn Monroe, Joe E. Brown, George Raft, and Pat O'Brien. . . . July 21: "Bang the Drum Slowly" (1973; John Hancock), with Michael Moriarty, Robert De Niro, Vincent Gardenia, and Phil Foster. . . . July 26: "Dark Victory" (1939; Edmund Goulding), with Bette Davis, George Brent, Humphrey Bogart, and Geraldine Fitzgerald. . . . July 27: "The Apartment" (1960; Billy Wilder), with Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine, Fred MacMurray, Ray Walston, and Edie Adams. (All showings at 8. Tickets available one hour before performance time.)

MUSEUM OF BROADCASTING, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—Through September 10, "Woody Allen: The Television Work," featuring Allen's 1969 one-hour television special and a thirty-minute compilation of sketches he did between 1958 and 1967. Showings Tuesdays through Saturdays at 12:05, 1:45, and 3:30. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(Unsigned notes are by Pauline Kael; others are by Terrence Rafferty.)

AU REVOIR LES ENFANTS (GOODBYE, CHILDREN)—It's set in Occupied France in 1944, when the writer-director Louis Malle was an eleven-year-old at a Catholic boys' boarding school near Fontainebleau that sheltered several Jewish boys. The Gestapo learned they were there, and sent the ones they found to Auschwitz, and the headmaster to a work camp. One of the Jewish boys was in Malle's class, but Malle didn't get to know him well and didn't realize that he was Jewish. For the dramatic purposes of the movie, he has conceived a close friendship between his alter ego, the fair-haired Julien Quentin (Gaspard Manesse), and the dark boy who is using the false name Jean Bonnet (Raphaël Fejtő). But nothing comes into clear focus—not the boys' attitudes, not even the images. The film (especially the first half) seems padded, formal, discreet. It's like watching a faded French classic. And there's something unseemly about the way Jean is used as an aesthetic object—spiritual, sensitive, exotic. With Francine Racette as Julien's mother and François Négret as the informer. In French. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/22/88.) (Festival; through July 21.)

BABETTE'S FEAST—In a village on Denmark's gray, blustery Jutland peninsula, sometime in the eighteen-eighties, Babette (Stéphane Audran), the French servant of a pair of elderly unmarried sisters (Birgitte Federspiel and Bodil Kjer), prepares a special dinner for her employers and their guests—a lavish, one-time-only orgy of haute cuisine served to a group of devout Lutherans who are used to receiving the Lord's bounty in the form of grim little slabs of boiled fish. Adapting one of Isak Dinesen's "Anecdotes of Destiny," Gabriel Axel, the writer-director, tells this simple tale simply. He establishes a lulling, bedtime-story tone right from the start, perhaps too successfully: our eyelids begin to seem very heavy after twenty minutes or so. The whole thing turns out to be about the consolations of art, and the union of "righteousness and bliss." The film is more right-

teous than blissful: a more austere celebration of the pleasures of the senses would be difficult to imagine. In Danish and French. —T.R. (Cinema Studio.)

BAGDAD CAFÉ—After an argument with her husband on a godforsaken stretch of highway at the edge of the Mojave Desert, a fat German tourist named Jasmin (Marianne Sägebrecht) checks into a crummy motel attached to the equally crummy Bagdad Café. This movie, the first in English by the German director Percy Adlon (whose 1985 "Sugarbaby" was also a vehicle for Sägebrecht), is filled with eccentrics who are apparently meant to be lovable. The rather precious conceit of the film is that Jasmin somehow brings the outcast characters together in a kind of extended family; by the end, the Bagdad Café has been transformed into a popular roadside cabaret, with everyone contributing a specialty (Jasmin does magic tricks). The American performers are trapped in a movie that treats them as merely exotic—waxwork grotesques waiting to be animated by a mysterious German touch. Eleonore Adlon and Christopher Doherty collaborated with the director on the screenplay. With CCH Pounder, Jack Palance, and Christine Kaufmann.—T.R. (Lincoln Plaza.)

BAMBI (1942)—None of the animals in this animated Disney feature has a gooiier gaze than the little fawn, Bambi, who is still dependent on his mother. The mother-child relationship is so tender and close that when the mother is killed by hunters' small children in the audience frequently scream and cry. It all ends happily when Bambi, grown to staghood, marries the virginal sweet doe Faline. The picture is a classic of sorts, if only for the uncannily awful sound of the young woodland creatures in conversation; when puberty sets in and these voices suddenly change, Walt Disney begins to seem as berserk as Busby Berkeley. Still, there's no denying that for many people some of the sequences (such as Bambi's birth) have an enduring primal power. From the Felix Salten novel. (Eastside Cinema, Guild, and Embassy. . . . July 86th Street East Twin. Matinees

only. . . . Metro Cinema; through July 21. . . . July 23rd St. West Triplex; through July 21. Matinees only.)

BIG—A formula fantasy film that has been directed very gently and tactfully by Penny Marshall; she sleepwalks you through the script (by Gary Ross and Anne Spielberg) about a twelve-year-old boy who wishes he were big and is magically given the body of a man in his thirties—Tom Hanks. There are neat, flaky moments, but everything has a tepid inevitability, and even as you smile you may be groaning inwardly, because "Big" is dedicated to awakening the child in all of us. Of course, the Hanks character isn't ready to function as an adult; he wants to go back. The movie wants to go back, too. It's nostalgic for childhood, for suburbia, for innocent fun. (It isn't about kids wanting to be big; it's about grownups feeling little.) In its wholesome way, "Big" is selling the slick wonders of immaturity. With the slyly sexy Elizabeth Perkins, and good comic work by Robert Loggia and Jared Rushton. Also with John Heard, David Moscow, Jon Lovitz, and Mercedes Ruehl. (6/27/88) (Gotham Cinema, Art Greenwich Twin, and Embassy 72nd St. . . . July 86th Street East Twin, 23rd St. West Triplex, and National Twin; through July 19. . . . Warner; starting July 20.)

BIG BUSINESS—Bette Midler and Lily Tomlin, in a farce about two sets of identical twins accidentally mismatched at birth. They're the Ratliffs, who live in a backwoods Southern town, and they're the Sheltons, who run the New York conglomerate Moramax. The four women and their various courtiers, flunkies, and love objects wind up spending the weekend at the Plaza Hotel. The film often looks third class, and the director, Jim Abrahams, doesn't have the knack of making the details click into place. Yet the picture moves along, spattering the air with throwaway gags, and a minute after something misfires you're laughing out loud. Fred Ward, who plays Tomlin's down-home suitor, is serenely unself-conscious, and takes over as the film's hero. Midler breezes through, kicking one gong after another. She's pure appetite. And

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

as the mogul of Moramax she flips up her collar and her gesture bespeaks perfect self-satisfaction. (Chaplin did this sort of thing, and he didn't do it better.) With Leo Burmeser as the bum. Script credited to Dori Pierson and Marc Rubel. (6/27/88) (Cinema II, Embassy 72nd St., and Embassy 1...
 ¶ 86th Street East Twin. Evenings only...
 ¶ Bay Cinema; through July 19... ¶ Waverly; through July 21.)

BLOOD SIMPLE (1985)—This splatter-movie art movie was directed by Joel Coen, who wrote the screenplay with his brother Ethan, who was the producer. A Texas roadhouse owner (Dan Hedaya) wants to have his young wife (Frances McDormand) and her lover (John Getz) murdered; he hires a killer, a good-ol'-boy private detective (M. Emmet Walsh) who takes his money and double-crosses him. The one real novelty in the conception is that the audience has a God's-eye view of who is doing what to whom, while the characters have a blinkered view and, misinterpreting what they see, sometimes take totally inexpedient actions. The film provides a visually sophisticated form of gross-out humor; the material is thin, though, and there isn't enough suspense until about the last ten minutes, when the action is so grisly that it has a kick. (Film Forum 2; July 27.)

BOYFRIENDS AND GIRLFRIENDS (L'AMI DE MON AMIE)—Directed by Eric Rohmer. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Lincoln Plaza.)

BULL DURHAM—Written and directed by Ron Shelton, this sunny romantic comedy has the kind of dizzying off-center literacy that Preston Sturges' pictures had. It's a satirical celebration of our native jauntiness and wit; it takes us into a subculture that's like a bawdy adjunct of childhood—minor-league baseball. Kevin Costner plays the smart, hyper-articulate catcher Crash, and comes through with his first wide-awake, star performance; at his best, he's as berserkly ironic as Jack Nicholson is at some of his peaks. After playing for twelve years, Crash arrives in Durham, North Carolina, to join the Durham Bulls and learns that he's been brought in to train baby-faced Nuke (Tim Robbins), a wild young rookie pitcher who is destined to move up. Susan Sarandon plays the beautiful, passionate Annie Savoy, a baseball fanatic who has her own scorecard: "There's never been a ballplayer slept with me who didn't have the best year of his career." What you keep reacting to is the film's exuberant doodles. (6/27/88) (Murray Hill, Loews New York Twin, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center... ¶ 23rd St. West Triplex; through July 21.)

CANDY MOUNTAIN—Rudy Wurlitzer wrote the screenplay of this low-budget road movie and directed it in collaboration with Robert Frank. It's the story of a dim, unsuccessful young New York musician (Kevin J. O'Connor) who makes a deal with a rock star (David Johansen) and a couple of guys in business suits to track down a brilliant guitarist named Elmore Silk (Harris Yulin), who disappeared from the scene years ago. On his journey through upstate New York and eastern Canada, the eager punk loses a couple of cars, spends all his money, gets arrested, trades observations on the romance of the road and the meaning of life with an assortment of oddballs, losers, freaks, and geezers, and eventually finds the great man holed up in a town in Nova Scotia, where the whole eventful quest turns out to be—surprise—sort of meaningless. This may sound dreary, and it's certainly thin, but the movie has a surprisingly genial spirit. Frank, a great photographer ("The Americans") who has also made several 16-mm. films, knows how to shoot the seedy roadside landscape so that we don't feel oppressed by the bleakness of it all. The lively cast includes an eclectic bunch of musicians: Tom Waits, Leon Redbone, Dr. John, and Rita MacNeil. —T.R. (Quad Cinema; through July 21.)

THE CHILDREN ARE WATCHING US (1942)—In this film, Vittorio De Sica found his writer, Cesare Zavattini, and his theme—the destruction of innocence. As in his later works, the enemy is human injustice—not intentional injustice but what people are driven to do to each other. Like De Sica's "Umberto D.," this is a picture of loneliness, but at the other end of the life span. Umberto has little time left; Prico, the four-year-old, has his whole ruined

life ahead. His mother, sensually drawn to her lover, hasn't the strength to cling to the child; his ego-shattered father kills himself. Prico is left, agonized and inarticulate, walking the corridors of a boarding school. Except for "Forbidden Games," there has probably never been such a clear view of the antagonism and desolation that separate adult life and child life. In Italian. (Thalia SoHo; July 24.)

DOWN BY LAW (1986)—Jim Jarmusch's follow-up to his 1984 "Stranger Than Paradise" (see below) is also a low-key minimalist comedy about American anomie shot in black-and-white—this time by Robby Müller. The setting is New Orleans, where two deadbeats—Jack, an ineffectual pimp (John Lurie), and Zack, an itinerant disk jockey (Tom Waits)—become the victims of frameups and are put in the same prison cell, where they vegetate in hostile silence. And the moviemaking itself shares in their lethargy; that's what gives the film a cachet of modernism. Everything changes when a little, life-loving Italian, Roberto (Roberto Benigni), is put in with them; the three become pals, grinning and talking together. And, eventually, Roberto devises an escape plan. Jarmusch's passive style has its wit, but the style is deadening here until he brings in Roberto—a character out of folk humor. And without the boredom of the first three-quarters of an hour Roberto wouldn't be so funny. With Ellen Barkin, Billie Neal, Nicoletta Braschi, Rockets Redglare, and Vernel Bagneris. The music is by Lurie, the songs are by Waits. (10/20/86) (Cinema Village; July 22-23.)

ENTRE NOUS (1983)—The French actress turned filmmaker Diane Kurys tells the story of two young married women in the nineteen-fifties who don't recognize how unfulfilled they have been in their marriages until they meet each other. The women (Isabelle Huppert and Miou-Miou) are romanticized and politicized as soul mates; they're turned into feminist precursors, while the husbands (Guy Marchand and Jean-Pierre Bacri), who always seem to need a shave, are treated as lumps, as part of the common herd. Kurys tells us that the characters played by Huppert and Marchand are her parents, and Marchand, who plays his role superbly, is the only one a viewer is likely to have any feeling for. But Kurys has made a very peculiar kind of memory film: its psychology goes in one direction, its sexual politics take it in another. And the construction is lackadaisical and flabby. The only thing that's distinctive about it is its veneer of post-feminism. Written by the director and Alain Le Henry. In French. (Cinema Village; starting July 27.)

A FISH CALLED WANDA—With John Cleese, Jamie Lee Curtis, Kevin Kline, and Michael Palin; directed by Charles Crichton. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews Tower East, and Loews Paramount.)

FOOL FOR LOVE (1985)—You'd think that if anybody could film Sam Shepard's 1983 play and keep it metaphorical and rowdy and sexually charged it would be the intuitive Robert Altman, but the material seems to congeal on the screen, and congealed ramblousness is not a pretty sight. The play—a carnal (and existential) screwball comedy—is about the no-exit tormented sex relationship between Eddie, a broken-down rodeo cowboy (Shepard), and his half sister, May (Kim Basinger), who lives in a cheap motel "on the edge of the Mojave Desert." It's counterculture macho (circa "Easy Rider") gone mythic. Though this stuff isn't much, it might get by if it were just faster and more kinetic, if there were less mood and atmosphere, but Shepard's adaptation opens out the play and the steam escapes. And Altman directs this adaptation almost reverently, as a series of near-static pictures. As Eddie, Shepard is a feeble presence; when he delivers Eddie's lines they have no visceral force. Kim Basinger works hard and she has a flushed, smeary-faced, wounded quality, but she lacks spirit. Randy Quaid gives the role of Martin, May's gentleman caller, a solid, hick doggedness. As the Old Man, the lovers' father, Harry Dean Stanton has the right tequila-swilling grunginess but he doesn't seem to have any idea what he should be doing. The cinematography is by Pierre Migot; the country songs were written and per-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

IN BRIEF—Cont'd

formed by Sandy Rogers. (Cinema Village; July 22-23.)

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT (1940)—Hitchcock appears to have concocted this spy thriller out of all the breathtaking climaxes he'd been hoarding. The plot is barely functional, and the jaunty reporter-hero (Joel McCrea) is held down a bit when he has to attend to the ever-busy heroine (Laraine Day), but the movie is intermittently first-rate, and the topnotch supporting cast includes George Sanders, Albert Basserman, Herbert Marshall, Edmund Gwenn, Martin Kosleck, Eduardo Ciannelli, Barbara Pepper, and Robert Benchley, who also had a hand in the dialogue. (Thalia SoHo; July 22-23.)

FUNNY FACE (1957)—Fred Astaire as an Avedonish fashion photographer who discovers Audrey Hepburn working in a bookshop and takes her to Paris to model clothes for a *Vogue*-like magazine. The George and Ira Gershwin score has some of the fresh sprightliness it must have had when it served the original "Funny Face" on Broadway thirty years earlier (also with Astaire). This big Stanley Donen musical isn't all it should be, though. You keep wanting it to turn into wonderful romantic fluff, but it's only spottily successful. The movie emphasizes Astaire's age by trying to ignore it. And it's a sour idea to use a Sartre-like thinker (Michel Auclair) as the villain, a philandering phony. Still, Hepburn is a charming sidekick for Astaire, and the satirist Kay Thompson is agreeable as the rangy, hardboiled fashion editor. With Suzy Parker, Ruta Lee, and Robert Flemyng. (Thalia SoHo; July 27.)

HAIRSPRAY—The writer-director John Waters treats the message movie as a genre to be parodied, just like the teenpic. Combining the two, he comes up with a pop dadaist musical comedy, set in Baltimore in 1962. Waters loves narrative, and he has half a dozen plots crisscrossing each other. In the middle are the spherical Mrs. Edna Turnblad (played by the male actor Divine) and her baby-blimp daughter, Tracy (Ricki Lake); they wear matching mother-and-daughter outfits. Tracy, who's the newest teen-age dancer on "The Corry Collins Show," discovers that black kids aren't allowed to take part and she becomes a leader in the fight for integration. Meanwhile, Divine watches over Tracy and preens like a mother hen. There's a what-the-hell quality to Divine's acting which the film needs; it would be too close to a real teenpic without it. When Divine's Edna Turnblad is onscreen in the sleeveless dresses she's partial to, the movie has something like the lunacy of a W. C. Fields in drag. With Ruth Brown, Debbie Harry, Sonny Bono, Jerry Stiller, Shawn Thompson, Ric Ocasek, Pia Zadora, Jo Ann Havrilla, and Waters himself as a sicko psychiatrist. (3/7/88) (8th St. Playhouse.)

A HANDFUL OF DUST—The filmmakers who have brought Evelyn Waugh's sharp, satiric 1934 novel to the screen treat it as if it were one of the writer's ponderous later works—as if it were "Brideshead Revisited." In fact, the producer, Derek Granger, and the director, Charles Sturridge, were also responsible for the plodding TV miniseries of "Brideshead" several years ago. The cinematography is creamy and pictorial, the sets and costumes are opulent, the mood is helplessly nostalgic, and many of the actors seem to believe that they're playing fully rounded human beings rather than merciless caricatures. Waugh's novel traces the decline of Tony Last, a naive English landowner, husband, and father who is betrayed by everything and everyone he believes in—especially by his charming, shallow wife, Brenda. As always in Waugh, people say and do beastly things to each other, someone dies, and English society, superficial and infinitely adaptable, rolls on. Although virtually all the dialogue is lifted directly from the novel, the polished cruelty rarely sounds witty. The filmmakers give the appearance of being perfectly faithful to the novel, but they're constantly betraying it. In the last half hour, though, we're treated to a brilliant performance by Alec Guinness, as the alarming Mr. Todd. Playing Tony's final betrayer, he hits the tiny notes of menace and ruthless self-interest in the lulling tones of polite English discourse: his sly, precise effects are an actor's equivalent of Waugh's



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sneakily devastating prose. With James Wilby (as Tony), Kristin Scott Thomas (as Brenda), Judi Dench, Rupert Graves, and Anjelica Huston. Screenplay by Granger, Sturridge, and Tim Sullivan.—T.R. (7/11/88) (Paris.)

THE LAST EMPEROR—Bernardo Bertolucci tells the story of Pu Yi, who was not quite three when, in 1908, he was set on the Dragon Throne in Peking's Forbidden City and became the titular ruler of a third of the people on earth. After being deposed and then enthroned again in Japanese-occupied Manchuria, he was in Soviet custody for five years, and then spent ten years being "reeducated" in a Chinese war-crime-prison. The movie doesn't have the juicy absurdity that seems to pour right out of the historical story. And it suppresses the drama. But it has pictorial grace and a dull fascination. Bertolucci presents Pu Yi (John Lone) as a man without will or backbone who lives his life as spectacle—who watches his life go by. And so we're given a historical pageant without a protagonist. There's an idea here, but it's a dippy idea—it results in a passive movie. With Joan Chen and Peter O'Toole. Cinematography by Vittorio Storaro; the film shows the palaces and courtyards of the two-hundred-and-fifty-acre Forbidden City. 2 hours and 46 minutes. (11/30/87) (Carnegie Screening Room.)

THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE (1962)—A daring, funny, and far-out thriller about political extremists. George Axelrod adapted the Richard Condon novel, and John Frankenheimer came to life as a director. This picture may be the most sophisticated political satire ever made in Hollywood. With Angela Lansbury, Frank Sinatra, Laurence Harvey, and James Gregory. (Quad Cinema.)

PATTI ROCKS—David Burton Morris's low-budget drama means to tell us something new about the war between men and women, but the movie is heavy-spirited and monotonous. Billy (Chris Mulkey), a working-class husband and father who considers himself quite a stud, is appalled when one of his girlfriends, Patti Rocks (Karen Landry), gets pregnant and won't have an abortion. He drives all night, in the company of his divorced friend Eddie (John Jenkins), to visit her and persuade her to change her mind. The conversation between the two men while they're on the road is the centerpiece of the movie; it's designed to bring out their hideously sexist attitudes, which will later be challenged by Patti's quiet strength. Billy's discourse is particularly colorful; he has a prodigious array of demeaning sexual epithets, most of which have nasty, violent overtones. He really is a pig—but that's all he is. Once the guys get to Patti's apartment, it's clear that the movie isn't going anywhere very interesting.—T.R. (Quad Cinema; starting July 22.)

LE PLAISIR (1952)—This Max Ophüls omnibus

film, based on three Maupassant stories, sounds better than it is; the stories allow him to display his virtuoso technique, but two of the three turn out too thin and hokey. The first, "The Mask," famous for the Palais de Danse sequence, is about a man trying to retain the illusion of youth; Gaby Morlay and Claude Dauphin are in it. "The Model" is about an artist (Daniel Gélin) who quarrels with his mistress-model (Simone Simon). The most satisfying, "The House of Madame Teller," is about the temporary closing of a brothel when the madam (Madeleine Renaud) and her girls go to the country to attend the First Communion of the madam's niece. The cast includes Jean Gabin, Danielle Darrieux, Pierre Brasseur, Ginette Leclerc, Mila Parély, and Louis Seigner. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 25.)

THE PRESIDIO—This loud, lame thriller is set in San Francisco, in and around the Presidio Army base. An M.P. is killed when she stumbles onto a break-in at the Officers' Club, and the murder investigation turns into a clash of wills between a rigid lieutenant colonel (Sean Connery) and an impetuous young homicide cop (Mark Harmon). As if that weren't drama enough, Harmon, we learn, was once an M.P. under Connery's command (they hated each other), and in the course of the movie he falls in love with the lieutenant colonel's wild and adorable daughter (Meg Ryan). The screenwriter, Larry Ferguson, and the director, Peter Hyams, obviously think that it's been far too long since we've seen cars bouncing through the streets of San Francisco at high speeds, or a testy relationship between a by-the-book old-timer and a hotheaded younger man resolving itself in grudging admiration. They're wrong. Also with Jack Warden and Mark Blum.—T.R. (Embassy; through July 19. . . . Loews New York Twin; through July 21.)

REPO MAN (1984)—The L.A. of freeways and off ramps and squarish pastel-colored buildings that could be anything and could turn into something else overnight is the perfect setting for a movie about men who take out their frustrations by repossessing other people's cars. The young English writer-director Alex Cox keeps his dazed sociopaths speeding around—always on the periphery. There's nothing at the center. He has underhand ways of being funny, and the jokes don't often jump out at you—sometimes they barely peek out at all, because of the film's ramshackle ineptness. But the whole comic atmosphere of druggy burnout gets to you, and Cox never once slips—he never lets things get sentimentalized or organized. With Harry Dean Stanton, Emilio Estevez, Tracey Walter, Vonneta McGee, and Fox Harris. (Film Forum 2; July 25.)

SABOTAGE (1936; also known as "The Woman Alone")—Hitchcock's adaptation of Conrad's "The Secret Agent" may be just about the best of his English thrillers, and if the public didn't respond it wasn't his fault. Sylvia Sydney and Oscar Homolka are a married pair, the Verlocs, who manage a small movie house; Desmond Tester plays Mrs. Verloc's younger brother, who, unknowingly, carries a bomb on behalf of her husband. With John Loder, Sara Allgood, Martita Hunt, Peter Bull, and Torin Thatcher. (Thalia SoHo; July 22-23.)

SCARLET STREET (1946)—It's not one of Fritz Lang's best American movies. Edward G. Robinson is a frustrated gray-haired cashier married to a nag (Rosalind Ivan); his only pleasure is in painting on Sundays. He falls for a tart (Joan Bennett) and sets her up in a Greenwich Village apartment, on stolen money. But the tart is in love with a lout (Dan Duryea), who beats her. The script is heavy-handed, and Lang's emphatic style pounds home the ironies and the murder-plot devices. (Robinson kills the girl, and Duryea is electrocuted for the crime.) (Thalia SoHo; July 21.)

STRANGER THAN PARADISE (1984)—The young writer-director Jim Jarmusch uses a minimalist aesthetic for low-key comic effects. This punk picaresque is in black-and-white, and each scene is a single take followed by a blackout; the three anomic principal characters—deadpan deadbeats—live in dead space. Jarmusch keeps the picture formal and cool, and it has an odd, nonchalant charm; it's fun. But it's softhearted fun—shaggy-dog

minimalism—and it doesn't have enough ideas (or laughs) for its ninety-minute length. With John Lurie, Eszter Balint, and Richard Edson. (Film Forum 2; July 22-23.)

STRANGERS ON A TRAIN (1951)—Hitchcock's bizarre, malicious comedy, in which Robert Walker brought sportive originality to the role of the chilling wit, dear degenerate Bruno; it's intensely enjoyable—in some ways the best of Hitchcock's American films. Bruno perceives that though he cannot murder his father with impunity, someone else could; when he meets the unhappily married tennis player Guy (Farley Granger), he murders Guy's wife for him and expects Guy to return the favor. It isn't often that people think about a performance in a Hitchcock movie; usually what we recall are bits of "business." But Robert Walker's performance is what gives this movie much of its character and its peculiar charm. With Marion Lorne, Leo G. Carroll, and Ruth Roman. (Thalia SoHo; July 22-23.)

TAMPOPO (1986)—Written and directed by Juzo Itami, this understated farce has its own brand of dippy enchantment. It's about noodles, pleasure, and the movies. The title, which is Japanese for "dandelion," is the name of a fortyish widow (Nobuko Miyamoto) who is trying to make a go of a run-down noodle shop on the outskirts of Tokyo. A courtly truck driver (Tsutomu Yamazaki), who wears a dark-brown cowboy hat straight across his brow, like the righteous hero of a solemn Western, makes it his mission to help her become a real noodle cook. The film cross-cuts between the story of Tampopo and her cowboy samurai and the culinary-erotic adventures of a pair of lovers: a gangster in a white suit and his ready-for-everything cutie. These two demonstrate that eating and sex can be the same thing. The movie is constructed like a comic essay, with random frivolous touches, and much of it is shot in hot, bright color that suggests a neon fusion of urban night life and movie madness. The subtexts connect with viewers' funnybones at different times, and part of the fun of the movie is listening to the sudden eruptions of giggles—it's as if some kids were running around in the theatre tickling people. In Japanese. (6/1/87) (Bleecker St. Cinema.)

A TAXING WOMAN—The third film written and directed by Juzo Itami is his first dull one. It's a comedy about tax evasion, pitting a dishonest and very clever businessman (Tsutomu Yamazaki) against the awesome forces of Japan's national tax office, whose relentless spirit is most purely incarnated in a tiny, dogged female inspector named Mrs. Itakura (Nobuko Miyamoto). This sounds like fun, but, despite some clever notions and a handful of inventive scenes, the movie feels tentative, not fully worked out; it's as if Itami got bogged down in research and forgot about the jokes. For whatever reason, "A Taxing Woman" is much more conventional than the director's previous films, "The Funeral" and "Tampopo" (see above). In Japanese. —T.R. (Bleecker St. Cinema.)

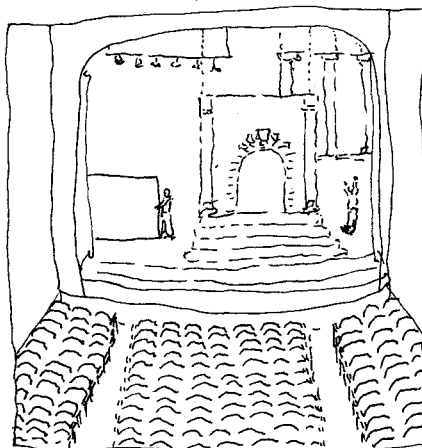
THE UNBEARABLE LIGHTNESS OF BEING—Directed by Philip Kaufman, this adaptation of Milan Kundera's novel is touching in sophisticated ways that you don't expect from an American director. A prankish sex comedy, it treats modern political events with a delicate—yet almost sly—sense of tragedy. It's the way the variations of jealousy and erotic attraction are played out by the three principal actors—an Englishman (Daniel Day-Lewis), a Swedish woman (Lena Olin), and a Frenchwoman (Juliette Binoche), all playing Czechs—that gives the movie its wonderfully unresolved texture. The story begins in Prague in 1968, during the period of freedom of expression and artistic flowering known as "socialism with a human face." Day-Lewis's Tomas is a hedonist, a womanizer, and an eminent young brain surgeon; Olin's Sabina, a painter who is his longtime sex partner, and Binoche's Tereza, whom he marries, represent the two poles of his life—lightness and weight. Kaufman has an exuberant temperament, and the spirit of the film is younger and looser than that of the book; a short two hours and fifty-three minutes, the picture has a whirling beauty. (2/8/88) (68th St. Playhouse; through July 21.)

VAGABOND (1985)—Agnès Varda wrote and directed this scrupulously hardheaded film about an eighteen-year-old girl on the road, a deliberately homeless drifter who lives on handouts, thefts, a little prostitution, and the

occasional odd job. At the opening, her frozen body is discovered in a ditch in the country side near the city of Nîmes. Varda presents the movie as a documentary investigating how this happened. The characters are the sullen, suspicious, vacant-eyed young girl (played immaculately by Sandrine Bonnaire) and the witnesses to her last weeks. We see the closed-off girl strictly from the outside, and this factual, objective view isn't enough. Varda's flat-out approach excludes the uses of the imagination—both hers and ours. With Macha Méril. In French. (Cinema Village; starting July 27.)

WHITE MISCHIEF—At first, Michael Radford's film about upper-class English settlers in Kenya in the nineteen-forties seems bracingly sardonic: there isn't a hint of the sneaky romanticism and nostalgia for Empire that colonial dramas so frequently succumb to. As one aristocratic viper after another is introduced, and each member of the large and familiar cast (Greta Scacchi, Charles Dance, Joss Ackland, Sarah Miles, John Hurt, Trevor Howard, Geraldine Chaplin) makes his distinctively peculiar entrance, the movie promises to be wicked fun. Amazingly, though, as the action gets nastier the picture gets duller. The screenplay, by Radford and Jonathan Gems, is based on the real-life murder of Josslyn Hay, Earl of Errol (Dance), a colonial Casanova who conducted a flagrant affair with young Lady Diana Broughton (Scacchi), to which their jaded social set reacted with a mixture of amusement and jealousy. As the movie concentrates more and more on the unsavory triangle of Errol, Diana, and her creepy middle-aged husband (Ackland), we begin to get the uneasy feeling that the director has lost track of his own intentions. For all the melodramatic complications, the characters remain static, as if they'd been frozen in place after their initial scenes. —T.R. (Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

WHO FRAMED ROGER RABBIT—This manic comedy, in which animated cartoon characters interact with live actors, is an amazing feat of entertainment engineering—like a Disneyland ride or a World's Fair movie. The setting is Los Angeles in 1947, and the screenplay, by Jeffrey Price and Peter Seaman, takes off from the fairly witty conceit that the cartoon characters, called Toons here, are ordinary contract players in the already skewed universe of the Hollywood studio system. These strange creatures become involved in a conventional forties mystery plot, featuring a seedy, hard-drinking private eye played by Bob Hoskins. The director, Robert Zemeckis ("Used Cars," "Back to the Future"), and his small army of animators and special-effects artists mean to pay homage to the Hollywood animation of the thirties and forties—"Roger Rabbit" begins with an original cartoon in the style of Tex Avery and Chuck Jones—but the movie doesn't have the right spirit. Although Zemeckis does his best to keep things moving, and the effects are very well done, nothing can disguise the massive, backbreaking strain of the effort. The movie provides only the illusion of lunacy. Technology and plot mechanics labor mightily to evoke an aura of freedom and uninhibited joy—yet there's hardly a spontaneous moment in the film.



This is "movie magic" at its most elaborate and most daunting: it inspires awe rather than simple delight. Also with Christopher Lloyd, Joanna Cassidy, and Stubby Kaye. The funniest Toon, Roger's sireny wife, Jessica, speaks with Kathleen Turner's (uncredited) voice and sings with Amy Irving's. The director of animation was Richard Williams. Adapted, very loosely, from the novel "Who Censored Roger Rabbit?," by Gary K. Wolf. —T.R. (7/11/88) (Gramercy, Coronet, Ziegfeld, and Columbia Cinema.)

WILLOW—The evil sorceress Queen Bavmorda (Jean Marsh) is killing all the newborn babies in the Daikini domain, because of a prophecy that an infant born with a special mark will bring about her downfall. Placed on a raft of rushes, the savior baby girl drifts downriver into the land of a peaceful, elflike people, the Nelwyns. A young Nelwyn farmer, Willow (Warwick Davis), tries to protect her, and eventually, with the help of an outlaw Daikini swordsman (Val Kilmer) and a rebel Daikini (Gavan O'Herlihy), Willow storms the evil queen's black castle. This tale involves trolls, vicious black boars, nine-inch-tall men called Brownies, platinum-wigged Tinker Bells, a two-headed dragon, and some four hundred special-effects shots. Before it's over, you feel as if you'd fallen into a pile of mixed metaphors. Produced by George Lucas, who also wrote the story, the movie seems to be one stale idea after another. The director, Ron Howard, shows his gentle talent only in his handling of the three-foot-four-inch Willow, whose sweet-faced humility could make parts of the movie appealing to kids. With Billy Barty—triumphant as usual—as the High Aldwin of the Nelwyns. (5/30/88) (Loews 34th Street Showplace; through July 21.)

WINGS OF DESIRE ("Der Himmel über Berlin")—The director, Wim Wenders, who wrote the script with the collaboration of Peter Handke, has a theme: in an approximation of Rilke's words, "Joy has gone astray." We're told that "when the child was a child," stories held together. Now all we have is fragmentation, entropy. Two angels—Daniel (Bruno Ganz) and Cassiel (Otto Sander)—hover over the bleak, divided city and move among the forlorn Berliners, listening to what's in their minds: listening to the questions about existence that these people ask themselves. Our overhearing what the angels hear—the thoughts chanted on the track, all in even, quiet tones, as grayed out as the sunless skies—works on us like a tranquilizer. Eventually, Daniel falls in love with a beautiful French aerialist (Solveig Dommartin), and gives up his wings. With Peter Falk, who brings some funky warmth to the role of an American movie star, and Curt Bois as a sad-faced old man called Homer. The cinematography (tinted black-and-white, and color) is by Henri Alekan. This Franco-German production is in English, French, and German. (5/30/88) (Cinema Studio.)

A WORLD APART—Set in 1963, it's about a thirteen-year-old girl (Jodhi May) who lives a well-ordered, ruling-class life in a fine home in suburban Johannesburg until her father (Jeroen Krabbé), who's a Communist, flees the country in the middle of the night to escape arrest, and her mother (Barbara Hershey), the editor of a small anti-apartheid newspaper, is "detained" for ninety days, and then another ninety days. Based on a semi-autobiographical script by Shawn Slovo, the daughter of the journalist Ruth First and Joe Slovo, the leader of the banned South African Communist Party, the movie deals with the girl's feeling confused and resentful—the fight against apartheid is also her competitor. In prison or out, her mother is not all there for her. The theme of the movie is the conflict between fighting injustice and what we owe to our families—or, more poignantly, a young girl's pain at the loss of her mother and father, though she knows the reason for it. Shot in Zimbabwe, this remarkable first feature directed by the noted cinematographer Chris Menges has a visual snap to it. It's luminous yet very informal. And though, toward the end, it falls into chanting slogans, it has a radiant intelligence. The cast includes Linda Mvusi, who shared the best-actress award at Cannes with May and Hershey, and Tim Roth, Yvonne Bryceland, Albee Lesotho, David Suchet, and Nadine Chalmers. (6/13/88) (Cinema I; through July 21....) (Quad Cinema, and Festival; starting July 22.)

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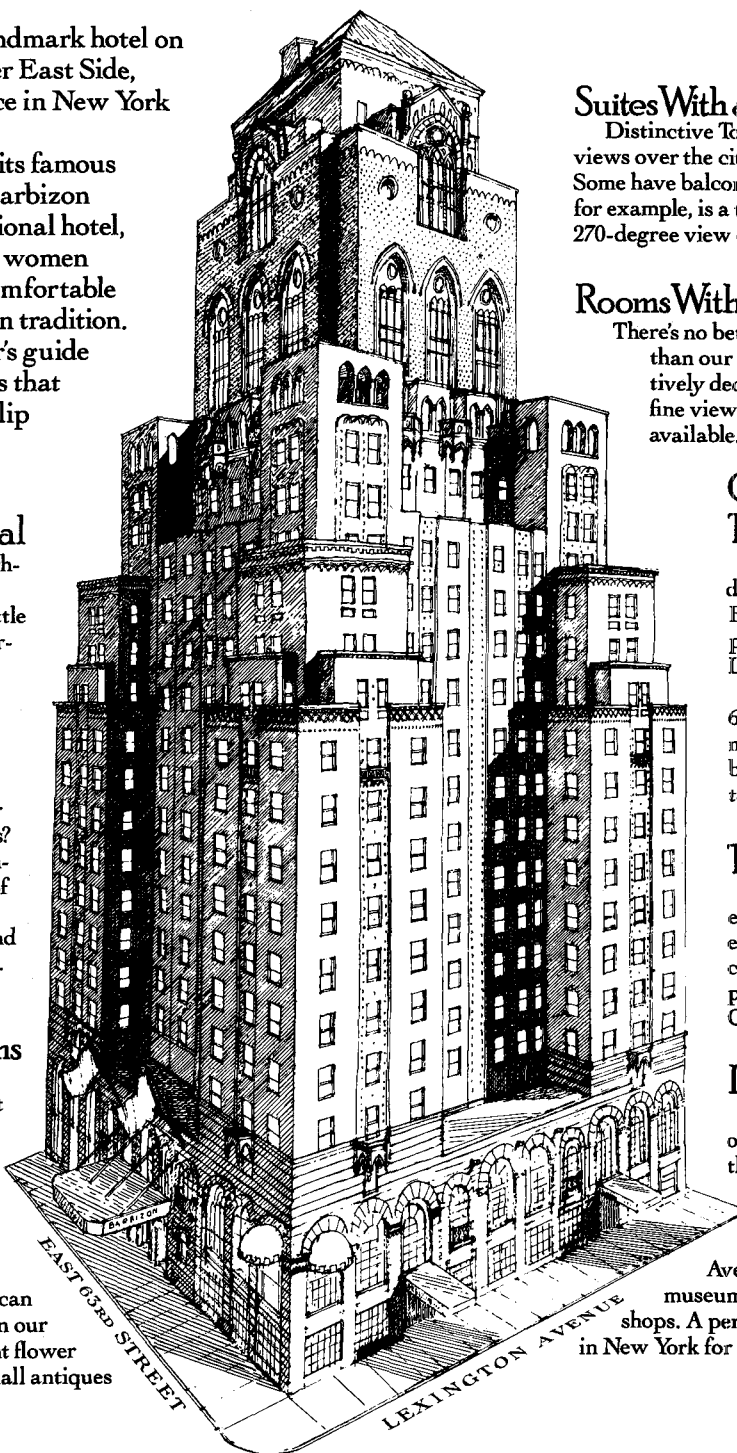
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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

MANHATTAN has long been famous for its lights. (How wonderful this would be, G. K. Chesterton said of Broadway at night, if only one couldn't read.) It should be equally famous for its sunlight. Scholars study the light of the Catskills in the canvases of the Hudson River School. Manhattan is on the same river as the Catskills, and its light, especially in the summer, is just as remarkable—both for its color and quality and for the shadows it casts. One of the sins of the International School of architecture, as it has worked itself out in New York, is the radical simplifying of the city's shadows. On buildings that are corniced and covered with doodads the light paints pictures, and ripples like water. The Bauhaus gave us great blocks of black and white or—in façades of glass—a mirage of neighboring buildings. But that is our doing; the light still tries its best.

There are days when it almost fails—when the air thickens and the breeze droops and the light seems to come from behind a dirty scrim. On days like that, the buildings seem as oppressed as we are. Because the entire sky seems lower, everything looks shrunken. When the sun sinks down the western ends of the streets of the midtown grid, it darkens to the red of a used eraser, then to the brown of an old penny. When the air is truly dirty, the sun vanishes altogether while still inches above New Jersey.

When the haze is kinder, the light is yellow. Then the best place to see it is on people, and the best place to see them is in a park. Whatever they are doing—carrying briefcases, curbing dogs, pumping ten-speeds, reading paperback romances—acquires a nimbus. It's easy to imagine then what Shake-

spere was thinking when he wrote the line about golden lads and girls. (Actually, he was probably thinking about dandelions, which were called golden boys in Warwickshire.) The light imparts its glow to stone people, too. The Beaux-Arts allegories atop Grand Central Terminal swim in honey.

But we value most the light on days when the air is perfectly clear. These days occur more often than you might think they would in an automobile-age city. It may have something to do with Manhattan's being an island, where ocean breezes help clear the air and make the island really feel like an island—better yet, like a ship. When there are clouds in the air, sweeping uptown or across town, it can look as if the city itself were sailing.

On one such day recently, we looked out a window in the late afternoon toward the towers of St. George's Church, on Stuyvesant Square. Two young men appeared on a nearby roof. They were carrying bright-green cans of soda or beer, and two saxophones, which, to judge from the sounds that emerged, they may never have played before. The light glittered off the Roman numerals on the tower clocks and caught the green point of a steeple beyond; light and shade bisected an old, stained water tank. The saxophonists lay on the blacktop roof, hoisting their cans and honking away. From time to time, they got up and looked at their shadows—ten feet, fifteen feet, and

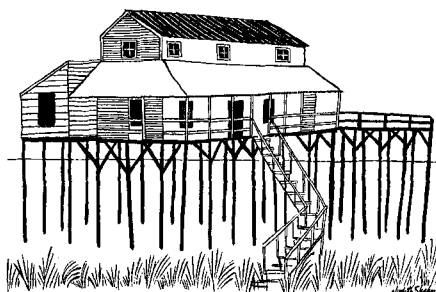
growing longer by the minute. When they turned to look into the light, they had to shade their eyes; then they turned back to waggle their heads and watch the shadow heads waggle.

We went down to street level. It was after eight o'clock, and the lights had come on—the jaggedy lines on the Chrysler Building, the red specks on the Con Ed clock—but the sunlight was stronger. There was no gold in it; it shone with a ferocious whiteness. It burst in a glint off a window blocks away; it flared off the face of a street sign. Objects high in the air—an airplane, some gulls, the flag on the Guardian Life building—gleamed as if they were in a display case. The statue of Abraham Lincoln in Union Square floated in a white mist. Our shadow made us look as if we were on stilts.

And all the while, as we marvelled, like a child marvelling at a card trick, we knew that the peak had passed. All summer long, the light leaves us; the sun rises highest and stays longest on the day of the solstice, in late June. And so, though more afternoons when the streets soften and shirts soak through lie before us, we are heading, day by contracting day, toward November, and rain and cold, and darkness by five o'clock. Anyone who takes a saxophone out on a rooftop will have to wear gloves.

Arenaball

WITH the dog days came the climax of the New York Knights Arena Football season at Madison Square Garden. We love all sports and games, and particularly those mocked and belittled made-for-TV sports and games—professional kick-boxing, monster mud-truck rallying, major indoor soccer, and the like. Arenaball, as



pro football played indoors during the summer on a scaled-down field has come to be called, is the newest and maybe the most belittled of all the gimmick sports, and so, just on general principles, we have decided to become a fan. Feeling guilty about not having been to see our Knights play earlier in the summer—in this, their very first year—we decided to take in their last home game the other evening, against the Pittsburgh Gladiators, and we asked along our friend Ben, an eleven-year-old who is a big Knights fan and also one of the few people we know who share our appreciation of what stodgier fans refer to as “trash sports.”

On the way to the Garden, we asked Ben to explain to us some of the finer points of Arenaball. Its basic gimmick, we knew, is that it's pro football played indoors on a fifty-yard field, but we wanted some deeper insights.

“There are six teams—the Pittsburgh Gladiators, the Chicago Bruisers (they're in first place), the Detroit Drive, the New England Steamrollers (they're tied with us for last), the Los Angeles Cobras, and the Knights,” Ben said. “The Knights are two and eight right now. They've been getting beaten pretty badly. The only team that we seem able to beat is the Cobras. We beat them twice, even though they're a pretty good team.”

We suggested that probably this was because the guys from L.A. were worn out from the bus trip.

Ben gave us a steady, impervious look—a specialty of his. He does not find anything funny in the belittlement of Arenaball. “Everybody has to play both ways except for the quarterback, one defensive guy, and the kicker,” he went on. “I think the Knights' kicker actually played in the N.F.L. once. The best part of the game is the nets. There are these nets hanging at the back of the end zones. Any ball that hits one of them is still in play, so you can aim to bounce a pass off the nets into somebody's hands. The kickers are always hitting the nets, and the deep men have to swivel around and grab the ball on the rebound or else it's like a fumble. The nets are excellent.”

We got to our seats just in time for the National Anthem. The tenor offered us “America the Beautiful” instead—nice touch, we thought. Then, after the Gladiators had been introduced (to boos), a guy with very long hair and

wearing a flowing blue-and-red gown came out on horseback—a Knight—and rode around, psyching up the crowd. Another guy, in similar garb but on foot, watched him intently from the end zone. A Squire, obviously. One by one, the Knights were introduced and ran out onto the field. They had the right kind of names for pro-football players—Greg Best and Quinton Knight and Johnny Ray Shepherd and Edwin Patrick Lovelady. The guy who runs the music at the Garden played what seemed to be the Knights' fight songs (the old Beatles classic “Revolution” and the Rascals' “Good Lovin'”), the announcer reminded the crowd that any ball that went into the stands belonged to the fan who caught it (“You catch it . . . *you keep it!*” he announced portentously, to cheers), and the game was under way.

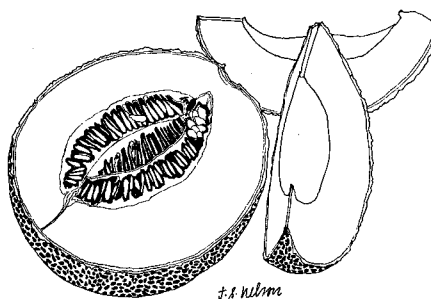
We are so accustomed to seeing football played in a big outdoor stadium, and always from far away, that the Knights and the Gladiators, on their miniature field, looked weirdly out of proportion. Every passing play seemed to fill up the entire field, with three or four guys winding up in the end zone and pairs of downed linemen stretching from one sideline to the other. It reminded us of an electric football game we played years ago, in which plastic figures jiggled along a vibrating metal gridiron. Occasionally, and more or less by sheer luck, one of the figures would shake loose from the rest and solemnly vibrate his way down toward the goal line. What we remember best about the game is the way the whole field quickly filled up with depressingly generalized, all-over patterns of motion. An Arenaball game is a lot like that. The old electric game had a quarterback with a spring-operated arm. He could (sort of) throw passes downfield, but he didn't *complete* many, and in that respect he resembled the Knights incumbent, the former Penn quarterback Jim Crocicchia, who we agreed with Ben looked lousy the

whole first half. (He went five for fifteen with two interceptions, and gained a total of thirty-five yards.)

The Knights quickly fell way behind—though our coach, Jim Valek, who sent in plays with hand signals and took bad news as impassively as Tom Landry himself, was a whole lot cooler than their coach, Joe Haering, who was dressed in a suit, like a basketball coach, and whose leadership specialty seemed to be throwing Bobby Knight-style tantrums. The Gladiators kept scoring—they even had a safety—and at the half, we were down 22–2. By then, the level of chatter in the Knights huddle had seemed to increase. From the stands, you could see the receivers imploring the QB, like touch footballers in Central Park: “Hey, Jim, *I'm open*. I keep tellin' you—I'm *wide open*. Listen, Jim, this guy they're putting on me—I got him beat a *mile*.”

Halftime was terrific. They were giving away a G.M.C. truck, and somebody in marketing had had the good idea of letting each of eighteen finalists (they had been selected over the length of the season) draw a set of car keys from a helmet held aloft by Miss New York State. Whoever had the key that started the engine got to keep the truck. As each contestant walked up to the driver's seat, you could almost smell that good new-car smell. The crowd grew deathly quiet, waiting for somebody's key to work. Finally, a guy from Brooklyn put his key in the ignition and turned it, and a little puff of smoke shot out the exhaust pipe. The crowd rose to its feet as one. We hope the Knights put that moment in their highlights package.

The third quarter was slow, with the Gladiators pulling even farther away from an increasingly demoralized Knights squad. We noticed that Ben was drifting a little—thinking about indoor moto-cross, maybe—and working disconsolately on an ice-cream bar. We began to reflect that what Arenaball really needs is some good, thoughtful promotional stuff about how the sport evokes, in the ebb and flow of each game and season, the rhythm of *all* large-scale American indoor activities, like shopping at Sears and underground parking. Ben's voice jolted us back to the field. Crocicchia had launched a long, arcing pass deep to Lovelady. Lovelady caught it and immediately pitched it to Best, who ran



it in for the score. "Smart play!" Ben said. "Heads-up play!" He was back in the game.

The Knights continued their comeback in the fourth quarter—scoring three more T.D.s, one on a fairly exciting rebound pass off the net—but couldn't quite catch up. The final score was 44–28.

Afterward, we sneaked out onto the field—which was as hard and unforgiving as asphalt, and had the scratchy texture of a cheap sweater—and watched Ben, along with five or six other kids, run some patterns. All during the game, we had been looking through the player bios in the program. In almost every one of them, the text sought to establish, however tenuously, some little footbridge between Arenaball and the N.F.L., or real football: "College roommate, Mark Kelso, plays for the Buffalo Bills (NFL)," for instance, or "Attended same high school as NFL Hall of Fame QB Joe Namath . . . in Beaver Falls, Pa." It had seemed pretty funny. But then, as we watched the kids dodging imaginary tacklers in the empty Garden—actually, some of them weren't kids at all, we noticed, but guys in their thirties, with girlfriends waiting in the stands—it occurred to us that, whatever else happened, at least the Knights and the Gladiators could always say that they had been pro-football players (of a sort), and had starred at Madison Square Garden (in a way). Maybe dreams—to vary our favorite sports cliché—are like horseshoes. Close counts.

Big Picture

XEROXED handbills for the Big Picture featured Weegee's famous shot of ten thousand beachgoers stretched between him and a boardwalk like human caviar. The flyers urged all residents of Rhinebeck, New York, to pose for a town portrait on Sunday, July 3rd, at one-forty-five; it was one of many events marking the three-hundredth anniversary of the town's incorporation. "The idea is to shoot the whole Rhinebeck citizenry," Jeanne Fleming, who chairs Rhinebeck's tercentenary committee, said when we called her. "That's a five-thousand-head potential, if everyone comes."

Rhinebeck is a good-sized, prosperous upstate town. It was granted a Royal Patent in 1688, on land that the



"Ah, the return of the Incredible Hulk."

Dutch had acquired from the Indians, and is probably best known as the place where many of the Hudson River aristocrats built their whopping estates. In our own picture of Rhinebeck, though, Astors don't figure half as large as Stickle's variety store, where you can buy gingham yard goods, hula hoops, and replacement webbing for a patio chair. There's a faintly time-warped quality about the store, and about the whole town. Rhinebeck has a Masonic Lodge, America's oldest continuously operating inn, a Grand Union designed in nature's-bounty style, and a sultry statue of a First World War doughboy, and it's home to the annual Dutchess County Fair. It can count among its sons both Bernhard Goetz (expatriate now) and the mobster Anthony Salerno, or Fat Tony, as he's usually known.

Neither of them could make it for the Big Picture, but a fair sampling of Rhinebeckers stopped whatever they were doing on the third and ambled to the corner of Market Street and Route 9. Anticipating a crowd, we arrived a little early. The only sign of something

unusual going on was a van parked by the Getty station and broadcasting Louis Armstrong songs. "Jeepers Creepers" was playing when we got there. Two women in pastel pants outfits had claimed the only bench, so we found a stoop and watched while a man in a cherry picker trussed up a small locust tree, which happened to be standing in what would be the foreground of the picture. In the twenty minutes it took to make the tree look like something tossed off by Christo, a smattering of townies began to arrive.

The weather was typical of a Hudson River Valley summer—close and hot, with an occasional raft of inconsequential dark clouds. We wondered whether any mention of this would be included when the photograph goes into a time capsule commemorating the tercentenary, and then we took note of some random particulars that might interest archeologists three centuries on: unleaded regular gas was 99.9 cents a gallon (full serve, plus oil check); male teen-agers were wearing their hair cropped with a forelock left extra long; folks coming to the Big

Picture from church were not averse to ducking into the United Smoke Shop to bet on the twenty-two-million-dollar Lotto; the special at Del's Dairy Creme was a lime-vanilla swirl. "Gee whizz," a woman with a cone said to us as she rolled the ice cream across her tongue. "The way everybody was talking about this, I expected a bigger crowd. My daughter's coming down from Red Hook. That will add at least one."

Around one-thirty, the music changed from Satchmo to a dour piano version of "It Ain't Necessarily So." We got up and wandered around the corner and were cheered to see people streaming down Market Street, right on time. (We remembered then that Jeanne Fleming had said, "The vibe I have is that it's going to work.") In the end, a crowd of six or seven hundred turned up—people of all ages and also an ancient, bug-eyed Boston terrier. At one-forty-five, a police officer closed Route 9; Douglas Baz, the photographer, hopped aboard the cherry picker; and an announcer arrived to say everybody would be given instructions on where to stand and how to pose. Soon she suggested that all present form a large chevron at either side of the Getty-station pumps, and people

moved toward the camera, walking the zombielike way movie extras do when body-snatching aliens invite them for a ride. While the photographer made adjustments, we crept around the cherry picker and stood on the fender of a truck. From there we had a good view of the local innkeeper; the mayor; the uniformed Amtrak stationmaster, who had a handlebar mustache; a biker with webs tattooed at his elbows; and a severe-looking white-haired lady, who was one of two black people in the crowd. It struck us as a representative Rhinebeck group.

We noticed someone clutching a studio portrait of an elderly man, and went over to inquire who it was. The man holding the portrait introduced himself as Don McTernan, and said, "This is the town historian, DeWitt Gurnell. DeWitt has lived in Rhinebeck most of his life. He was the pharmacist at Schemmy's—that's Schermerhorn's—for years. He knows everyone and everything there is to know about Rhinebeck." Mr. McTernan added that Mr. Gurnell, who is eighty-one, had been ill and was spending the day at the Baptist Home. "But we wanted him to be in the picture," he said. The photographer

disappeared under his cape then, and said, through a microphone, that he was ready. "All right," came his voice, from beneath the cloth. "On the count of three, I want you to say 'cheese.' And, everyone, give me your best three-hundred-year smile."

Aqua Massage

A FULL-BODY water massage, but you don't get wet. Right. First, we got the invitation: "We do not claim to actually walk on water but we do come close. You are cordially invited to experience AQUA MASSAGE with us." And a press release: "Mark this date." Done. Then came a Mailgram: "AQUA MASSAGE UNITS DAMAGED IN TRUCKING MISHAP, CURRENTLY BEING REPAIRED, PRESS RECEPTION THEREFORE POSTPONED." Postponement no problem.

"It's a full-body water massage, but you don't get wet," Candice Boyne, a vice-president of Futureshape International, told several members of New York's press corps three weeks later as they stood around in a rose-and-gold meeting room and sampled crab claws and scallops wrapped in bacon. "The inventor of the product was taking a shower one day and thought, Gee, it would feel good if I could lie down," Mrs. Boyne went on, her eyes growing wide with enthusiasm. "My husband and I founded this company five years ago. We have more than four hundred licensed salons, with isometric toning equipment. It's the gentle way to exercise. You don't have to jump around. You don't have to lift weights. We also have Futuretrim, a weight-control program. It doesn't make you feel deprived. It's not just salads and skinless chicken breasts. This is a real person's diet."

"It's the reverse situation of fitness," added Dorothy Veres, a woman with a Dorothy Hamill haircut,



"Your Honor, the jury finds the defendant guilty of insensitivity to the appearance of impropriety in the murder of the deceased."

which bobbed about as she spoke. Ms. Veres owns Body Technology System, in Denver, which supplies Futureshape products to five states in the West. "With most machines in health clubs, the machine supplies the resistance and you do the repetition. On Futureshape toning tables, the machine gives you the repetition and you supply the resistance."

"Futureshape appeals to the feel-good generation," said Robert Boyne, a large, vigorous man, who is the president of Futureshape, and who looked as if he felt pretty good. "There's a problem in health clubs: people aren't getting the attention they think they're paying for. People want to be pampered. Most people have tried pumping iron. It's not fun. Our type of exercise is not strenuous. It's not the type you need to take a shower after. At our salons, you can talk to people while you're on our isometric toning machines. You'll even get some people who'll read books."

Now reporters were taking seats in front of the Aqua Massage, a long blue contraption made of stainless steel, plastic, and Naugahyde. (The machine's coffinlike contours prompted one man to ask another, "Did you know the guy well?")

Hank Suerth, another Futureshape vice-president, stood up and began talking about the general wellness of people. In fact, he said, that was part of Futureshape's corporate mission. Then he talked about toning and limited resistance. Then he zeroed in on Aqua Massage. "Say you've played three sets of tennis," he said. "And you think, Gee, wouldn't it be nice to get a massage? But your club doesn't have a full-time masseuse to offer full-massage capability. Who'd like to try it?"

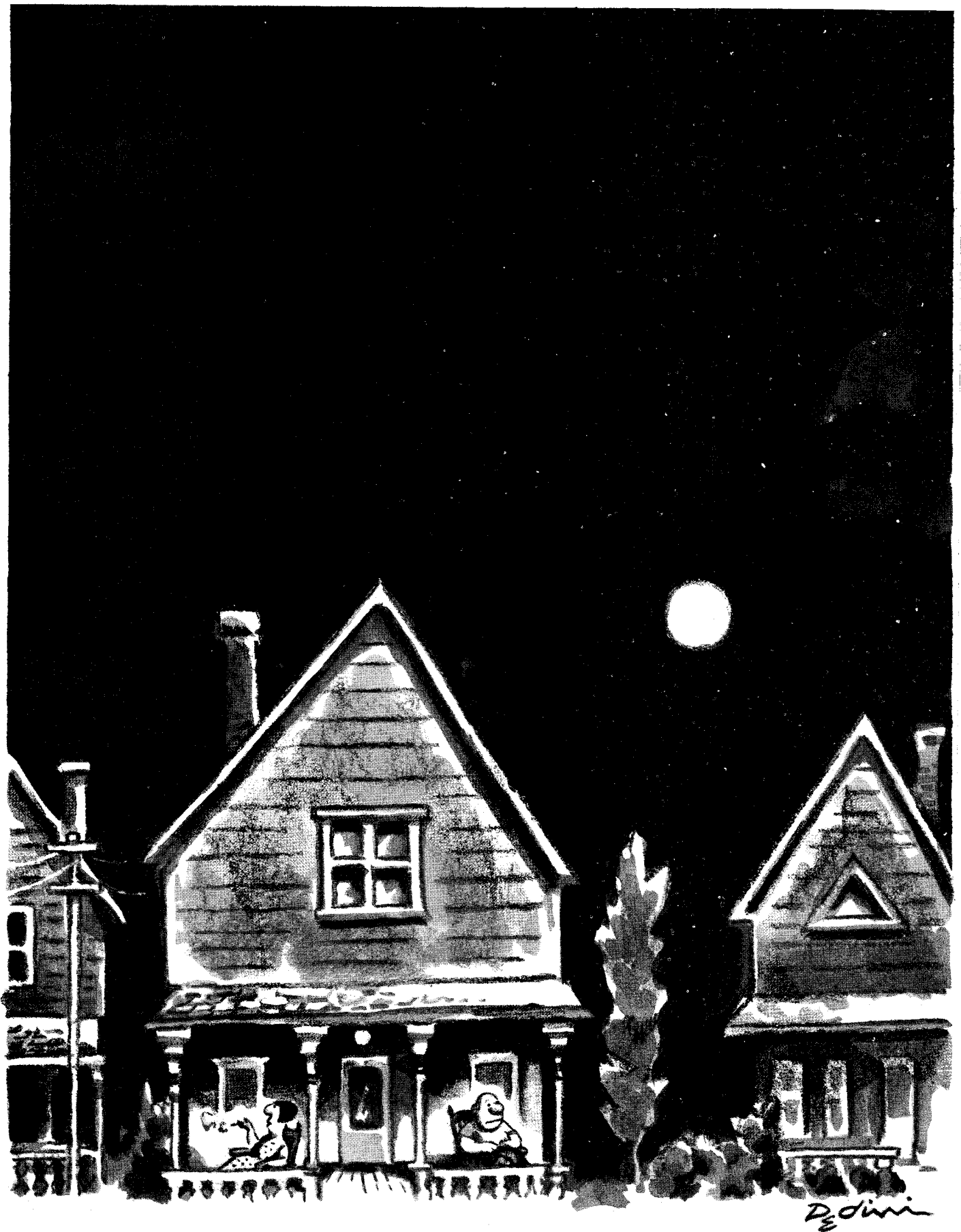
Rumblings in the audience. The blue machine began to hum. A digital control panel attached to the bed of the machine lit up. A woman raised her hand, and then walked to the front of the room, took off her shoes, and lay face down on the Naugahyde. John Ekegren, still another vice-president,



pulled down the cover—a translucent blue hood with a clear sheet of plastic attached to it—and she called out to him not to saw her in half. The machine whirled and whooshed. Between the hood and the plastic, a bar with water nozzles moved the length of her body. "We have the bar distributing water on this person," Mr. Ekegren said. The woman said that it felt wonderful.

Our turn. We probably won't be buying an Aqua Massage soon—it costs ten thousand nine hundred dollars—and any health club we might join would probably offer resistance rather than repetition, but we decided to try the machine anyway. "Turn your face the other way if you don't want people to see your expression," a woman's voice said as the hood came down over us. Good idea. Whirr. Whoosh. The water hit our feet, but they didn't get wet. We looked at the controls: Start, Stop, Waterbar Travel Speed, Water Pulse, Water Jet Pressure. We thought of the scene in "Thunderball" when James Bond, on assignment at a swank spa, finds himself on a motorized traction table for stretching the spine. "Some patients call it the rack," a pretty blond attendant tells him. She leaves the room, and someone wearing a gold

watch and pinkie ring slips in and flicks a switch and the machine goes out of control. Red warning lights flash. Bond's arms and legs are about to pop out of their sockets. The nozzles were almost at our shoulders, and we thought of the end of the movie, when Bond zips himself into a bright-orange wetsuit, straps jet-propelled scuba gear on his back, and plunges into shark-infested waters to defuse a nuclear bomb. The nozzles reached our head, and we got a whiff of the musty electric smell that makes us unplug all appliances within reach. Timothy Dalton, James Bond No. 4, materialized before us, trying to escape the K.G.B. in "The Living Daylights." He sets the self-destruct timer on his two-seater—the one with the extra laser feature—and then he and Kara, the beautiful cellist, are sledding down the slopes of a snow-covered mountain on an open cello case. Soviet ski troopers with white camouflage suits keep jumping out from between the trees and hurling themselves down the hill in pursuit. A bullet misses Bond but hits the cello. Suddenly, we heard a voice: "O.K., your time's up." We opened our eyes. An Aqua Massage vice-president was standing over us. The nozzles were back down by our feet. Mission accomplished.



Moonrise, East Dudley, Rhode Island, July 1988

WHITE ANGEL

WE lived then in Cleveland, in the middle of everything. It was the sixties—our radios sang out love all day long. This of course is history. It was before the city of Cleveland went broke, before its river caught fire. We were four. My mother and father, Carlton, and me. Carlton turned sixteen the year I turned nine. Between us were several brothers and sisters, weak flames quenched in our mother's womb. We are not a fruitful or many-branched line. Our family name is Morrow.

Our father was a high-school music teacher. Our mother taught children called "exceptional," which meant that some could name the day Christmas would fall in the year 2000 but couldn't remember to take down their pants when they peed. We lived in a tract called Woodlawn—neat one- and two-story houses painted optimistic colors. The tract bordered a cemetery. Behind our back yard was a gully choked with brush and, beyond that, the field of smooth, polished stones. I grew up with the cemetery and didn't mind it. It could be beautiful. A single stone angel, small-breasted and determined, rose amid the more conservative markers close to our house. Farther away, in a richer section, miniature mosques and Parthenons spoke silently to Cleveland of man's enduring accomplishments. Carlton and I played in the cemetery as children and, with a little more age, smoked joints and drank Southern Comfort there. I was, thanks to Carlton, the most criminally advanced nine-year-old in my fourth-grade class. I was going places. I made no move without his counsel.

Here is Carlton several months before his death, in an hour so alive with snow that earth and sky are identically white. He labors among the markers, and I run after, stung by snow, following the light of his red knitted cap. Carlton's hair is pulled back into a ponytail, neat and economical, a perfect pinecone of hair. He is thrifty, in his way.

We have taken hits of acid with our breakfast juice. Or, rather, Carlton has taken a hit, and I, in consideration of my youth, have been allowed half. This acid is called windowpane. It is

for clarity of vision, as Vicks is for decongestion of the nose. Our parents are at work, earning the daily bread. We have come out into the cold so that the house, when we reënter it, will shock us with its warmth and righteousness. Carlton believes in shocks.

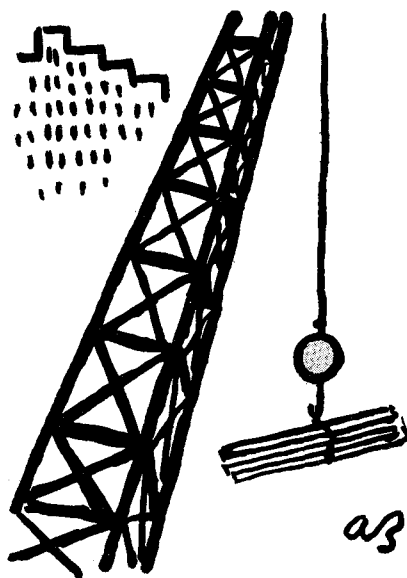
"I think I'm coming on to it," I call out. Carlton has on his buckskin jacket, which is worn down to the shine. On the back, across his shoulder blades, his girlfriend has stitched an electric blue eye. As we walk I speak into the eye. "I think I feel something," I say.

"Too soon," Carlton calls back. "Stay loose, Frisco. You'll know when the time comes."

I am excited and terrified. We are into serious stuff. Carlton has done acid half a dozen times before, but I am new at it. We slipped the tabs into our mouths at breakfast, while our mother paused over the bacon. Carlton likes taking risks.

Snow collects in the engraved letters on the headstones. I lean into the wind, trying to decide whether everything around me seems strange because of the drug or just because everything truly is strange. Three weeks earlier, a family across town had been sitting at home, watching television, when a single-engine plane fell on them. Snow swirls around us, seeming to fall up as well as down.

Carlton leads the way to our spot, the pillared entrance to a society tomb.



This tomb is a palace. Stone cherubs cluster on the peaked roof, with their stunted, frozen wings and matrons' faces. Under the roof is a veranda, backed by cast-iron doors that lead to the house of the dead proper. In summer this veranda is cool. In winter it blocks the wind. We keep a bottle of Southern Comfort here.

Carlton finds the bottle, unscrews the cap, and takes a good, long draw. He is studded with snowflakes. He hands me the bottle, and I take a more conservative drink. Even in winter, the tomb smells mossy. Dead leaves and a yellow M&M's wrapper, worried by the wind, scrape on the marble floor.

"Are you scared?" Carlton asks me.

I nod. I never think of lying to him.

"Don't be, man," he says. "Fear will screw you right up. Drugs can't hurt you if you feel no fear."

I nod.

We stand sheltered, passing the bottle. I lean into Carlton's certainty as if it gave off heat.

"We can do acid all the time at Woodstock," I say.

"Right on. Woodstock Nation. Yow!"

"Do people really *live* there?" I ask.

"Man, you've got to stop asking that. The concert's over, but people are still there. It's the new nation. Have faith."

I nod again, satisfied. There is a different country for us to live in. I am already a new person, renamed Frisco. My old name was Robert.

"We'll do acid all the time," I say.

"You better believe we will." Carlton's face, surrounded by snow and marble, is lit. His eyes are vivid as neon. Something in them tells me he can see the future, a ghost that hovers over everybody's head. In Carlton's future we all get released from our jobs and schooling. Awaiting us all, and soon, is a bright, perfect simplicity. A life among the trees by the river.

"How are you feeling, man?" he asks me.

"Great," I tell him, and it is purely the truth. Doves clatter up out of a bare tree and turn at the same instant, transforming themselves from steel to silver in the snow-blown light. I know then that the drug is working. Everything before me has become suddenly, radiantly itself. How could Carlton have

known this was about to happen? "Oh," I whisper. His hand settles on my shoulder.

"Stay loose, Frisco," he says. "There's not a thing in this pretty world to be afraid of. I'm here."

I am not afraid. I am astonished. I had not realized until this moment how real everything is. A twig lies on the marble at my feet, bearing a cluster of hard brown berries. The broken-off end is raw, white, fleshly. Trees are alive.

"I'm here," Carlton says again, and he is.

HOURS later, we are sprawled on the sofa in front of the television, ordinary as Wally and the Beav. Our mother makes dinner in the kitchen. A pot lid clangs. We are undercover agents. I am trying to conceal my amazement.

Our father is building a grandfather clock from a kit. He wants to have something to leave us, something for us to pass along. We can hear him in the basement, sawing and pounding. I know what is laid out on his sawhorses—a long, raw wooden box, onto which he glues fancy moldings. A pearl of sweat meanders down his forehead as he works. Tonight I discovered my ability to see every room of the house at once, to know every single thing that goes on. A mouse nibbles inside the wall. Electrical wires curl behind the plaster, hidden and patient as snakes.

"Sh-h-h," I say to Carlton, who has not said anything. He is watching television through his splayed fingers. Gunshots ping. Bullets raise chalk dust on a concrete wall. I have no idea what we are watching.

"Boys?" our mother calls from the kitchen. I can, with my new ears, hear her slap hamburger into patties. "Set the table like good citizens," she calls.

"O.K., Ma," Carlton replies, in a gorgeous imitation of normality. Our father hammers in the basement. I can feel Carlton's heart ticking. He pats my hand, to assure me that everything's perfect.

We set the table, fork knife spoon, paper napkins triangled to one side. We know the moves cold. After we are done I pause to notice the dining-room wallpaper: a golden farm, backed by mountains. Cows graze, autumn

AMOR FATI

Everywhere I look I see my fate.

In the subway. In a stone.

On the curb where people wait for the bus in the rain.

In a cloud. In a glass of wine.

When I go for a walk in the park it's a sycamore leaf.

At the office, a dull pencil.

In the window of Woolworth's my fate looks back at me through the shrewd eyes of a dusty parakeet.

Scrap of newspaper, dime in a handful of change,
down what busy street do you hurry this morning,
an overcoat among overcoats,

with a train to catch, a datebook full of appointments?
If I called you by my name would you turn around
or vanish round the corner,
leaving a faint odor of orange-flower water,
tobacco, twilight, snow?

—KATHA POLLITT

trees cast golden shade. This scene repeats itself three times, on three walls.

"Zap," Carlton whispers. "Zzzz-zoom."

"Did we do it right?" I ask him.

"We did everything perfect, little son. How are you doing in there, anyway?" He raps lightly on my head.

"Perfect, I guess." I am staring at the wallpaper as if I were thinking of stepping into it.

"You guess. You guess? You and I are going to other planets, man. Come over here."

"Where?"

"Here. Come here." He leads me to the window. Outside snow skitters under the street lamps. Ranch-style houses hoard their warmth but bleed light into the gathering snow.

"You and I are going to fly, man," Carlton whispers, close to my ear. He opens the window. Snow blows in, sparking on the carpet. "Fly," he says, and we do. For a moment we strain up

and out, the black night wind blowing in our faces—we raise ourselves up off the cocoa-colored deep-pile wool-and-polyester carpet by a sliver of an inch. I swear it to this day. Sweet glory. The secret of flight is this: You have to do it immediately, before your body realizes it is defying the laws.

We both know we have taken momentary leave of the earth. It does not strike either of us as remarkable, any more than does the fact that airplanes sometimes fall from the sky, or that we have always lived in Ohio and will soon leave for a new nation. We settle back down. Carlton touches my shoulder.

"You wait, Frisco," he says. "Miracles are happening. Goddam miracles."

I nod. He pulls down the window, which reveals itself with a sucking sound. Our own faces look back at us from the cold, dark glass. Behind us, our mother drops the hamburgers into the skillet. Our father bends to his work under a hooded light bulb, preparing the long box into which he will lay clockwork, pendulum, a face. A plane drones by overhead, invisible in the clouds. I glance nervously at Carlton. He smiles his assurance and squeezes the back of my neck.

MARCH. After the thaw. I am walking through the cemetery, thinking about my endless life. One of



Westman

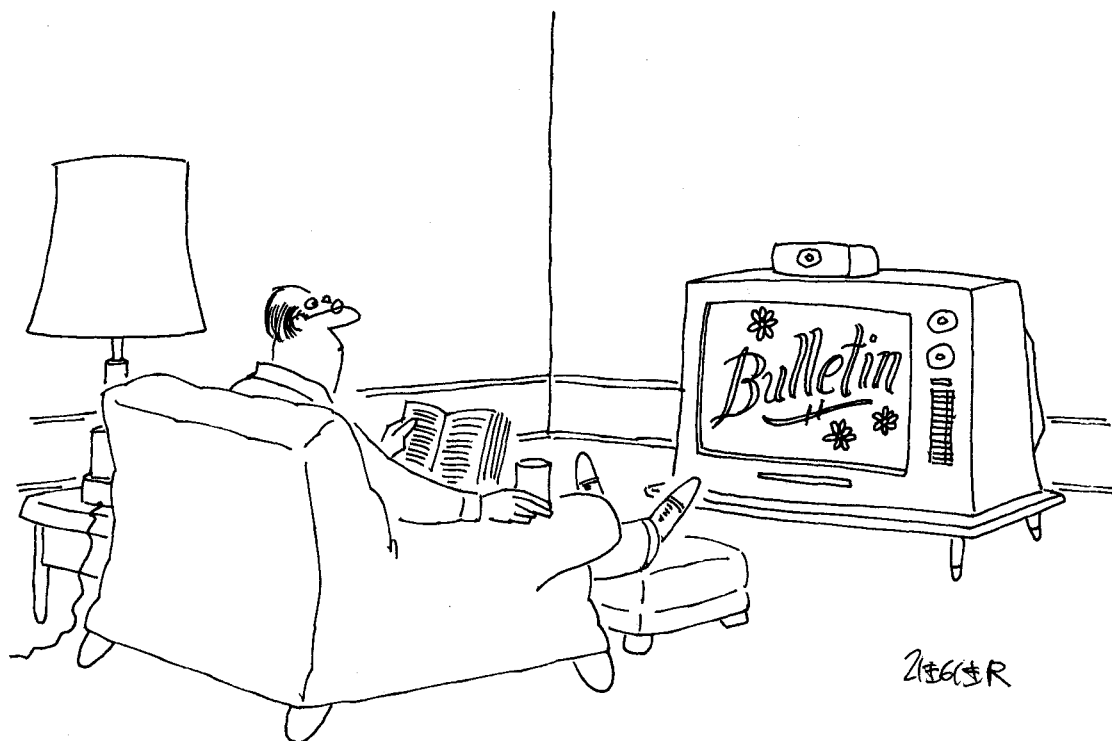
the beauties of living in Cleveland is that any direction feels like progress. I've memorized the map. We are by my calculations three hundred and fifty miles shy of Woodstock, New York. On this raw new day I am walking east, to the place where Carlton and I keep our bottle. I am going to have an early nip, to celebrate my bright future.

When I get to our spot I hear low moans coming from behind the tomb. I freeze, considering my options. The sound is a long, drawn-out agony with a whip at the end, a final high C, something like "ooooOw." A wolf's cry run backward. What decides me on investigation rather than flight is the need to create a story. In the stories Carlton likes best, people always do the foolish, risky thing. I find I can reach decisions this way—by thinking of myself as a character in a story told by Carlton.

I creep around the side of the monument, cautious as a badger, pressed up close to the marble. I peer over a cherub's girlish shoulder. What I find is Carlton on the ground with his girlfriend, in a jumble of clothes and bare flesh. Carlton's jacket, the one with the embroidered eye, is draped over the stone, keeping watch.

I hunch behind the statue. I can see the girl's naked arms, and the familiar bones of Carlton's spine. The two of them moan together in the brown winter grass. Though I can't make out the girl's expression, Carlton's face is twisted and grimacing, the cords of his neck pulled tight. I had never thought the experience might be painful. I watch, trying to learn. I hold onto the cherub's cold wings.

It isn't long before Carlton catches sight of me. His eyes rove briefly, ecstatically skyward, and what do they light on but his brother's small head,



"Hey, no problem. Just touching base to say 'Hi. How goes it?' and to tell you that we really care about you. And now back to our show."

sticking up next to a cherub's. We lock eyes and spend a moment in mutual decision. The girl keeps on clutching at Carlton's skinny back. He decides to smile at me. He decides to wink.

I am out of there so fast I tear up divots. I dodge among the stones, jump the gully, clear the fence into the swing-set-and-picnic-table sanctity of the back yard. Something about that wink. My heart beats fast as a sparrow's.

I go into the kitchen and find our mother washing fruit. She asks what's going on. I tell her nothing is. Nothing at all.

She sighs over an apple's imperfection. The curtains sport blue teapots. Our mother works the apple with a scrub brush. She believes they come coated with poison.

"Where's Carlton?" she asks.

"Don't know," I tell her.

"Bobby?"

"Huh?"

"What exactly is going on?"

"Nothing," I say. My heart works itself up to a hummingbird's rate, more buzz than beat.

"I think something is. Will you answer a question?"

"O.K."

"Is your brother taking drugs?"

I relax a bit. It's only drugs. I know why she is asking. Lately police cars have been cruising past our house like sharks. They pause, take note, glide on. Some neighborhood crackdown. Carlton is famous in these parts.

"No," I tell her.

She faces me with the brush in one hand, an apple in the other. "You wouldn't lie to me, would you?" She knows something is up. Her nerves run through this house. She can feel dust settling on the tabletops, milk starting to turn in the refrigerator.

"No," I say.

"Something's going on," she sighs. She is a small, efficient woman who looks at things as if they gave off a painful light. She grew up on a farm in Wisconsin and spent her girlhood tying up bean rows, worrying over the sun and rain. She is still trying to overcome her habit of modest expectations.

I leave the kitchen, pretending sud-

den interest in the cat. Our mother follows, holding her brush. She means to scrub the truth out of me. I follow the cat, his erect black tail and pink anus.

"Don't walk away when I'm talking to you," our mother says.

I keep walking, to see how far I'll get, calling "Kittykittykitty." In the front hall, our father's homemade clock chimes the half-hour. I make for the clock. I get as far as the rubber plant before she collars me.

"I told you not to walk away," she says, and cuffs me a good one with the brush. She catches me on the ear and sets it ringing. The cat is out of there quick as a quarter note.

I stand for a minute, to let her know I've received the message. Then I resume walking. She hits me again, this time on the back of the head, hard enough to make me see colors. "Will you stop!" she screams. Still, I keep walking. Our house runs west to east.

With every step I get closer to Yasgur's farm.

CARLTON comes home whistling. Our mother treats him like a guest who's overstayed. He doesn't care. He is lost in optimism. He pats her cheek and calls her "Professor." He treats her as if she were harmless, and so she is.

She never hits Carlton. She suffers him the way farm girls suffer a thieving crow, with a grudge so old it borders on reverence. She gives him a scrubbed apple and tells him what she'll do if he tracks mud on the carpet.

I am waiting in our room. He brings the smell of the cemetery with him—its old snow and wet pine needles. He rolls his eyes at me, takes a crunch of his apple. "What's happening, Frisco?" he says.

I have arranged myself loosely on my bed, trying to pull a Dylan riff out

of my harmonica. I have always figured I can bluff my way into wisdom. I offer Carlton a dignified nod.

He drops onto his own bed. I can see a crushed crocus stuck to the black rubber sole of his boot.

"Well, Frisco," he says. "Today you are a man."

I nod again. Is that all there is to it? "Yow," Carlton says. He laughs, pleased with himself and the world. "That was so perfect."

I pick out what I can of "Blowin' in the Wind."

Carlton says, "Man, when I saw you out there spying on us I thought to myself, *Yes*. Now I'm really here. You know what I'm saying?" He waves his apple core.

"Uh-huh," I say.

"Frisco, that was the first time her and I ever did it. I mean, we'd talked. But when we finally got down to it, there you were. My brother. Like you *knew*."

I nod, and this time for real. What happened was an adventure we had together. All right. The story is beginning to make sense.

"Aw, Frisco," Carlton says. "I'm gonna find you a girl, too. You're nine. You been a virgin too long."

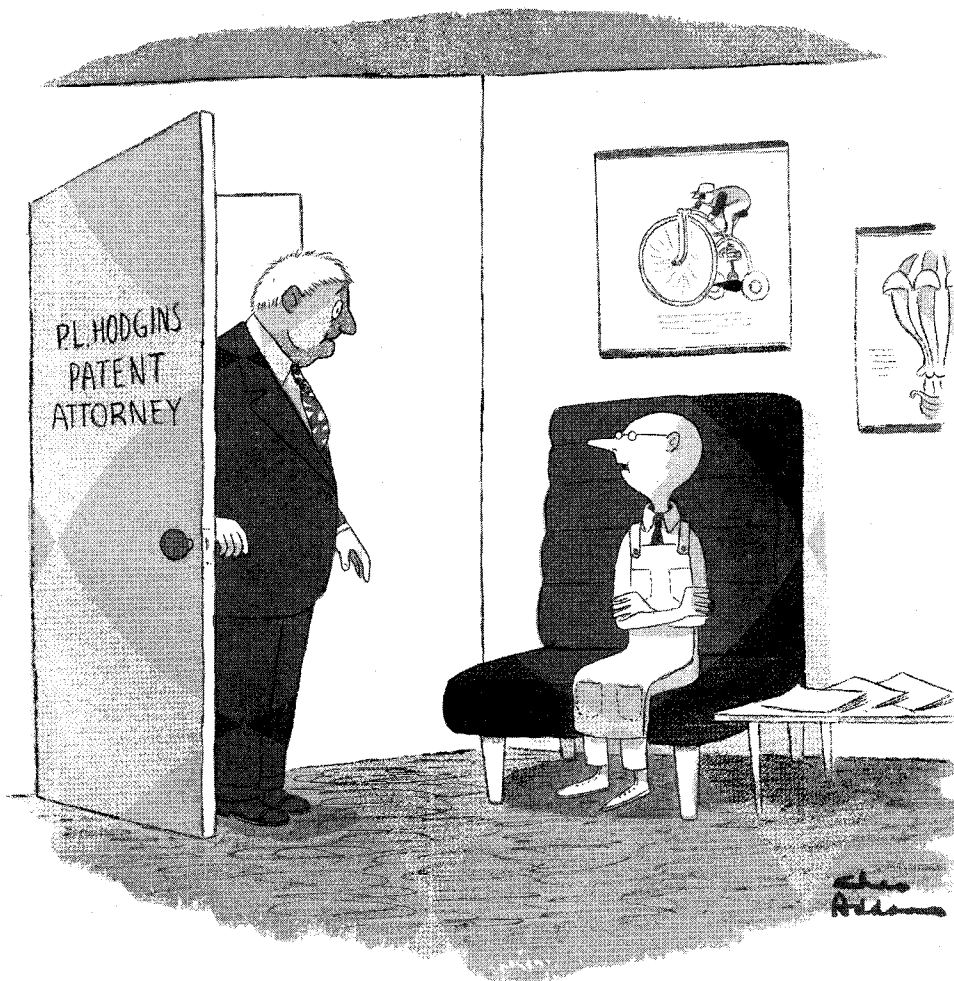
"Really?" I say.

"Man. We'll find you a woman from the sixth grade, somebody with a little experience. We'll get stoned and all make out under the trees in the boneyard. I want to be present at your deflowering, man. You're gonna need a brother there."

I am about to ask, as casually as I can manage, about the relationship between love and bodily pain, when our mother's voice cuts into the room. "You did it," she screams. "You tracked mud all over the rug."

A family entanglement follows. Our mother brings our father, who comes and stands in the doorway with her, taking in evidence. He is a formerly handsome man. His face has been worn down by too much patience. He has lately taken up some sporty touches—a goatee, a pair of calfskin boots.

Our mother points out the trail of muddy half-moons that lead from the door to Carlton's bed. Dangling over the end of the bed are the culprits themselves, voluptuously muddy, with Carlton's criminal feet still in them.



"I'm the invention. The inventor should be along any moment now."

"You see?" she says. "You see what he thinks of me?"

Our father, a reasonable man, suggests that Carlton clean it up. Our mother finds that too small a gesture. She wants Carlton not to have done it in the first place. "I don't ask for much," she says. "I don't ask where he goes. I don't ask why the police are suddenly so interested in our house. I ask that he not track mud all over the floor. That's all." She squints in the glare of her own outrage.

"Better clean it right up," our father says to Carlton.

"And that's it?" our mother says. "He cleans up the mess, and all's forgiven?"

"Well, what do you want him to do? Lick it up?"

"I want some consideration," she says, turning helplessly to me. "That's what I want."

I shrug, at a loss. I sympathize with our mother but am not on her team.

"All right," she says. "I just won't bother cleaning the house anymore. I'll let you men handle it. I'll sit and watch television and throw my candy wrappers on the floor."

She starts out, cutting the air like a blade. On her way she picks up a jar of pencils, looks at it, and tosses the pencils on the floor. They fall like fortune-telling sticks, in pairs and crisscrosses.

Our father goes after her, calling her name. Her name is Isabel. We can hear them making their way across the house, our father calling "Isabel, Isabel, Isabel," while our mother, pleased with the way the pencils looked, dumps more things onto the floor.

"I hope she doesn't break the TV," I say.

"She'll do what she needs to do," Carlton tells me.

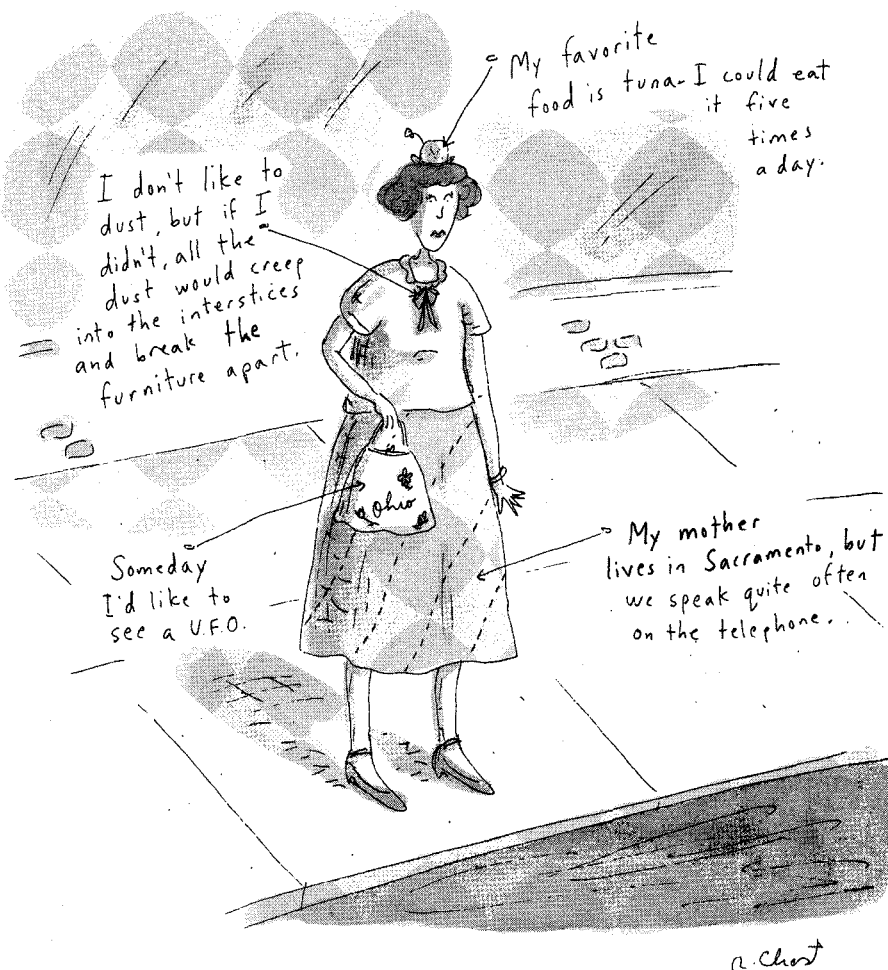
"I hate her," I say. I am not certain about that. I want to test the sound of it, to see if it's true.

"She's got more balls than any of us, Frisco," he says. "Better watch what you say about her."

I keep quiet. Soon I get up and start gathering pencils, because I prefer that to lying around trying to follow the shifting lines of allegiance. Carlton goes for a sponge and starts in on the mud.

"You get shit on the carpet, you clean it up," he says. "Simple."

The Decoded Fashion Statements of Rhonda Perlmutter III



The time for all my questions about love has passed, and I am not so unhip as to force a subject. I know it will come up again. I make a neat bouquet of pencils. Our mother rages through the house.

Later, after she has thrown enough and we three have picked it all up, I lie on my bed thinking things over. Carlton is on the phone to his girlfriend, talking low. Our mother, becalmed but still dangerous, cooks dinner. She sings as she cooks, some slow forties number that must have been all over the jukeboxes when her first husband's plane went down in the Pacific. Our father plays his clarinet in the basement. That is where he goes to practice, down among his woodworking tools, the neatly hung hammers and awls that throw oversized shadows in the light of the

single bulb. If I put my ear to the floor I can hear him, pulling a long, low tomcat moan out of that horn. There is some strange comfort in pressing my ear to the carpet and hearing our father's music leaking up through the floorboards. Lying down, with my ear to the floor, I join in on my harmonica.

THAT spring our parents have a party to celebrate the sun's return. It has been a long, bitter winter, and now the first wild daisies are poking up on the lawns and among the graves.

Our parents' parties are mannerly affairs. Their friends, schoolteachers all, bring wine jugs and guitars. They are Ohio hip. Though they hold jobs and meet mortgages, they think of themselves as independent spirits on a

spying mission. They have agreed to impersonate teachers until they write their novels, finish their dissertations, or just save up enough money to set themselves free.

Carlton and I are the lackeys. We take coats, fetch drinks. We have done this at every party since we were small, trading on our precocity, doing a brother act. We know the moves. A big, lipsticked woman who has devoted her maidenhood to ninth-grade math calls me Mr. Right. An assistant vice-principal in a Russian fur hat asks us both whether we expect to vote Democratic or Socialist. By sneaking sips I manage to get myself semi-crocked.

The reliability of the evening is derailed halfway through, however, by a half-dozen of Carlton's friends. They rap on the door and I go for it, anxious as a carnival sharp to see who will step up next and swallow the illusion that I'm a kindly, sober nine-year-old child. I'm expecting callow adults, and what do I find but a pack of young outlaws, big-booted and wild-haired. Carlton's girlfriend stands in front, in an outfit made up almost entirely of fringe.

"Hi, Bobby," she says confidently. She comes from New York, and is more than just locally smart.

"Hi," I say. I let them all in despite a retrograde urge to lock the door and phone the police. Three are girls, four boys. They pass me in a cloud of dope smoke and sly-eyed greeting.

What they do is invade the party. Carlton is standing on the far side of the rumpus room, picking the next album, and his girl cuts straight through the crowd to his side. She has the bones and the loose, liquid moves some people consider beautiful. She walks through that room as if she'd been sent to teach the whole party a lesson.

Carlton's face tips me off that this was planned. Our mother demands to know what's going on here. She is wearing a long, dark-red dress that doesn't interfere with her shoulders. When she dresses up, you can see what it is about her, or what it was. She is the source of Carlton's beauty. I have our father's face.

Carlton does some quick talking. Though it is against our mother's better judgment, the invaders are suffered

THE MAIL FROM ANYWHERE

Mail from pretty much anywhere was nearly
A month in crossing the seas and climbing that island's
Burning hillside. Each day, the heat rose early
And the noon hours called only for a can
Of beer, a cot, and the expunging silence
Of an electric fan.

The ocean was a blue the sun brought forcibly
To whiteness and the hills a blackened green
Forced white as well. At first you couldn't see
A thing when you groped your way indoors, but soon
Out of the darkness it tumbled, the old scene—
Chest, table, folding lawn

Chair, hanging calendar, pint-size fridge, sink—
And every stray detail seen to and pieced
Together, including even that runaway blink
Of iridescent green on the backs of the brown
Lizards that prowled the walls. (They were supposed
To keep the insects down.)

Sunsets were jarring, uncontrolled events,
The monstrously expansive greenery
Revealed at last as veined with blood. But once
The sun was gone, sometimes, a sourceless flush
Would follow, like no other, and the sea,
Internally awash

to stay. One of them, an Eddie Haskell for all his leather and hair, tells her she is looking good. She is willing to hear it.

So the outlaws, house-sanctioned, start to mingle. I work my way over to Carlton's side, the side unoccupied by his girlfriend. I would like to say something ironic and wisened-up, something that will band Carlton and me against every other person in the room. I can feel the shape of the comment I have in mind but, being a tipsy nine-year-old, can't get my mouth around it. What I say is "Shit, man."

Carlton's girl laughs. I would like to tell her what I have figured out about her, but I am nine, and three-quarters gone on Tom Collinses. Even sober, I can only imagine a sharp-tongued wit.

"Hang on, Frisco," Carlton tells me. "This could turn into a real party."

I can tell by the light in his eyes what is going down. He has arranged a blind date between our parents' friends and his own. It's a Woodstock move—he is plotting a future in which young

and old have business together. I agree to hang on, and go to the kitchen, hoping to sneak a few knocks of gin.

There I find our father leaning up against the refrigerator. A line of butterfly-shaped magnets hovers around his head. "Are you enjoying this party?" he asks, touching his goatee. He is still getting used to being a man with a beard.

"Uh-huh."

"I am, too," he says sadly. He never meant to be a high-school music teacher. The money question caught up with him.

"What do you think of this music?" he asks. Carlton has put the Stones on the turntable. Mick Jagger sings "19th Nervous Breakdown." Our father gestures in an openhanded way that takes in the room, the party, the whole house—everything the music touches.

"I like it," I say.

"So do I." He stirs his drink with his finger, and sucks on the finger.

"I love it," I say, too loud. Something about our father leads me to raise my voice. I want to grab handfuls of

With light, turn weightless, while down the beach a masked
 Figure might trudge ashore from out a cloud . . .
 The air would cool, grow warmly rich with massed
 Exploratory scents, and the thoroughfare
 Of the Milky Way unroll like an open road,
 As happens only where

All cities lie well under the horizon,
 And on such evenings, when the wind was flat,
 The bay unruffled, and no moon yet risen,
 The heavens would double—stars above, below . . .
 That those glints were but the ghosts of fires lit
 Millennia ago,

Such being the time light takes to traverse the sky,
 Seems an almost too familiar notion, not
 To be doubted—and not to be believed. For try
 As we may, and must, the numbers our minds uncover
 Will never fit inside our heads. And yet,
 When morning would deliver

Another sort of light—that of a sky-
 Blue envelope—here was a gap that could
 Be taken in and understood:

to know,

As the heat-softened glue gave easily
 To your blunt fingers, *A few weeks ago,*
 Someone was thinking of me.

—BRAD LEITHAUSER

music out of the air and stuff them into my mouth.

"I'm not sure I could say I love it," he says. "I'm not sure if I could say that, no. I would say I'm friendly to its intentions. I would say that if this is the direction music is going in, I won't stand in its way."

"Uh-huh," I say. I am already anxious to get back to the party but don't want to hurt his feelings. If he senses he's being avoided, he can fall into fits of apology more terrifying than our mother's rages.

"I think I may have been too rigid with my students," our father says. "Maybe over the summer you boys could teach me a few things about the music young people are listening to these days."

"Sure," I say, loudly. We spend a minute waiting for the next thing to say.

"You boys are happy, aren't you?" he asks. "Are you enjoying this party?"

"We're having a great time," I say.

"I thought you were. I am, too."

I have by this time gotten myself to within jumping distance of the door. I

call out, "Well, goodbye," and dive back into the party.

Something has happened in my absence. The party has started to roll. Call it an accident of history and the weather. Carlton's friends are on decent behavior, and our parents' friends have decided to give up some of their wine-and-folk-song propriety to see what they can learn. Carlton is dancing with a vice-principal's wife. Carlton's friend Frank, with his ancient-child face and I.Q. in the low sixties, dances with our mother. I see that our father has followed me out of the kitchen. He positions himself at the party's edge; I leap into its center. I invite the fuchsia-lipped math teacher to dance. She is only too happy. She is big and graceful as a parade float, and I steer her effortlessly out into the middle of everything. My mother, who is known around school for Sicilian discipline, dances freely, which is news to everybody. There is no getting around her beauty.

The night rises higher and higher. A wildness sets in. Carlton throws new music on the turntable—Janis Joplin,

the Doors, the Dead. The future shines for everyone, rich with the possibility of more nights exactly like this. Even our father is pressed into dancing, which he does like a flightless bird, all flapping arms and potbelly. Still, he dances. Our mother has a kiss for him.

Finally I nod out on the sofa, blissful under the drinks. I am dreaming of flight when our mother comes and touches my shoulder. I smile up into her flushed, smiling face.

"It's hours past your bedtime," she says, all velvet motherliness. I nod. I can't dispute the fact.

She keeps on nudging my shoulder. I am a moment or two apprehending the fact that she actually wants me to leave the party and go to bed. "No," I tell her.

"Yes," she smiles.

"No," I say cordially, experimentally. This new mother can dance, and flirt. Who knows what else she might allow?

"Yes." The velvet motherliness leaves her voice. She means business, business of the usual kind. I get myself off the sofa and I run to Carlton for protection. He is laughing with his girl, a sweaty question mark of hair plastered to his forehead. I plow into him so hard he nearly goes over.

"Whoa, Frisco," he says. He takes me up under the arms and swings me a half turn. Our mother plucks me out of his hands and sets me down, with a good, farm-style hold on the back of my neck.

"Say good night, Bobby," she says. She adds, for the benefit of Carlton's girl, "He should have been in bed before this party started."

"No," I holler. I try to twist loose, but our mother has a grip that could crack walnuts.

Carlton's girl tosses her hair and says, "Good night, baby." She smiles a victor's smile. She smooths the stray hair off Carlton's forehead.

"No," I scream again. Something about the way she touches his hair. Our mother calls our father, who comes and scoops me up and starts out of the room with me, holding me like a live bomb. Before I go, I lock eyes with Carlton. He shrugs and says, "Night, man." Our father hustles me out. I do not take it bravely. I leave flailing, too

furious to cry, dribbling a thread of spittle.

Later I lie alone on my narrow bed, feeling the music hum in the coiled springs. Life is cracking open right there in our house. People are changing. By tomorrow, no one will be quite the same. How can they let me miss it? I dream up revenge against our parents, and worse for Carlton. He is the one who could have saved me. He could have banded with me against them. What I can't forgive is his shrug, his mild-eyed "Night, man." He has joined the adults. He has made himself bigger and taken size from me. As the Doors thump "Strange Days," I hope something awful happens to him. I say so to myself.

Around midnight, dim-witted Frank announces he has seen a flying saucer hovering over the back yard. I can hear his deep, excited voice all the way in my room. He says it is like a blinking, luminous cloud. I hear half the party struggling out through the sliding glass door in a disorganized, whooping knot. By that time everyone is so delirious a flying saucer would be

just what was expected. That much celebration would logically attract an answering happiness from across the stars.

I get out of bed and sneak down the hall. I will not miss alien visitors for anyone, not even at the cost of our mother's wrath or our father's disappointment. I stop at the end of the hallway, though, embarrassed to be in pajamas. If there really are aliens, they will think I am the lowest member of the house. While I hesitate over whether to go back to my room to change, people start coming back inside, talking about a trick of the mist and an airplane. People resume their dancing.

Carlton must have jumped the back fence. He must have wanted to be there alone, singular, in case they decided to take somebody with them. A few nights later I will go out and stand where he would have been standing. On the far side of the gully, now a river swollen with melted snow, the cemetery will gleam like a lost city. The moon will be full. I will hang around just as Carlton must have, hyp-

notized by the silver light on the stones, the white angel raising her arms up across the river.

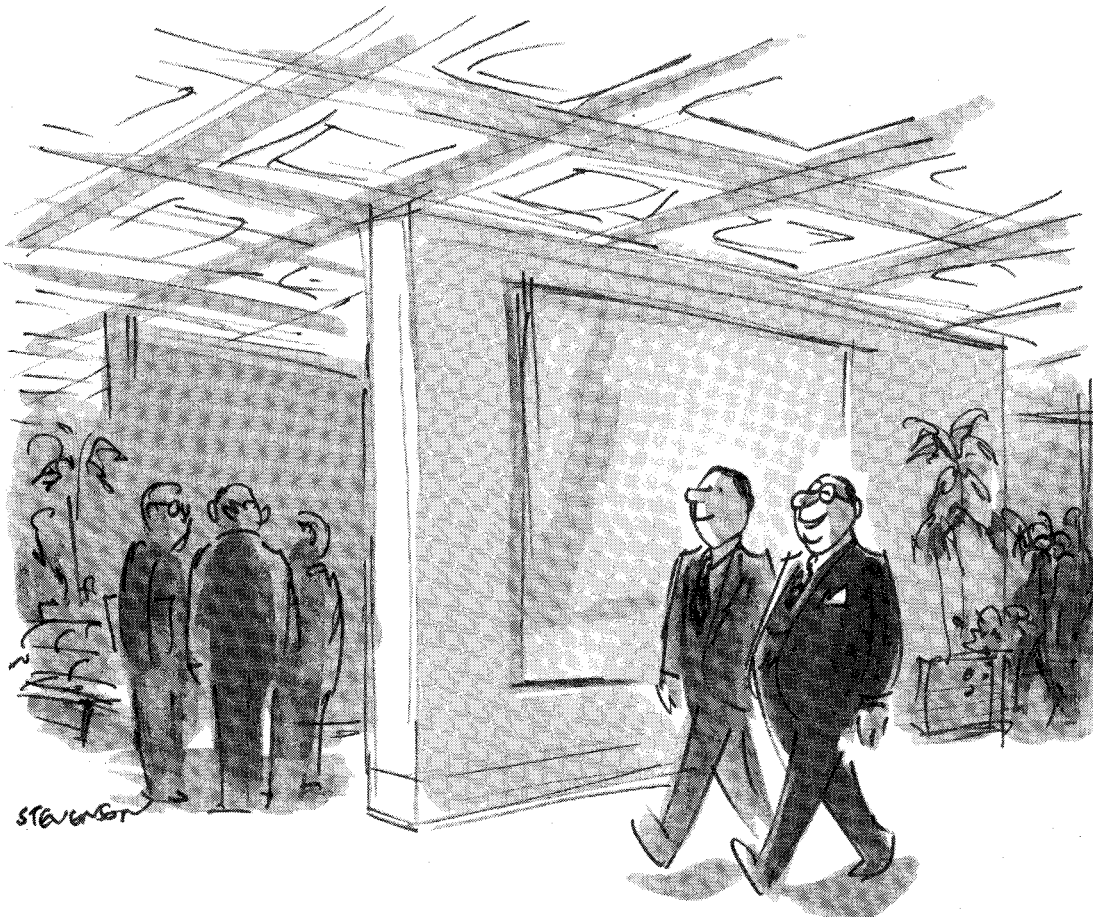
According to our parents the mystery is why he ran back to the house full tilt. Something in the graveyard may have scared him, he may have needed to break its spell, but I think it's more likely that when he came back to himself he just couldn't wait to return to the music and the people, the noisy disorder of continuing life.

Somebody has shut the sliding glass door. Carlton's girlfriend looks lazily out, touching base with her own reflection. I look, too. Carlton is running toward the house. I hesitate. Then I figure he can bump his nose. It will be a good joke on him. I let him keep coming. His girlfriend sees him through her own reflection, starts to scream a warning just as Carlton hits the glass.

It is an explosion. Triangles of glass fly brightly through the room. I think that for him it must be more surprising than painful, like hitting water from a great height. He stands blinking for a moment. The whole party stops, stares, getting its bearings. Bob Dylan sings

"Just Like a Woman."

Carlton reaches up curiously to take out the shard of glass that is stuck in his neck, and that is when the blood starts. It shoots out of him. Our mother screams. Carlton steps forward into his girlfriend's arms and the two of them fall together. Our mother throws herself down on top of him and the girl. People shout their accident wisdom. Don't lift him. Call an ambulance. I watch from the hallway. Carlton's blood spurts, soaking into the carpet, spattering people's clothes. Our mother and father both try to plug the wound with their hands, but the blood just shoots between their fingers. Carlton looks more puzzled than anything, as if he can't quite follow this turn of events. "It's all



"Of all the Fortune 500, we're probably the most tongue-in-cheek."



right," our father tells him, trying to stop the blood. "It's all right, just don't move, it's all right." Carlton nods, and holds our father's hand. His eyes take on an astonished light. Our mother screams, "Is anybody *doing* anything?" What comes out of Carlton grows darker, almost black. I watch. Our father tries to get a hold on Carlton's neck while Carlton keeps trying to take his hand. Our mother's hair is matted with blood. It runs down her face. Carlton's girl holds him to her breasts, touches his hair, whispers in his ear.

He is gone by the time the ambulance gets there. You can see the life drain out of him. When his face goes slack our mother wails. A part of her flies wailing through the house, where it will wail and rage forever. I feel our mother pass through me on her way out. She covers Carlton's body with her own.

HE is buried in the cemetery out back. Years have passed—we are living in the future, and it has turned out differently from what we'd planned. Our mother has established her life of separateness behind the guest-room door. Our father mutters his greetings to the door as he passes.

One April night, almost a year to the day after Carlton's accident, I hear cautious footsteps shuffling across the

living-room floor after midnight. I run out eagerly, thinking of ghosts, but find only our father in moth-colored pajamas. He looks unsteadily at the dark air in front of him.

"Hi, Dad," I say from the doorway.

He looks in my direction. "Yes?"

"It's me. Bobby."

"Oh, Bobby," he says. "What are you doing up, young man?"

"Nothing," I tell him. "Dad?"

"Yes, son."

"Maybe you better come back to bed. O.K.?"

"Maybe I had," he says. "I just came out here for a drink of water, but I seem to have gotten turned around in the darkness. Yes, maybe I better had."

I take his hand and lead him down the hall to his room. The grandfather clock chimes the quarter-hour.

"Sorry," our father says.

I get him into bed. "There," I say. "O.K.?"

"Perfect. Could not be better."

"O.K. Good night."

"Good night. Bobby?"

"Uh-huh?"

"Why don't you stay a minute?" he says. "We could have ourselves a talk, you and me. How would that be?"

"O.K.," I say. I sit on the edge of his mattress. His bedside clock ticks off the minutes.

I can hear the low rasp of his breathing. Around our house, the Ohio night

chirps and buzzes. The small gray finger of Carlton's stone pokes up among the others, within sight of the angel's white eyes. Above us, airplanes and satellites sparkle. People are flying even now toward New York or California, to take up lives of risk and invention.

I stay until our father has worked his way into a muttering sleep.

Carlton's girlfriend moved to Denver with her family a month before. I never learned what it was she'd whispered to him. Though she'd kept her head admirably during the accident, she lost it afterward. She cried so hard at the funeral that she had to be taken away by her mother—an older, redder-haired version of her. She started seeing a psychiatrist three times a week. Everyone, including my parents, talked about how hard it was for her, to have held a dying boy in her arms at that age. I'm grateful to her for holding my brother while he died, but I never once heard her mention the fact that though she had been through something terrible, at least she was still alive and going places. At least she had protected herself by trying to warn him. I can appreciate the intricacies of her pain. But as long as she was in Cleveland, I could never look her straight in the face. I couldn't talk about the wounds she suffered. I can't even write her name. —MICHAEL CUNNINGHAM

A REPORTER AT LARGE

CROWN OF THORNS

THE Great Barrier Reef stretches down the northeastern coast of Australia for some twelve hundred miles. It is so large that if it lay off the East Coast of the United States it would extend from Cape Cod to Florida. The scuba gear invented by Jacques Cousteau and Émile Gagnan during the Second World War has given biologists unprecedented underwater mobility and a convenient method of exploring the Barrier Reef, whose limpid tropical waters support one of the richest assortments of living things in all the oceans. Unlike temperate ocean waters, where a relatively small number of species dominate, tropical waters accommodate a vastly diverse population of fish and other creatures. Just about anyplace one jumps into the water along the Great Barrier Reef, there will be rocklike corals from a thousand species, fish from almost two thousand species, and enough other creatures to weary the makers of lists.

For William Gladstone, who was gathering material for his doctoral dissertation in biology at Macquarie University, in Sydney, the research opportunities were gratifyingly boundless. "Only about four or five species of fish on the reef are known in extensive detail, so you can virtually choose a fish and be an expert in the field," he told me one morning, after we had completed a dive in Mermaid Cove, which is at one end of Lizard Island, in the northern section of the reef. Dr. John Veron, who is a biologist at the Australian Institute of Marine Science, in Townsville, Queensland, a port adjacent to the middle of the reef, was one of the first full-time researchers on the reef. He began his work in the early nineteen-seventies, and he told me recently that he and other researchers are still walking around picking things up and saying "What is this?" to each other. Veron added, "I think coral reefs are one of the last frontiers, if you like, of big unknown areas left on earth."

Though life on the Great Barrier Reef may appear calm and bountiful, romanticized impressions conflict with the underlying biological reality. For the creatures on the reef, it is a place where the law of "eat or be eaten" ap-

plies to all of them. Biologists know that predators are, by definition, aggressive, relentless, and single-minded. Still, there is concern that the battle for survival may be getting somewhat lopsided. A few scientists have begun to worry that one species of starfish on the reef is consuming far more than its fair share. According to the Australian marine biologist Robert Endean, who is a professor of zoology at Queensland University, this starfish—*Acanthaster planci*, popularly known as the crown of thorns—is on a rampage that is likely to devastate the entire Great Barrier Reef.

The crown-of-thorns starfish was not seen in large numbers on the reef until the early nineteen-sixties. But on April 4, 1962, it made its presence painfully apparent when a boy jumped barefoot out of a dinghy into shallow water at York Island, in the Torres Strait, between Australia and New Guinea, near the north end of the reef. He received ten deep puncture wounds in his right foot and four in his left from the brittle, venomous spines that cover this starfish. He was hospitalized, but there was no known antidote for the poison; this type of injury had never been reported in the Australian medical literature. The spines fragmented on impact, and portions of them remained in the boy's feet. He started vomiting an hour after the injury and vomited every three or four hours for four days. The doctors got him to keep taking fluids and soft foods to prevent dehydration, and by the end of the sixth day the inflammations of his feet had subsided. The boy survived. During the

next few years, other people along that part of the coast received similar injuries from the crown of thorns. Many were aborigines, who habitually went barefoot, and trod on the creature; others suffered spike wounds in the hands or legs; one man sat on one. All these injuries were caused by a starfish that had previously been considered exceedingly rare.

Starfish, of which there are roughly eighteen hundred species, are present in every ocean. Most pose no hazard; they do not bite or sting, and they remain placid when they are touched. Until recently, the starfish seen on the Great Barrier Reef were likewise perfectly benign. One day when I was scuba diving with Gladstone in Mermaid Cove, I asked him the name of a particularly eye-catching starfish we kept coming across. (We were able to communicate underwater by means of a plastic writing pad.) He told me that, like many of the reef inhabitants, the starfish did not have a common name; its scientific name was *Linckia laevigata*. A brilliant cobalt blue—the color of the porcelain of the Ming dynasty—*Linckia* drapes itself over outcrops of coral rubble with the nonchalance of an Australian lounging about a pub, arms over the backs of neighboring chairs. Unlike the seemingly infinite number of small fish that dart nervously in and out among the rocks and crevices of the reef, *Linckia* sits uncaring, fully exposed, wherever it chooses. The reason for *Linckia*'s peace of mind is not that it knows that it is beautiful—it has no brain—but that every creature around with a brain, or what can pass for one, knows that *Linckia* is poisonous. Other creatures would also have a tough time chewing through it. "If you want to dissect *Linckia*, you don't get a knife—you get a hacksaw," Dr. John Lucas, a biologist and starfish researcher at James Cook University, in northern Queensland, explained to me at his laboratory. "A *Linckia* feels leathery to handle. Then, when you go to cut it, you find that it's a tremendous system of interlocking plates."

Some common starfish have spines on their upper side, but the spines tend to be stubby and blunt. The crown of



thorns is equipped with nastier armature—hundreds of long, sharp, poison-tipped spears. “I get spiked quite regularly, but it’s only if I get badly zapped that my body temperature rises,” Lucas told me. “There’s nothing you can do when you’re spiked except just wait for the fever to go away. Obviously, few fish can eat these starfish, because a fish that comes charging up and dives at one gets a muzzle full of spines, which hurts.” Dr. John Randall, an ichthyologist from the Bishop Museum, in Hawaii, has observed the crown of thorns on the Great Barrier Reef and on other reefs in the Pacific and was one of the first scientists to offer an explanation of why the animal was present in large numbers. He had good reason to pay attention to the starfish. When the starfish is disturbed, he told me, it will fold up its arms and make itself into “a ball of thorns.” On one dive, he detached a crown-of-thorns starfish from a reef he was studying. “It went sweeping off downsurge as I pulled it off, and I forgot about it,” he said. “Then it came—*wham!*—and this ball of thorns hit me on the wrist, and one thorn went into my finger. I still haven’t any sensation in the tip of that finger. It’s just been numb. At the time, I had intense pain, and I had several little whorls of green blood coming out, because at that depth there’s no red.”

The crown of thorns is huge compared with ordinary starfish, growing to two feet in diameter, and it has more arms. Starfish typically come with five, but an adult crown of thorns may have between seven and twenty-three. And it is well camouflaged: the body proper is a mottled blend of browns, greens, and grays, and the spines are tinged orange and red. One Australian marine biologist I talked with referred to the crown of thorns as an “attractive” animal, and a report by the Great Barrier Reef Marine Park Authority, an agency of the Australian government which was set up in 1975 to oversee the reef, has gone as far as to call it “rather magnificent.” These may be unduly complimentary ways of describing a creature that looks like something out of a nineteen-fifties science-fiction movie.

MORE than a century before the boy at York Island stepped on a crown of thorns, a young man on another coral reef had a less painful but



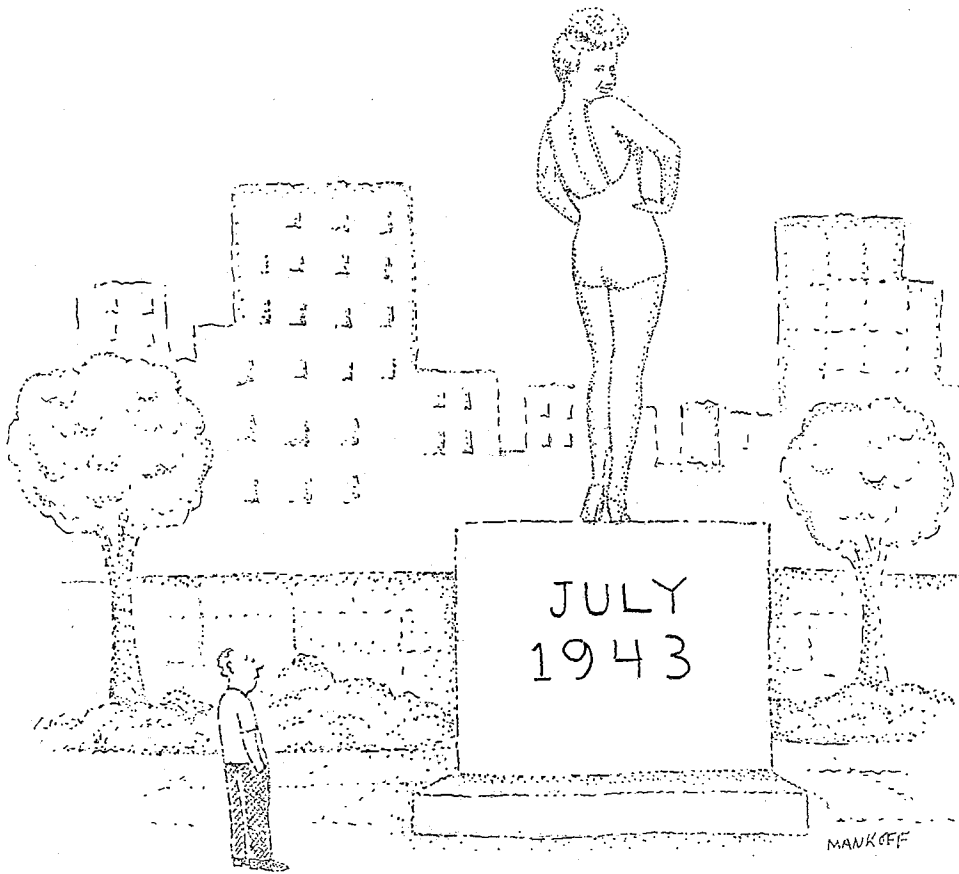
“Thanks—it was so fabulously regional. I mean, I can’t close my eyes without seeing fajitas and Georgia O’Keeffe.”

equally noteworthy mishap. He lost his footing as he was walking at low tide along the top of the Cocos (or Keeling) atoll, in the Indian Ocean west of Australia. “Much surprised,” he discovered that underneath him and for “at least a mile square” the customarily rock-hard coral was “entirely dead . . . and so rotten that in trying to stand . . . I sank half way up the leg, as if through decayed brushwood.” There was no harm done, and, when he dried off, the young man, Charles Darwin, made a note to himself about the incident. Fresh from Cambridge University, Darwin was on his historic scientific voyage around the world aboard H.M.S. Beagle, which lasted from 1831 until 1836. Long before he used data from the expedition to write “On the Origin of Species,” which was published in 1859, he won his first renown as a scientist for “The Structure and Distribution of Coral Reefs,” published in 1842.

Darwin offered an original theory on how coral reefs were formed. They did not just spring up in mid-ocean, he said; they arose where mountains such

as volcanoes had once existed but had sunk because of a rise in sea level. This was a daring hypothesis, formulated long before geologists had learned about the large shifts in the crust of the earth which move the continents around. In 1951, deep drilling was done at Eniwetok, an atoll in the Marshall Islands, in preparation for the explosion of the first hydrogen bomb, and, just as Darwin had predicted, a volcanic mountain was found under the coral. His theory of coral-reef formation is celebrated as one of the best examples of pure deductive reasoning in the history of science, for the notion had come to Darwin not only in the absence of drilling results or other forms of direct observations but when the Beagle was still off the west coast of South America, and he had not yet seen his first coral reef in the Pacific.

Unfortunately, Darwin had little opportunity to study how the life on coral reefs is maintained. On only two occasions, he lamented, was he able, “by the aid of a leaping-pole,” to jump out from the top of a reef onto its surf-beaten seaward edge to try to catch a



glimpse of what lay below. And he was never able to explain why the coral he sank into at Cocos atoll was dead. It was difficult, he wrote, "to imagine what cause could have killed so large a field of coral."

In dives on the Great Barrier Reef during the past ten years, I have seen substantial areas of dead coral. Some of the coral was of the same common species that Darwin stumbled on, but many other kinds of coral on the reef have also been killed, and surveys carried out by the Australian government have shown that in some parts of the reef more than ninety per cent of the coral is dead. The seemingly catastrophic loss of coral has been causing grave public concern in Australia, yet scientists are divided on the significance of the problem and, in fact, on whether it is a problem at all, though there is no doubt about the identity of the killer or its mode of operation. Darwin speculated that an exceptionally low tide may have exposed the corals at Cocos atoll to too much sun, but an alternative hypothesis is that the coral he fell into died the same way as the coral on the Great Barrier Reef—

that it was eaten by the crown-of-thorns starfish.

It turns out that the crown of thorns, which had not been studied in detail by scientists until recent years, does not eat what most ordinary starfish do. *Linckia* and other common starfish are content to nibble on the microscopic algae, small sponges, and general detritus around the reef. The crown of thorns does not bother with these side dishes but goes for the pièce de résistance—the coral polyps that build and maintain the reef itself. The starfish have been seen gathered in large feeding packs, which can number into the millions, devouring all the coral they can find. Robert Endean believes that this predator is going to make its way steadily down the long Great Barrier Reef and destroy it all. And he maintains that the crown-of-thorns plague is the result of man's interference with the balance of nature on the reef.

Endean has been arguing his case in scientific journals and in the popular media since the late sixties. Most other Australian marine biologists regard his claims with disdain. His fellow-scientists have been known to refer to En-

dean as a "flimflam artist," or worse, and the debate he has stirred up over the crown of thorns has evolved into one of the most heated public contretemps in the biological sciences since the theory of evolution itself was debated at the Scopes monkey trial. The marine scientists who disagree with Endean, however, have no firm explanation for the sudden, devastating crown-of-thorns infestations. Moreover, they had thought that the crown-of-thorns outbreak ended more than a decade ago, and the reappearance of great numbers of the coral-eating starfish on several reefs in the early nineteen-eighties caught them by surprise. The Australian press has been having a field day touting what one newspaper headline referred to as the "RETURN OF THE CORAL KILLERS," and reporters have been quick to find melodrama in the controversy. "Yesterday I watched the massive battle of Starfish Wars, a conflict more deadly than any inter-galactic drama ever dreamed up by the imaginative movie genius," a 1984 dispatch in the *Brisbane Courier-Mail* said. "Under the silent green waters of the Great Barrier Reef off Cairns the villain . . . was mercilessly attacking the good forces. . . . It has all the elements of science fiction—chemical weapons, forces that clone their own troops to keep up their fighting numbers, and adversaries that gobble up each other's troops almost from birth."

Public anxiety about a continuing crown-of-thorns epidemic has put pressure on the Great Barrier Reef Marine Park Authority to take action to "save the reef." Adverse publicity—predominantly the kind it receives—forces the agency to operate under a de-facto state of emergency, and there has been a detectable odor of panic in the air at the Authority's offices, which are in Townsville. Officials are uncertain about how the animal fits into the ecology of the system and about what, if anything, they should or can do to stop it from causing further injury to the reef. "'They' ought to do something, but neither 'they' nor anybody else has yet come up with anything effective to do," Richard Kenchington, one of the Authority's chief biologists, told me during one of my visits to its headquarters. He said that he was "surprised" that the starfish were back

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on the reef, and that the Authority felt "a sense of urgency about finding out what the hell this thing is."

IT is necessary to go some distance from the Australian coast to get to the Great Barrier Reef. In part of its northern section, the seaward edge of the reef—the outer barrier—comes as close as fifteen miles or so to the coast. Toward the southern end of the system, the reef front is more than a hundred and fifty miles offshore. The main tourist resorts in Queensland are either right on the coast or on nearby islands, and they offer visitors splendid coral reefs, but these are not necessarily part of the Great Barrier Reef. Relatively accessible reefs, like these, which grow at the edges of several continents and around islands, are called shore reefs or fringing reefs and are the simplest of reef forms. The ultimate in reefs are the massive atolls, which have lagoons surrounded, wholly or in part, by submerged ramparts of coral, and they cannot be visited by those who hug the shore. "The lagoon-islands have received much the most attention," Darwin wrote, "and it is not surpris-

ing, for every one must be struck with astonishment, when he first beholds one of these vast rings of coral-rock, often many leagues in diameter, here and there surmounted by a low verdant island with dazzling white shores, bathed on the outside by the foaming breakers of the ocean, and on the inside surrounding a calm expanse of water, which, from reflection, is of a bright but pale green colour."

Coral reefs are all the more impressive when one realizes what a humble animal is responsible for their existence. As Darwin continued, "the naturalist will feel this astonishment more deeply after having examined the soft and almost gelatinous bodies of these apparently insignificant creatures." Coral polyps, distant relatives of the jellyfish, are basically little more than a mouth and a stomach. (The name of the phylum to which corals belong, Coelenterata, is derived from the Greek for "hollow gut.") Many of them live in rocky formations, and they have barbed tentacles with which to reach out and catch microscopic animals that drift by in the water. In most species, the tentacles, which are usually

retracted during the day and come out at dusk, when the polyps feed, are colorful, and they look so much like flowers that early naturalists assumed corals to be plants attached to the rocks. In 1723, a French scientist, Jean André Peyssonel, expressed the heretical view that they were animals; to save his reputation, the French Academy of Sciences kept his name off his findings when they were published. He turned out to be right, of course.

Corals do not just happen to live in rocks that they find on the reef. To house and protect themselves, the polyps actually build rocklike external skeletons in which they spend their stationary lives. Their cuplike shelters, consisting of a floor, walls, and an opening for the tentacles, are made of material they secrete from their own tissues. Like the builders of the pyramids, corals work in limestone, but in their case the limestone is extracted from the vast reserves of calcium carbonate dissolved in the oceans. They fashion it not into simple geometric shapes but into artfully sculptured structures that can ultimately dwarf Egypt's ancient monuments in size yet

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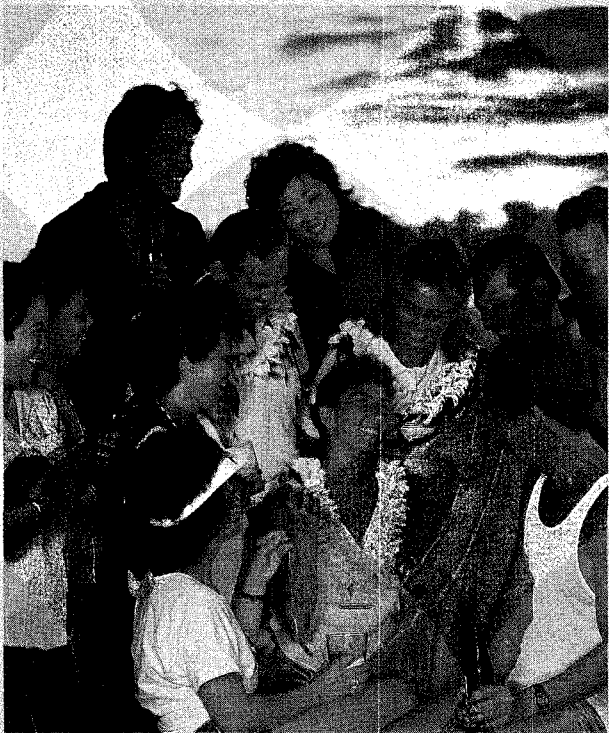
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remain as delicately patterned as lace. Corals live in colonies, in which each polyp's home has walls in common with those of its neighbors, the result being what amounts to a coral apartment building. Each species of coral has its own building pattern: brain corals create round boulders covered with a maze of folds like those on the human brain; mushroom corals have a frilled surface resembling the underside of common fungi; branching corals extend out into antlerlike forms; and plate corals form pedestals topped with broad tables.

Altogether, there are more than a thousand species of coral that build and constantly enlarge more than a thousand kinds of fanciful limestone housings; these structures abut each other and dominate the landscape of the coral reef. The reef, however, is not solely, or even mostly, a collection of coral homes. Reef-building also depends on limestone-secreting plants known as coralline algae, which make the mortar that glues former and present coral colonies together into an extended rocky formation. It would be more correct, biologists now say, to call the Great Barrier Reef a "coralgal reef."

Perhaps the greatest mystery of reef formation is how reefs manage to flourish in tropical waters, for in such waters the basic nutrients that all animals depend on are at very low levels. The base of the oceanic food chain—the staple in the diet of the simplest marine animals—is phytoplankton, the microscopic plants that grow in the sunlit upper layers of the sea. Phytoplankton grows in abundance only in certain zones, however. The great commercial fisheries exist in these select spots—off the west coast of South America, and off the coasts of Newfoundland, Greenland, and Norway. In most other areas of the ocean, phytoplankton is far skimpier, and in much of the open ocean it is virtually nonexistent.

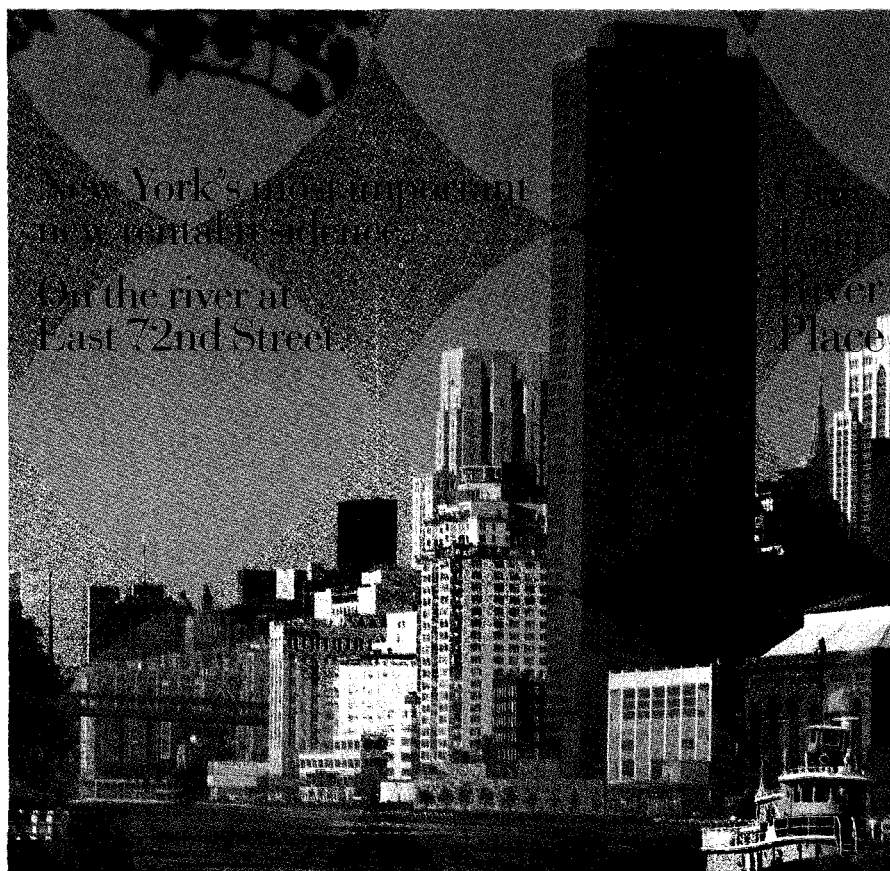
In terms of basic nutrients and phytoplankton, the waters along the Great Barrier Reef are not much better endowed than the open ocean. One fact that coral-reef biologists agree on is that corals have evolved an ingenious way to overcome the lack of phytoplankton in tropical waters: they have developed an intimate relationship with a form of single-celled green algae known as zooxanthellae, which

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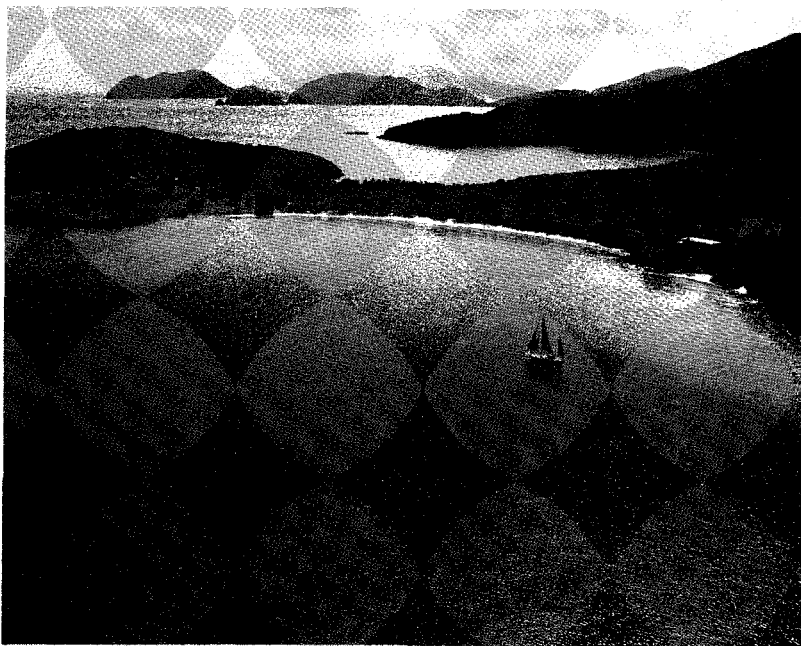
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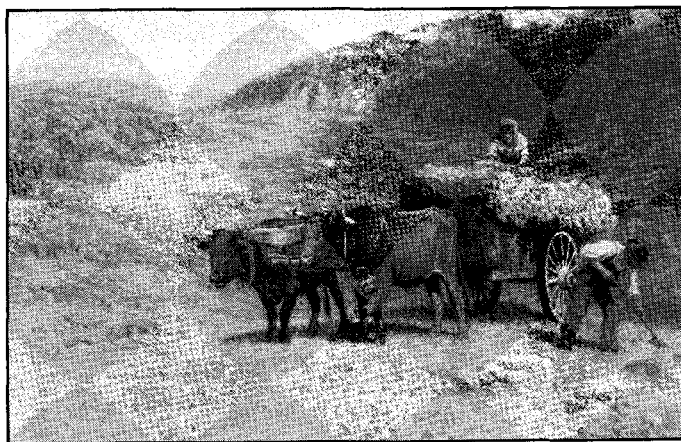
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live by the thousand right in every polyp's tissues and help feed it. The zooxanthellae, which get their energy from the sun, serve in effect as solar batteries for the polyps. The algae also raise the polyps' rate of limestone production, which is a decisive factor in the formation of large coral reefs.

One of the constraints on reef development is the rise and fall of the oceans. Throughout the history of the earth, reefs have been repeatedly destroyed as receding waters left them high and dry. For example, some six thousand years ago, after the last Ice Age ended, the oceans were about five hundred feet lower than they are today. What is now the Great Barrier Reef was then a grassland inhabited by aborigines and kangaroos. It was not until the sea rose once again that corals—which had survived in small pockets of the ancient sea—could begin to gather and grow together to form the present reef. Reefs exist in other parts of the world, but only in relatively shallow tropical water. Corals depend on sunlight, little of which penetrates to depths of more than a hundred feet or so of seawater, and most of the world's oceans are too deep to permit reefs to form. In addition, some of the shallow ocean waters in which corals might take hold are too close to the mouths of major rivers, for corals can thrive only in very salty water. The Amazon, for example, prevents the growth of corals off the east coast of South America, and the Fly River in New Guinea prevents the Great Barrier Reef from growing any farther north. Under optimal conditions, like those found on Australia's northeast coast, reefs can grow to stupendous size. Every year, each acre of coral polyps on the Great Barrier Reef will add between twelve and twenty-four tons of limestone to the walls and foundations of the communal living quarters. Over time, the non-stop building activity of successive generations of coral polyps has far surpassed man's efforts to remake the surface of the earth. Even a small coral atoll rivals anything that man has ever built, and the coral rock now in place on the Great Barrier Reef forms a structure larger than all man-made structures on earth combined.

The Great Barrier Reef is not, however, a monolithic coral formation—one uninterrupted reef. Rather, it is a chain of some two thousand reefs of

varying size and varying proximity to one another. A typical reef in the chain has a perimeter of about ten miles, and the area of an individual reef can range from half a square mile to more than a hundred and fifty square miles. Much larger individual reefs can be found elsewhere in the Pacific. What makes the long Australian reef so distinctive is its prominent position at the edge of the continent.

Many reefs have extensive flats at sea level that are exposed at low tide, and it is possible to make interesting observations from such a vantage point, as Darwin demonstrated. A great deal more is visible to the snorkeler, since the exceptionally clear waters in the tropics permit good viewing of the coral from the surface. Yet it can be difficult for swimmers to see those reef inhabitants which, like the crown of thorns, tend to camouflage and conceal themselves. Except when they are present in very large numbers, crown-of-thorns starfish usually stay out of shallow, exposed waters and keep themselves pretty well hidden, either in lagoons, in ten or twelve feet of water, or in deeper water on reef fronts. "The casual snorkeler can swim over a heap of starfish and not really notice them," Richard Kenchington said. Diving, of course, has opened up coral reefs to extensive study and is revolutionizing scientific understanding of them.

The year before his death, Darwin expressed the hope that someday a "doubly rich millionaire" would put up funds to help scientists find out how coral reefs are formed. Some ninety years later, in 1972, this suggestion was taken to heart by an American philanthropist named Henry Loomis, whose generosity helped establish the Lizard Island Research Station, which is operated by the Australian Museum in Sydney. An outpost in the northern section of the Great Barrier Reef, the research station is one of the world's finest centers for the study of coral reefs, offering marine scientists access to reefs that are almost entirely undisturbed by man. Most of the world's coral reefs have long been exploited for food, and today, legally or illegally, fishermen in Third World countries make liberal use of dynamite and poisons to catch reef fish. As a result, reefs in the Philippines, New Guinea, Fiji, the Solomon Islands, East Africa, and Southeast Asia, among other places, are likely to be biological disaster

zones, denuded of all large fish. The Great Barrier Reef—especially its most tropical portion, from Lizard Island north—has been spared this fate. The reef has not, however, been spared by the crown of thorns.

THE first naturalist to pay close attention to the crown of thorns in Australian waters was an amateur student of the reef, Dr. Jack Barnes, who took up the subject in the early nineteen-sixties, when people injured by the starfish started showing up in his clinic. Barnes, who died a few years ago, was a general practitioner and surgeon with an office in Cairns, a sleepy port on the Queensland coast that has expanded through tourism and likes to call itself the "gateway to the Great Barrier Reef." He had done research on other dangerous animals that live on the reef, such as the cone shell, the stonefish, and the box jellyfish. Each of these animals has a stinger or stingers that release a paralyzing toxin, which can be fatal both to marine creatures and to human beings. Though the poison of the crown of thorns was obviously less potent—painful, but not lethal—the increasing number of patients being hurt by it worried Barnes. He managed to get a crown-of-thorns specimen from York Island, and he expressed his concern to Robert Endean, who was a good friend of his. Endean's professional specialty is marine toxins, and Barnes had corresponded with him for years on questions relating to venomous fish.

"He wrote to me asking if I had heard of this crown-of-thorns starfish," Endean recalled. "And did I know anything about its toxicity? And what was a treatment for the toxin? I had to write back to Jack and say yes, I had heard of these starfish, I'd seen one of them, and there had been three recorded on the Great Barrier Reef, and that was the extent of my knowledge. I hadn't known that they were venomous—a term applied to animals that have not only a toxin but a method of injecting the toxin. The crown of thorns has those big spines covering the upper surface; the spines are overlaid with skin; and the skin contains the toxin. Normally, the toxin is just present in the skin of a starfish and is liberated

when the starfish is attacked. In the case of the crown of thorns, it's a venom in the true sense." The previous crown-of-thorns sightings that Endean alluded to in his correspondence with Barnes were in 1913 and 1928; in each case, only an isolated starfish had been seen. Endean's personal lack of experience with the crown of thorns also said something about its rarity, because part of his job for the past twelve years had involved looking for starfish on the reef.

Endean, who earned his doctorate in biology at Queensland University, joined the faculty there in 1950 and helped build the university's research station on Heron Island—a sand cay near the southern end of the reef. "I came to Queensland primarily to see the Barrier Reef," he said in an interview at Heron Island. "Every biologist has an interest in going to the Barrier Reef, or he wouldn't be a biologist, I guess. So I was most pleased when the head of the Biology Department at the time suggested that I come here to Heron Island and, because the fauna of the reef was so poorly known, take a group of animals and look at that group and see what species are present and try to build up information." Endean was assigned starfish. "However, that didn't lead me into a study of the crown-of-thorns starfish. Crown-of-thorns starfish back in the fifties were very rare. I didn't realize how rare, but I just didn't see them."

Endean wasn't able to learn much about the crown of thorns from the published scientific literature—only some basic facts. By the eighteenth century, the frightful appearance of the crown of thorns had gained it notoriety among naturalists. In 1705, Rumphius noted the burning pain caused by its spines. In 1743, Plancus and Gualtieri, using a specimen obtained from India, made detailed drawings of the animal. In 1758, the species was formally classified by the great Swedish biologist Linnaeus; under his system it was called *Acanthaster planci*. There was little subsequent scientific study of the creature, however, and before 1960 only a specimen or two were to be found in natural-history museums. The specimens came from the Indian or the Pacific Ocean, the range of the



animal extending from East Africa and the Red Sea all the way to Panama; the crown of thorns is not found in the Atlantic or the Caribbean. A summary of the scientific knowledge about the crown of thorns written in 1955 noted that "*A. planici* is probably not a common species in any locality." That was the conventional wisdom until people hurt by the starfish started coming to Barnes for treatment.

If Endean had trouble finding the crown of thorns on the south end of the reef, Barnes had no difficulty several hundred miles farther north. "He said in a subsequent letter, 'They're everywhere up here! All over the reefs off Cairns!'" Endean recalled. "This was in 1962." Barnes reported that Green Island, twenty miles east of Cairns, had suddenly acquired a huge population of crown-of-thorns starfish, and that several square miles of luxuriant coral around Green Island was being devoured by this unusual animal.

A crown-of-thorns starfish will sit down on top of a piece of coral, stick its stomach out through its mouth, and dump digestive enzymes over the polyps' tissues; the starfish will then suck in the resulting coral soup, leaving only empty skeletons behind. Protected by its spines, the crown of thorns is able to relax in the open and spend as much time feeding as it needs. Most polyps have soft, waxy tissues—dried, they burn like a candle—but for the crown of thorns they are an appetizing meal. "Wax is fairly intractable stuff," John Lucas told me. "There aren't too many animals that can digest wax. The crown of thorns has a wax esterase—an enzyme that digests wax. So the crown of thorns is really adapted specifically for taking advantage of the stored energy in coral polyps." Moreover, Lucas went on, when a crown of thorns finds live coral and begins to feast, some kind of chemical dinner bell attracts other members of the species to the site. The resulting feeding packs kill coral with appalling thoroughness, although not necessarily with lightning speed.

"I remember some reporter's describing a 'feeding frenzy of dense starfish,'" Lucas said. "That's ridiculous. There's nothing frenzied about them. Everything's done slowly. There's a sort of relentlessness about them." During outbreaks, tens of thousands of starfish—sometimes millions—will settle on a reef. A population of a

hundred and forty thousand starfish can destroy the coral on an average reef of three and a half square miles in two or three years. White scars show where coral has just been eaten by the starfish, but these bleached coral skeletons are soon covered over by fast-growing microscopic plants. The crown of thorns can thus turn a thriving, multicolored reef landscape into a brown alga-laden wasteland.

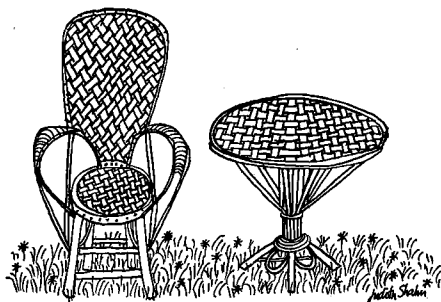
Crown-of-thorns starfish do not necessarily eat all the coral on a reef, Lucas explained. "Because they can't see it," he said. "They detect coral by chemoreception, so they tend to move with the currents on the reef, in the direction they're getting the next smell of coral from. It means they can often miss whole sections of a reef. They're just sort of following their nose, and, anyway, they don't eat all coral species. There are some massive corals they just can't touch—partly, I think, because they can't get at the tissues but also because some of the corals have such strong stinging cells that it hurts too much to feed on them." Another basic aspect of their eating habits is that they are patient about their next meal. "They'll starve for months," Lucas said. "I've had them in the aquarium system for about nine months without feeding them, and they just shrink. The guts and all the soft tissue get very tiny, but nonetheless they're still going. They're excellent starvers, so I imagine when they eat themselves out of a reef they don't just curl up and die. They probably fan out and travel as much as they can."

Barnes' alarm over the starfish and their search for food was shared by members of the Hayles family, who since 1924 had been operating a ferry service from Cairns to Green Island. They had introduced the world's first glass-bottomed boat for viewing coral and had to try to satisfy hundreds of thousands of paying customers each year; Green Island, a ninety-minute

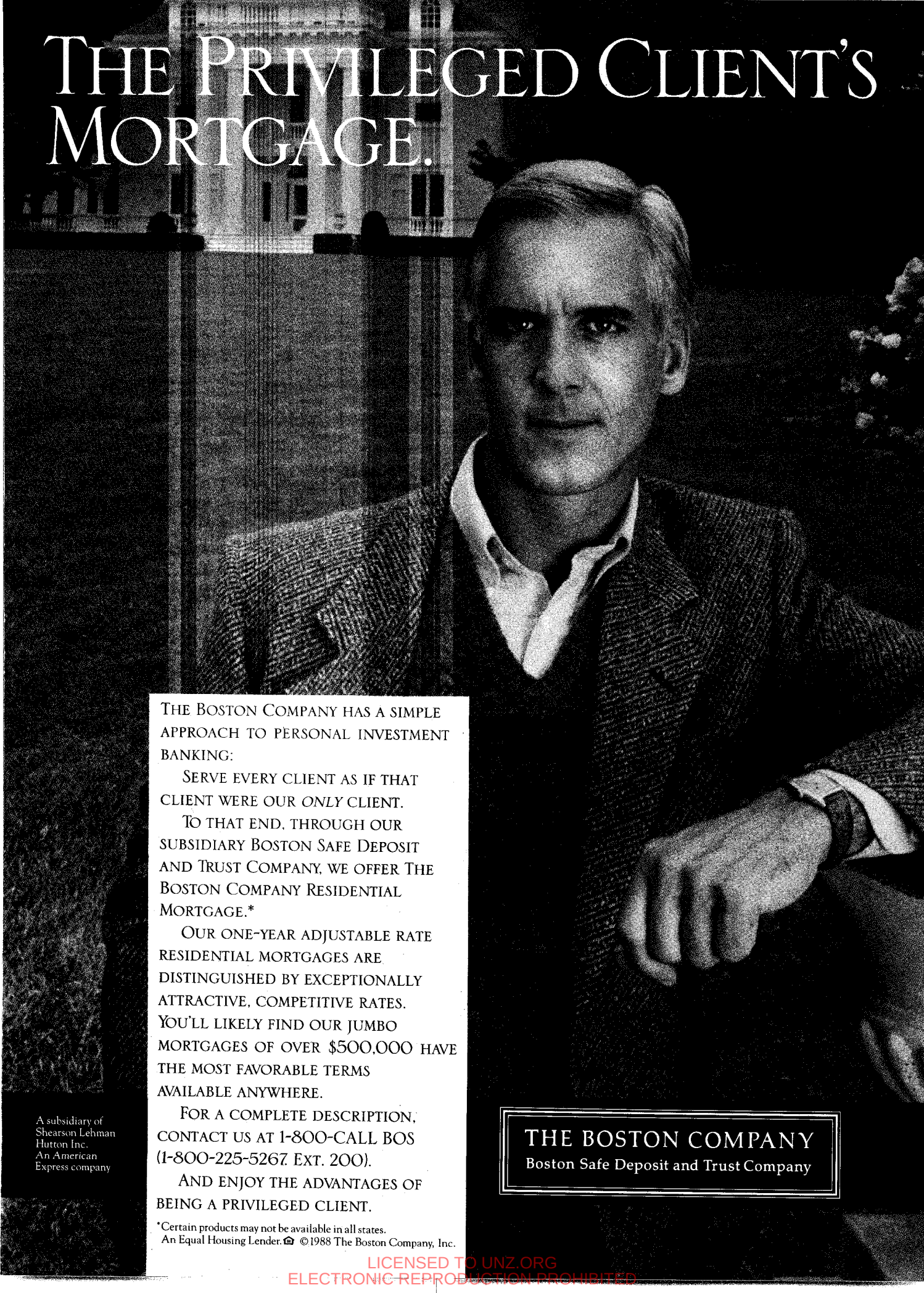
ride from Cairns, was the most frequently visited part of the reef. Then, in 1962, the crown of thorns arrived. The tour operators were naturally upset to find their main asset rapidly depreciating. "You can't show tourists dead coral," Gary Denton, a biologist and one of Lucas's colleagues at James Cook University, commented. "There is nothing more unattractive than dead coral." The ferry operators began trying to remove the starfish by hand, at least along the track of their glass-bottomed boat, and they appealed to the government for help. No one in officialdom, or in the scientific community, paid much attention.

In the April 18, 1964, issue of *The Medical Journal of Australia*, Barnes and Endean published an article called "A Dangerous Starfish—*Acanthaster Planci*." Their article, only two pages long, mostly described the painful physical injuries that the animal had inflicted on the unwary boy from York Island, but it also mentioned the "infestation" that had occurred at Green Island. It left open the fundamental questions about the biology of the animal and the ultimate implications of its coral-killing eating habits. One mystery was that although the starfish had been observed on the reefs around Green Island no one had ever seen the creatures actually coming or going. They just appeared en masse, from nowhere and for reasons that were not clear, and disappeared en masse when they had finished eating. There is no evidence that they died off when they were done, for no mass mortality of adult crown-of-thorns starfish had ever been observed. One possible explanation for the sudden appearance of the starfish was that there might have been some kind of population boom, producing huge numbers of new animals. If so, what could have caused such a surge in the birth rate was another mystery. Anyway, it was adults, not babies, that were observed on Green Island and nearby reefs. This led to speculation that adult crown-of-thorns starfish had migrated from other reefs and joined up, or "aggregated," on a given set of reefs. If so, where they had lived and why they had moved was completely unknown.

To assess the severity of the starfish attack on the Great Barrier Reef, underwater surveys were begun in 1966 by Robert Pearson and another diver working for the Queensland Depart-



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ment of Fisheries. Pearson was one of Endean's graduate students at the University of Queensland, and the initial surveys were carried out under Endean's supervision; Endean did not do the actual underwater survey work himself, but he did make other dives to study the starfish. "We started to look farther afield—north and south of Green Island," Pearson recalled not long ago. "This took a number of years, because we didn't really know what we were doing—just trying to survey reefs as best we could. Remember, for the first three or four years there were only two of us looking at a couple of hundred reefs. It was a hell of a big area." Diving for pleasure on a small section of the twelve-hundred-mile reef is delightful, but Pearson and his diving partner had the gruelling task of carrying out a needle-in-a-haystack exercise on an immense scale. Two men in a small boat with a less than lavish two-year budget of twenty-six thousand dollars from the Department of Fisheries could hardly be expected to cover the territory in any systematic way.

Even when the surveyors hit a nominal jackpot—large numbers of starfish in a particular place—it was hard for them to cover enough other reefs to determine whether the situation was typical of reefs in that area or was just a highly localized outbreak. The purpose of the survey, after all, was not only to find out where the creatures were but also to find out where they were not. This was more difficult than the divers had expected. They soon learned that the starfish are very "patchy" in their infestations—they lump together on a small portion of a reef. Thus, divers might erroneously declare an infested reef a disaster area or give it a clean bill of health, on the basis of where they happened to look. Moreover, Pearson found that the numbers of starfish could build or decline rapidly, so that "it was possible for visitors to the same reef to come to very different conclusions about the crown-of-thorns population." At best, the divers' laborious work could produce only hit-or-miss estimates, which were not likely to satisfy the scientific community.

Then, when it came to presenting percentage estimates of how much coral had been eaten, those estimates were immediately controversial, because no one really knew on a reef-by-reef basis how much coral had been

present in the first place. Dr. John Bunt, then the director of the Australian Institute of Marine Science, told me that in swimming over a reef casually "you would think coral, coral, coral," but when you actually measured the amount of living coral on a normal reef it was often less than you had assumed. "There's a lot more bare ground on a coral reef than you frequently imagine," Bunt added. In many of the surveys, the divers were towed by small boats so that they could cover long sections of reef as efficiently as possible. But whether the divers were seeing what had been a relatively sparsely covered reef to begin with or one that had been eaten by the starfish was not a question that could readily be answered by such superficial study methods.

A great deal of time and expense would be necessary if more careful and more statistically meaningful surveys were to be conducted. And to assess the results of any data collected a far more detailed understanding of the biology of the crown of thorns would be required. Endean did not think he should wait, and he therefore did something that a number of his colleagues think he should not have done: he hit the panic button. In 1969, when the Department of Fisheries still had not made public the survey results, Endean made them public himself. He reported that starfish were devastating the middle third of the Great Barrier Reef—a four-hundred-mile stretch. He also let it be known that he believed that this was just for starters. The entire reef was imperilled, he warned, and he told one Brisbane newspaper that "if the reef goes the Queensland coast will be exposed to the Pacific Ocean." In another interview he was quoted as predicting that "the whole reef could die off and be broken up and dissolved in the ocean within fifty years." Endean maintains today that the press misquoted and hyped up his warnings, but his co-workers maintain that Endean himself was given to exaggeration and headline-grabbing. In an internal

memorandum at the Department of Fisheries that was written before Endean spoke out, Pearson had provided a detailed critique of his supervisor's position, concluding, "I disagree with several of Dr. Endean's interpretations of the results obtained during the investigation." Other marine biologists shared his reservations, but Endean was the one who kept being quoted by the press. The Australian public wanted explanations for the crown of thorns, they wanted them fast, and he provided them.

By the late sixties, there was also dramatic evidence that the crown-of-thorns outbreaks were not limited to Australian reefs. A number of other coral reefs, in the Indian and Pacific Oceans, were attacked—in southern Japan, Micronesia, Guam, the Philippines, Palau, Papua New Guinea, the Solomons, Western Samoa, Taiwan, Thailand, and Tahiti, among other places. John Randall, who wrote one of the early papers describing outbreaks, told me what the situation looked like at the time near Tahiti: "You'd see them on the bottom, and they were even overlapping each other. They were moving out and consuming. They killed most of the corals between Tuman Bay and Ritidian Point, which is about ten miles. And all kinds of corals. They were killing huge heads of porites, enormous heads of porites." Porites, which grow into giant boulders, are the aristocrats of the reefs, founded by coral colonies that have been enlarging them for as long as a thousand years. Randall suspected that pollutants or insecticides might be triggering the outbreaks near populated islands that were heavily farmed, but outbreaks were also occurring in pristine waters, so any such connection was uncertain. The Great Barrier Reef's situation, so far from shore, and the direction of the prevailing currents in its vicinity offered a good deal of protection from any pesticide residues that Queensland rivers might carry into the ocean. Furthermore, a search for pollutants in its waters turned up nothing suspicious.

As public interest in the starfish outbreaks increased, Endean took reporters on tours of ravaged reefs, interpreted the crown-of-thorns phenomenon for the public, and made succinct, shocking forecasts of a looming ecological catastrophe. He advocated a major program to kill off the starfish



before it was too late. The Australian government, after various official inquiries, dismissed Endean's findings and refused to take action. The government accepted the view, shared by the overwhelming majority of Australian marine scientists, that there was nothing unnatural or unduly alarming about one species of reef animal preying on another. That was the law of the wild, which coral, however beautiful it might be, could not escape and had no doubt been coping with for a long time. In reply, Endean accused officials of covering up the problem, of failing to see how human activity had upset the balance of nature on the reef, and of sitting by like nincompoops while one of Australia's and the world's greatest treasures was gobbled up.

As the controversy continued, other Australian marine biologists tried to get the press to understand that an increase in the number of starfish was obviously a challenge to the coral on which it fed, but what was new about that? They noted that, as with any living system, the Great Barrier Reef had had to cope with a wide range of natural perils. Coral could be smashed by hurricanes, smothered by shifting sediments, and stunted or killed by changes in climate or sea level. (In 1986, for example, Cyclone Winifred flattened several reefs north of Townsville; according to several coral ecologists who studied the cyclone's impact, the devastation was far more impressive than that caused by the crown of thorns.) Its survival could also be jeopardized by subtle changes in water temperature, salinity, and nutrient levels, and, as a result of human activity, by pollution, overfishing, and offshore oil drilling. (No drilling, however, has yet taken place on the Great Barrier Reef.) There were also a variety of fish, crabs, nudibranchs, mollusks, and sponges and at least one other starfish that, in Darwin's words, "prey upon the tenderer parts of the corals." John Lucas, who thought the implications of the crown-of-thorns outbreaks more ambiguous than Endean did, pointed out that the creature might be just the most recent in a long line of opportunists that tried to capitalize on their natural endowments. The species, he said, was not an old one in an evolutionary sense—it had evolved tens or

hundreds of thousands of years ago, perhaps, not millions—and it was making the most of an abundant and relatively untapped food supply: coral polyps. "We're having a boom of coral reefs of a particular kind of coral at this stage," Lucas said. "And animals come along and sort of hop onto the bandwagon, and not many other animals are exploiting it. So wherever you've got the coral reefs in the Pacific area you've got the crown of thorns."

New corals, of course, can replace dead ones—corals reproduce both by budding, or asexual reproduction, and by spawning, producing gametes that create coral larvae, which settle and establish new colonies—and, accordingly, living reefs are maintained



when some corals die. On a dive at Lizard Island, as I was swimming behind one of the researchers I noticed that his flippers inadvertently hit several branches of coral and snapped them off. I later asked Lucas's colleague Gary Denton how much harm this did, and he said, "Take heart. Those bits that snap off will start new colonies, and so all is not lost." Even if the crown of thorns did eat coral with particular gusto—and it was clearly more voracious than any of the other coral predators on the reef—Endean's critics said, the fact that the reef had been flourishing over the millennia was testimony to its powerful built-in capacity for regeneration and repair. They saw no reason to panic over the crown of thorns, and, enraged by what they regarded as Endean's irresponsible, off-the-cuff grandstanding, virtually ostracized him from the scientific community.

If many Australian scientists have an edge in their voices when they speak of Endean, he has been equally unsparing in condemning the reluctance of his colleagues—he refers to them as "the mob"—to join the campaign to stop the starfish. He likewise makes no secret of his attitude toward the Great Barrier Reef Marine Park Authority, and its mission of safeguarding the reef for posterity. "I've never been one who takes kindly to administrators, for a start," Endean said to me. "I don't deliberately go out to expose the Marine Park Authority for being a bunch of idiots, or fools, or something like this. I think they're genuine people who are trying to do a good job, in

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most cases. I think they've been misdirected, in some cases. I don't think they've got any basic plan. I think criticism is required."

The tourist industry wanted Endean to keep quiet, and the crown-of-thorns controversy also became entangled in a major political debate between environmentalists and developers over the right to exploit the commercial potential of the reef. Whether to permit oil drilling was the most heated topic, and some Australian economists put forward the cynical theory that the oil lobby was happy with the starfish invasion, because if the reef was being wrecked anyway there was no reason to worry about the harm that might be done by oil rigs and tankers. Australians, though most of them have never been to the Great Barrier Reef, cherish this unique national asset, and in 1970 the oil-drilling question was decisively resolved by the Australian

Parliament: it sided with the environmentalists, and banned drilling. But no legislative action could resolve the continuing conflict between the starfish and the corals.

IN the mid-nineteen-seventies, the bitter scientific controversy about the crown of thorns suddenly ended. There was no meeting of Australia's scientific minds, but there was good news: the starfish were retreating, as quickly and as mysteriously as they had come. Even on reefs that had been heavily infested by the crown of thorns, it was becoming difficult to find any. The scarcity of the starfish caused some scientists who had hoped to do more research on the animal to abandon their projects. Richard Kenchington, on behalf of the Great Barrier Reef Marine Park Authority, assured the Australian public that the crisis was over. In a 1976 article, "The

Great Starfish Scare That Fizzed," he stated that "as a natural event" crown-of-thorns outbreaks might happen again, "but probably not for hundreds of years," and in a 1978 "retrospective" on the controversy he concluded that the issue had been needlessly sensationalized by the press. The Marine Park Authority, savoring its victory over what it called "the prophets of doom," declared the case closed. Government-funded research on the crown of thorns essentially dried up.

Many Australian biologists were skeptical about Endean's warnings. One of them told me recently that, except, possibly, at Green Island, "there's no damage from the crown of thorns anywhere on the Great Barrier Reef." When I asked if that meant the crown of thorns was, in his view, a localized phenomenon, he replied testily, "You say 'in my view,' but there's no doubt about it. There was no plague of crown of thorns. Ever. There never has been on the Great Barrier Reef. With the exception of Green Island—where you have the most stressful situation on the whole of the Great Barrier Reef, because there's so much development on that one little island—there hasn't been a plague."

At Green Island, however, where the first starfish invasion took place, in the early sixties, the crown of thorns launched a second invasion, in 1979, which even the scientists who had dismissed Endean's earlier warnings had to acknowledge. The starfish clearly demonstrated that they were not content to stop by Green Island once for a quick meal. "The worrying thing about the present situation is that the crown of thorns is back, about fifteen years after the previous infestation," John Lucas said. "Green Island has been eaten twice in about twenty years. That's a bit too frequent. If it keeps happening at that rate, then the reef will change, because the species that the crown of thorns favors will be kept down."

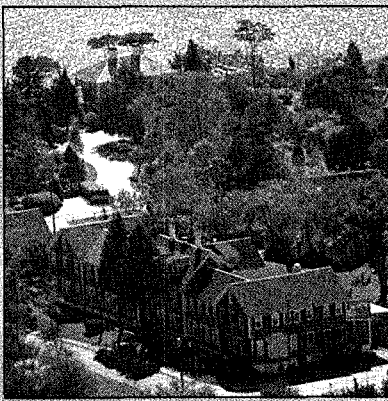
In January of 1980, Endean announced to the press that some three hundred thousand crown-of-thorns starfish were present on Green Island—an estimate that a spokesman for the Australian government admitted might be too low. Officials conceded that there might be as many as two million starfish on Green Island alone. The exact number was obviously less important than "the admission then

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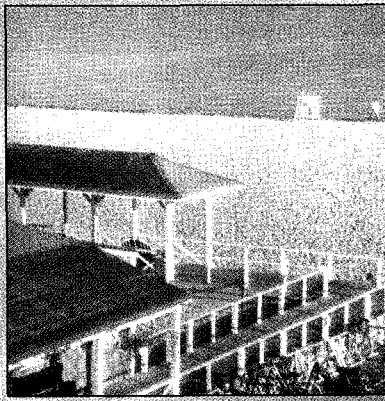
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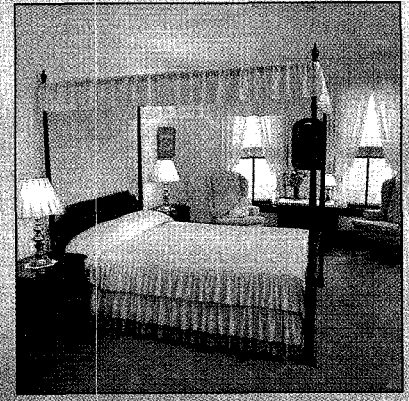
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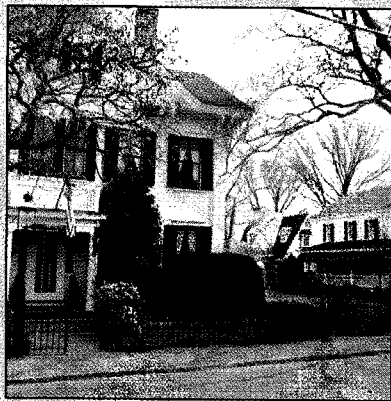


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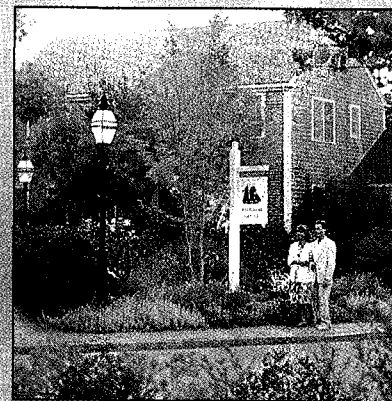
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that the starfish were back in force," Endean said in a recent interview. "The starfish infestations continued at Green Island in 1981. And this time they killed, in our estimate, over ninety per cent of the coral, in many regions up to ninety-eight per cent. We looked at the situation at Green pretty thoroughly, because it was by now a classic case as far as we were concerned. First time around, only about sixty-five per cent of the coral cover was killed. Second time around, well over ninety per cent."

The setback at Green Island occurred just when scientists monitoring the regrowth of the coral there thought they were seeing an impressive recovery from the previous starfish invasion. In the first crown-of-thorns outbreak, which lasted from 1962 to 1977, the starfish spread southward to other reefs. The second time around, beginning in 1979, the starfish repeated the same general course and have been munching their way once again along the midsection of the Great Barrier Reef. The starfish did not really disappear between the two episodes—Richard Kenchington noted that in the intervening years some reefs still had large populations—and the overall pattern of the outbreaks was different from the pattern on many other reefs in the Pacific. In Micronesia, for instance, isolated reefs got a quick zapping—the starfish came for a year or two and then disappeared. In Australia, the outbreaks appear to be a chronic problem.

Endean has not found that the renewed crown-of-thorns outbreak has given him an esteemed position in his country's scientific community. "It's not a happy position in Australia to be proved right," he said. "Australians are notorious for thinking that you're a bit of a smart-aleck if you predict what's going to happen." Yet even the members of the Marine Park Authority, who for years would rather have been impaled on a crown of thorns than admit that Endean might be right, are making some concessions to him. They still do not share his view on the implications of the starfish phenomenon, but they are willing to admit that it is more of a phenomenon than they believed at first. "Endean has done a remarkable job for someone working alone, in isolation from the scientific community," Leon Zann, a staff biologist at the Authority, told me. People at the Author-

ity are concerned that recent figures on coral destruction "would give credibility to Endean," he said. "Well, they do."

THE key ecological question about the crown of thorns, nevertheless, is not how many there are on the Great Barrier Reef and other reefs or how grand a meal they have been making of the coral. It is how these reefs, as a general matter, work, and whether the presence of substantial numbers of crown-of-thorns starfish is in any way abnormal. Richard Kenchington, the official who has served as Endean's regular sparring partner in the public debate on the subject, insists that while the crown of thorns may seem like the Grim Reaper to some people, it is not ipso facto an invader on the reef. It has been known to biologists for hundreds of years, after all, he says, and there is no evidence that its presence in large numbers is a new phenomenon, "though it has been presented as 'Looky here, doom and disaster have suddenly arrived.'" To begin with, outbreaks may have been happening for a long time, he says, and all that could be happening today is that, with the advent of scuba diving, scientists have been able to notice something that had not previously been observed. It is possible that the reef has simply experienced "two two-hundred-year storms in two decades," he says. "We have no evidence that this is abnormal, though there is concern."

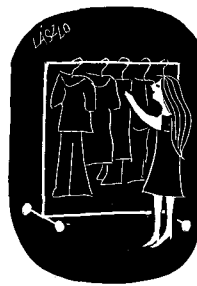
Moreover, the death of large patches of coral, Kenchington stresses, is not the same as the death of the Great Barrier Reef as a whole. The public uproar and the headlines were based on worst-case scenarios, he points out, but even in the most gruesome version of what is happening the fact that essentially only the reefs in the midsection of the Great Barrier Reef have been infested offers considerable reassurance. "There are two very large areas of the barrier reef that have not been affected by the crown of thorns these two times around," he told me, and added that these unaffected reefs serve as "nursery areas or recruitment areas" for new corals. "I can derive comfort from that, saying that we're not looking at your sort of Black Death scenario, a total zonk."

A further reassuring point is that even in areas that have been extensively eaten by the crown of thorns the destruction is not complete. Some corals survive and, in time—and not necessarily a very long time—can rebuild the living cover on the reef. "The crown of thorns has been through areas and has totally obliterated the living coral, but within five years or so you will see the whole thing back in shape again," John Bunt says. "Once the main structural elements are there, once the principal corals have reestablished themselves, then effectively the condominium is built, and all the others will come and occupy it pretty fast." Data from various reefs damaged in earlier crown-of-thorns attacks show that recovery was well under way within two years, and that the recovery was greatest in the areas where the damage had been most severe.

Not only do some experts think the coral can recover from the crown of thorns. Some marine scientists also think it might be good for the reef to go through such growing pains. Their argument is essentially that the crown of thorns, like a renovator, may make a terrible mess on the way toward home improvements in the longer term. In particular, the crown of thorns cuts down the dominant species of coral and thus makes room for other species, currently crowded out, the upshot being a more diverse group of corals.

Biologists have known for a long time that starfish in temperate waters, by eating common things like mussels, clear out space for other species, and the same kind of benefits, they argue, may accrue from the "destruction" caused by the crown of thorns.

This theory, which may appear overly ironic, is far from trivial. "The classic example in eastern Australia is that the great majority of our forest trees—in temperate Australia, anyway—will not germinate unless their seeds have been fired," Dr. Barry Goldman, the director of the Lizard Island Research Station at the time of my visit, told me. "For a short period, all the goody-goodies were running around preventing forest fires, because the fires were burning out our nice forests, and shortly they found that the forests were becoming very thin, because the new seeds were not germinating and the





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trees were not being replaced. The way highly diverse communities are maintained is through periodic catastrophes—I am using the word 'catastrophe' in a biological sense, not in the sense of a human catastrophe, where it is something to be sorry for."

AT Lizard Island, I wanted to try to get an idea of what is normal on the Great Barrier Reef and where the crown of thorns fits in. Barry Goldman handed me a weight belt, showed me where to get a tank of air, and discussed the difficulties of field study. One reason the crown-of-thorns controversy had persisted for so long, he said, was the shortage of scientists studying not just this animal but the reef in general. When the crown of thorns first appeared, Australia had only seventy-three marine biologists, none of whom worked full time on the reef. Today, the number of researchers is larger, but field work on the reef remains a small-time scientific enterprise. The world's major universities, Goldman added, are in the temperate zone, and knowledge of marine systems has been greatly skewed toward the animals that live in the home waters of those universities' scientists.

Much of the research at Lizard Island is being done by graduate students like Gladstone, who spend the better part of three or four years diving on the reefs nearby and studying previously unstudied animals. Janice Aldenhoven, Hugh Sweatman, and Richard Olson, all of them working toward their doctoral degrees, were doing field studies at Lizard Island when I was there.

Aldenhoven said that the remote tropical island was not the tranquil place people might imagine. Most of the year, stiff trade winds blew, the water was choppy, and the work there was real work: spending six or eight hours a day in the water and also having to deal with engines that quit, anchors that got stuck, the sun, sand flies, and so on. One of her least favorite experiences was kneeling accidentally on a crown of thorns: she had done it three times.

The compensation for the exhausting routine and the risks, Aldenhoven went on, was the tremendous opportunity offered by the research station to live among the animals of the reef. She was studying a blue-and-gold angelfish, *Centropyge bicolor*—a homebody that never travels more than a few

metres in its adult lifetime. It was possible, she told me, to recognize individual fish—their color patterns, when they were studied carefully, revealed subtle differences as distinctive as fingerprints—and once they were identified it was possible to follow the life cycle of certain angelfish year in and year out. "No. 5.1 male was always getting into lots of territory battles and didn't really keep his territory in good order and ended up losing all his females," she said. "And there was this other fish, 4.1—well, he managed to hold his territory for the whole of my study, and he was really a good friend, because I knew every time I went back to that area that he would be there. You see, when I first started off I knew nothing about their social system, and I didn't know whether all these fish I had found would even be there when I went back."

Aldenhoven's impression of a well-ordered angelfish social system was temporarily upset when she returned to her study site after a trip to the mainland and saw how the largest of the female angelfish was behaving. "I came back to the island after two months, and she had changed sex. The resident male was gone, and she had taken over the territory and was now spawning as a male with the other females in the group." Dissection revealed that the fish had lost female gonads and gained male ones. In this species, if the male disappeared the largest female in the harem customarily assumed his place, Aldenhoven found, and laboratory analysis showed that when this happened the new male had ripe sperm and was ready to spawn. Sex change turned out to be not a "mistake or hiccup" in the system but a regular aspect of life for many coral-reef fish.

Hugh Sweatman was studying *Dascyllus aruanus*, which is commonly known as the humbug fish, because it resembles a striped candy that Australian children call by that name. He introduced me to some of the practical aspects of looking at things underwater. During one of our dives, he signalled to me to pause and look at part of a large boulder of coral. We were in perhaps fifteen feet of water, the day was sunny, and the underwater visibility was about average for the area around Lizard Island—thirty or forty feet. I looked, but had to shrug back at Sweatman. He pointed to the same

spot, which was so close that I could have touched it if I'd wanted, but I had to shrug again. Finally, he wrote something on the pad he was carrying, handed it to me, and pointed once again to the coral. The message said "C-O-T"—and I saw my first specimen of the crown of thorns, neatly camouflaged and having its midday coral snack. Even the professionals with a lot more experience in those waters had trouble assessing the impact of the crown of thorns on this same portion of the reef. Dr. Frank Talbot, a marine biologist and the head of the California Academy of Sciences, has been doing research at Lizard Island off and on for years. "I don't think Lizard's been devastated by the crown of thorns," he told me at supper one night at the research station, but when he turned to Barry Goldman for a second opinion Goldman said he thought the local reefs definitely had been devastated. I put the question to other scientists at the station, and their answers ranged from "not devastated, but adversely affected" to "I'm not certain" to "I think Lizard Island had what you call a minor brush."

Richard Olson, the third graduate student whose work I followed, was the only American in the group; I learned that he lived a few blocks away from me back home, in Cambridge. He had been commuting between Harvard and Lizard Island in order to study the larvae of a common ascidian—one of the tiny reef invertebrates that, by filtering vast quantities of water, help keep the reef clean. When reef animals, including the crown of thorns, reproduce, their larvae usually become part of the plankton—the general term for the drifters in the upper strata of the ocean—and spend up to a few weeks being carried around by the currents before settling at the spot where they will live. Huge numbers of species are present in the plankton, and one of the most striking phenomena on the reef takes place in the course of a few days each summer when most of the corals reproduce.

Getting to know the reef piecemeal is a slow, labor-intensive process, and the researchers' difficulties are compounded by the absence of basic taxonomic data; there exists no satisfactory catalogue of the species on the reef. John Randall, who is one of the

leading experts on the classification of coral-reef fishes, was trying to ascertain what fish were present around Lizard Island. "Today, we collected seven little cardinal fishes, with orange stripes on them," he told me one evening while I was watching him photograph the day's specimens. He had caught them with a spear gun. "*Apogon cyanosoma*—they're common, widespread things. I suddenly saw that four of them—the smaller ones—had an orange spot at the base of the tail and the three others didn't have it. So there's a problem. Are they just different-color forms of the same species? Or are they different species? Or different sexes? Or are they growth forms, and do the small ones lose their orange spot? I mean, there's very little difference between the large and the small. I've got to go out and try to collect more. We're already seeing that there may be two species where we thought there was one. Just from today."

When it comes to pinning down normality on the reef, the difficulties don't end with the large and not yet well-defined set of species; there is also a huge variation in how many members of each species are on the reef or any part of it at any given time. "While there are over-all generalizations you can make about coral reefs, there are very many specific things you find at one reef that are not necessarily present at the next reef along the road, let alone five thousand miles away," Goldman said. "And even within a reef you might find that one area has a population of such-and-such a species, and you go two hundred yards down the reef and it's not there, though you might expect it to be there, because the habitat is the same. Again, if you go back in five years you might find that the situation is reversed."

Getting a precise count, or even a ballpark estimate, of how many animals live on the reef is beyond the present capacity of coral-reef scientists. It is hard enough trying to count corals, which are stationary, but counting the thousands of species of animals that move around is a statistician's nightmare. Rough estimates of the abundance of a few species are available, but no data exist covering the wide range of species on the reef. "We have a basic difficulty in actually measuring the en-



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vironment," Goldman said. "That is compounded by strong yearly variations or time variations in what is going on on the reef." He would not use the word "cycles," he said, "because that implies that there is some sort of master clock," but patterns obviously occurred over time which reef scientists had to try to account for.

One evening as we walked along the beach at Lizard Island, I asked Dr. Howard Choat, a professor of marine biology at James Cook University, what seemed to me to be a naïve question: "Why are there so many fish in the sea?" He replied that this was really one of the hottest topics that coral-reef scientists were dealing with and was central to the philosophical divide that separated Endean from other schools of thought on the crown of thorns. The question could be rephrased, he said, as "Why are there so few fish in the sea?" or "Why are there the number that there are?" or "What controls the number or diversity of fish at any particular place?" It had been customary, he said, for biologists in general, and not just Endean, to regard coral reefs as extremely stable environments, with the number of animals present never changing much from year to year—a view that he and many other reef scientists now feel is open to serious challenge.

When I talked to Endean, he acknowledged that it was his belief in the stability of the reef that had led to his conclusion that the crown-of-thorns outbreaks were abnormal. "I'd never seen any coral-reef-animal outbreak," he said. "I was of the opinion that population numbers were stable among coral-reef animals. This was something I felt—I didn't really have much data for it. However, people put it forward as a likely situation—that coral-reef communities were exceptionally stable, didn't change much. It was an idea certainly accepted in the sixties, although it was a gut reaction in my case."

Other biologists, such as John Lucas, regard the stability of the reef as little more than an entrenched myth. "There are probably a lot of other animals on the reef whose numbers are fluctuating substantially, and we're not really observing that because those animals don't impinge on our interests," he says. "When the crown of thorns fluctuates, it does such devastating things to the living coral that you

really notice it. The original idea of coral reefs was that they were a very stable environment. But that probably isn't the case."

"Ten years ago, ecological textbooks said that highly diverse systems were stable—that stability and diversity were coupled—but the problem, when we started to think about it, was to find what stability was," Goldman told me. "We now find that on a local basis highly diverse systems are quite unstable. You have local spasmodic catastrophes and periodic extinctions, and if you look at this on a totally random basis—well, you have little extinctions all over the place and then recolonizations all over the place. Systems come and go, and the reef is sort of self-maintaining on a big-system basis, but on a local basis it's not."

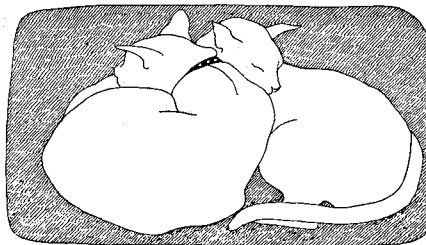
If the variability in fish populations in coral-reef systems is a new idea, it is an old one in temperate waters, where the stocks of such commercial staples as Norwegian herring, California sardines, and Peruvian anchovetas have experienced booms and busts. Biologists had long assumed that the fish on the Great Barrier Reef were immune to capricious forces of the kind that affected their cold-water cousins. This assumption stemmed in part from the belief that the tropics as a whole were, relatively speaking, blissfully stable. Reef scientists now recognize, however, that there are enough changes in the tropics—such as the amount of rainfall—to throw reef animals into disarray. "The marine tropics you fondly imagine have gently wafting breezes and a stable situation, but this stability is in fact fairly rare," John Bunt told me.

A second reason for thinking of coral reefs as highly stable was the commonly accepted theory that over time evolution had produced what was essentially the "best of all possible worlds" for the creatures that lived on the reef. Each species, that is, had had a great deal of time to adapt to and exploit for its own advantage the conditions on the reef—such as the kind of

living space and available food supply—and to adjust to competition and predation from other species. It was assumed that the animals were so well adapted that when disruptions occurred efficient, built-in mechanisms would bring the system back to normal. The diversity of species, like a broad-based stock portfolio, was regarded as a kind of insurance policy: it would prevent the topsy-turvy changes in fish populations that occurred in temperate waters, where nature invested in only a few species.

Today, however, many coral-reef ecologists, such as Joseph Connell, of the University of California at Santa Barbara, who has been monitoring study sites on the Great Barrier Reef for the better part of two decades, think that stability in the tropics may be the armchair biologist's pipe dream. Connell has observed that, while animals on the reef are able to adjust to a certain amount of disturbance, upsets may occur faster than they can respond. The over-all system, instead of being in equilibrium, may be in a state of more or less continuous upset—reeling from one disturbance to another, and never reaching a well-ordered "normal" state. The scientists who doubt whether the Great Barrier Reef is in a state of equilibrium emphasize the point that it is hardly a mature system in an evolutionary sense. It has existed not for millions of years but only since the last Ice Age—which is just yesterday in geological terms—and some of the reefs, such as the ribbons, are only about three thousand years old. "The whole thing is in a state of tremendous change, rapid change," John Veron says. "We look out on the Great Barrier Reef and say, 'This is huge, enormous, it's been there for aeons.' That's just not so. It's very recent."

"I suspect that some of the older school of fisheries biologists have some very good messages for us," Howard Choat said, "because for a long time now they've been saying, 'Look, it's as variable as hell.'" The notion that chance variation rather than general stability characterizes life on the reef—that the system dances to the beat of an experimental jazz band, not a Viennese orchestra—represents the theoretical divide between Endean and other reef scientists. It is not just Australia's prize natural wonder that is at stake in the crown-of-thorns debate



but scientists' prize theories about how nature works.

THE fundamental biology of the crown of thorns permits—and perhaps even encourages—large swings in the size of the population. In many marine species, reproduction is carried out lottery style, with the females annually producing vast numbers of eggs, only a few of which are expected to survive. Most of the offspring either starve or are eaten when they are larvae or juveniles. The large number of eggs is one of nature's ways of insuring that at least a few members of the species will survive the chancy early stages of life in the oceans. With the crown of thorns, the practice of producing excess numbers of eggs is carried to an extreme. A female crown of thorns of typical size will produce twenty million eggs in a season. It is not the world's most prolific marine animal—some oysters produce as many as five hundred million eggs in a season—but it is a fecund creature by any standard. In the starfish, as in other animals, high fecundity is customarily accompanied by high mortality, so that the population remains relatively stable from one year to the next. But there is always the possibility that the starfish population can explode.

"When all of the factors go right, you get a lot of starfish," Richard Kenchington said. "We have many, many marine species that operate that way. When all of the factors go right, you have a high survival of North Sea herring. When all of the factors go right, you have a very high survival of Atlantic cod. We're used to fluctuations in numbers of commercial species that have a breeding strategy similar to that of the starfish but an order of magnitude less. You're dealing in the crown of thorns with a beast that produces ten times or a hundred times as many eggs as a herring or a cod. So if everything goes right you've got an awful lot of starfish around. Now, there have been outbreaks of, for instance, the common starfish in oyster beds in Britain and along the East Coast of the States. It's not an unknown phenomenon. We've got a beast that belongs to a group of animals which can outbreak—which is known to outbreak."

The facts cited by Kenchington have weighed little in the Australian debate, where the crown of thorns has

been treated as an animal apart from all others—as if it were a Martian species. On our East Coast, for example, the common starfish *Asterias forbesi* has amply demonstrated what Kenchington described as a tendency of the species to increase rapidly in numbers. In 1929, for example, the oyster industry was badly hit by starfish; one company had to remove over ten million from its oyster beds. In 1931, almost seven million starfish were removed from Narragansett Bay, and they were ruining the scallop industry there as well. In a three-year period, sixty million starfish were removed from Buzzards Bay. By the time the Second World War began, a scientist at the United States Department of the Interior's Bureau of Fisheries was writing about starfish as if they were Nazis. Various control measures have since been tried, and the possibility of harvesting starfish and selling them for fertilizer has been considered, although the fact that they come and go unpredictably means that it would be hard to set up a regular starfish-processing industry. Oystermen have simply had to get used to the periodic outbreaks—which seem to occur about every fourteen years—and to remove the starfish or kill them when they are present in annoying numbers. The same thing has been going on, after all, since Roman times, and because oysters are generally able to outbreed starfish, the oyster industry, despite ups and downs, has kept going. Many biologists think that coral can likewise hold its own against the crown of thorns—although they recognize that biological precedents, like legal ones, are not always simple to interpret.

In a twenty-five-year effort starting in the nineteen-thirties, the United States Bureau of Commercial Fisheries tracked and studied the starfish in American waters. The techniques used over the years included coloring the animals with dye to make them easier to monitor, following them with underwater television cameras, and making extensive surveys of juvenile starfish in waters such as Long Island Sound. The life cycle of the crown of thorns has proved harder to monitor. No method of tagging it has been found, for its tissues are so soft that tags cut through them and fall off. Nor have dyes worked, for this starfish absorbs or repels dyes applied to its skin. The crown of thorns also man-

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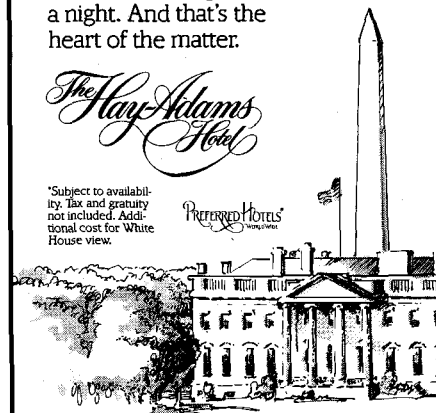
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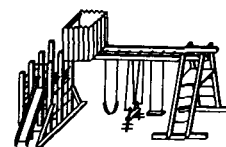
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ages to keep its reproductive life shrouded in mystery.

For one thing, it is difficult—except at spawning time, when the female is practically bursting with eggs, which are visible through her stretched and almost transparent skin—to tell the males and females apart. "You can't sex them," Lucas said to me. "There's no difference in appearance between males and females. The way we sex them in the field is with a large hypodermic syringe. The gonads are just along the bases of the arms, so you shove your syringe in there and draw. Then you can see whether you've got a cloud of white sperm or a suspension of yellow eggs."

There is also little knowledge of spawning behavior itself, since it has been directly observed only a few times. Robert Pearson got to see it on a dive at Upolo Reef, north of Green Island, in January, 1968. "They just release their gametes into the water," he said in an interview. "It was quite an interesting phenomenon. We couldn't work out why all the starfish were sitting up

on the tips of these branching corals—the treelike corals about three or four feet high, with branches about an inch thick—all of them sitting up and not clinging to the branches but having the tips of their arms waving in the water. It looked like strange behavior. Then, all of a sudden, the males started releasing sperm into the water. The water went cloudy. Then a few females started spawning, releasing eggs. There haven't been too many observations made of the phenomenon, so we don't know if it's a typical thing that happens. But, anyway, the eggs and sperm lie there in the water column, they mix, and fertilization takes place."

The larvae, smaller than a pinhead, are mixed in with all the other planktonic animals and carried wherever the currents lead. But even at a crown-of-thorns breeding site it may be impossible to identify the newborn crown of thorns. Richard Olson, after completing his research and doctoral dissertation on ascidian larvae, went to work studying the starfish larvae on behalf of

the Australian Institute of Marine Science. He noted, "One of the problems with trying to study crown-of-thorns larvae in the field is that there are five or six other starfish that have larvae so similar you can't tell them apart under a microscope."

What happens to the larvae during the crucial period when they are drifting in the plankton—a period that lasts about two weeks—has also been impossible to determine. For most marine creatures, the inability of their larvae to survive the planktonic stage is believed to be the key to keeping their population under control. Whether that is true for the crown of thorns is unknown. One factor in the survival of the crown-of-thorns larvae is whether they get enough to eat. John Lucas thinks, on the basis of laboratory studies in which he raised crown-of-thorns starfish all the way from larvae to adults, that the availability of food for the larvae is a critical factor in their survival. Olson is not so sure. "We don't know very well what the larvae feed on, to begin with, so it's very hard to infer how much food they have in the field," he told me. A fish can be cut open, and its stomach contents examined, he added, but "doing gut contents of a larva is more difficult." Another factor affecting the rate of survival is whether the crown-of-thorns larvae make some other planktonic creature's meal. Like the fertilized eggs of some other species, the crown-of-thorns larvae have poisons, called saponins, to discourage other creatures from eating them, but some creatures may pay no attention to the bad taste and give them a try anyway.

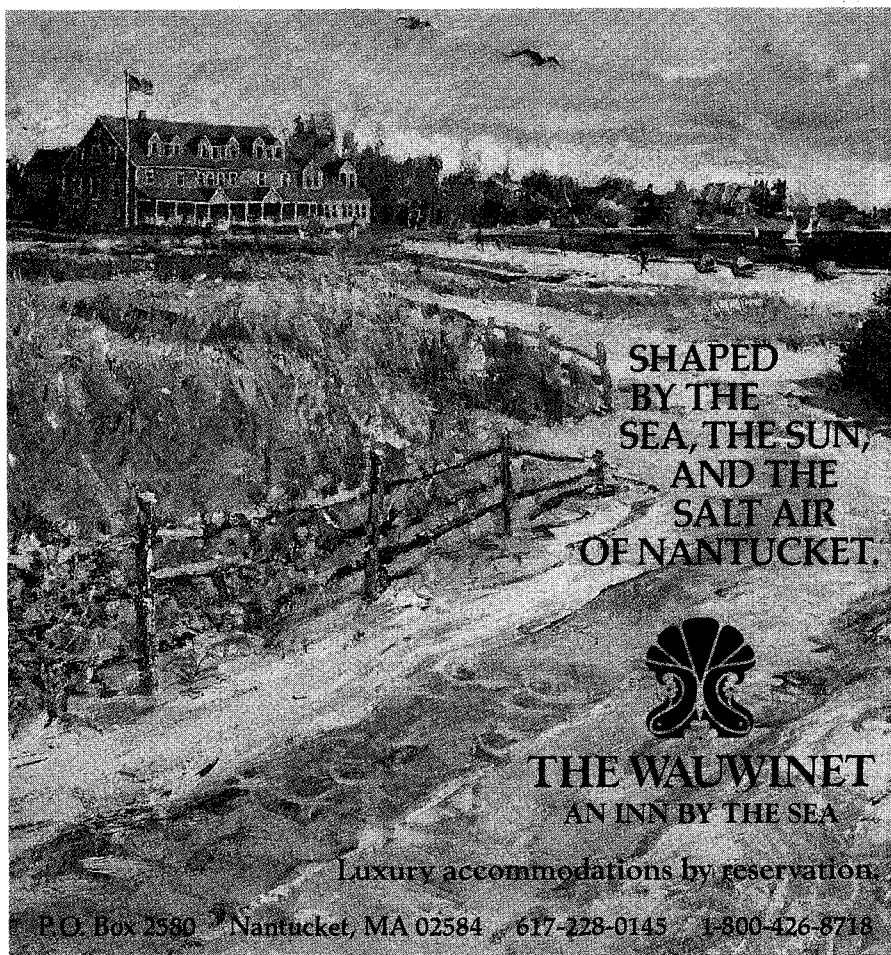
"There are two main stages to the larval cycle," Olson said. "There's the pelagic stage, when the larvae are drifting around out in the open ocean, where there's a whole variety of microscopic predators. There are little things called arrow worms, which are almost invisible and are voracious predators. There are small fish larvae that feed on the zooplankton—go around snapping things up. Then, once the larvae finally get to the late brachiolaria stage—when they get ready to abandon their free-floating planktonic life—they begin to settle out. They have to come down and find coral and algae on the benthos and manage to avoid all the benthic predators. The benthos is the bottom. On their way down to the reef, they've

got to pass through a column of water that's inhabited by lots of plankton-feeding fish."

Another of the young starfish's problems is the coral itself. The starfish may grow up to be a coral predator, but in its infant stage the situation may be reversed. "That's the last obstacle they've got to overcome," Olson said. "Almost all coral is probably lethal to them. Now, whether or not the corals eat them isn't clear, but in my work on the ascidian larvae I followed the larvae underwater, and a large number of them would bump into coral tentacles, and the coral would retract. The coral wouldn't eat the larva, but the stinging cells of the tentacles would kill it. Just unintentional death. If you think about the coral cover on the reef and view all that as lethal habitat, and see this larva, which is only a millimetre in length and is capable of only a slight amount of locomotion—it's really drifting at the mercy of the currents, and it's being passed through all these territories where there are predators that'll suck it in and eat it—you realize that there's an enormous source of predation on larvae which is completely unquantified. After they've settled, there's even more predation on them, in the form of the benthic predators—lots of tiny worms, little shrimps, and so on, that come along and pluck them up."

If crown-of-thorns larvae do make it to a reef, they seem to know to hide. Until recently, juvenile starfish had been observed out in the open only on the rarest occasions. Mostly, they stay under rocks and in crevices, and keep themselves alive feeding on coralline and other algae; they are a bright pink, similar to coralline algae. Within a few months, they develop their adult number of arms and their camouflage coloring, and switch to a coral diet. They still keep hidden by day. It is only when they become adults and are present in dense aggregations that they emerge and feed openly.

Adult crown-of-thorns starfish, like all other creatures on the reef, face predation, at least in theory. That they have an outer covering of poisonous spines, make themselves hard to see, and feed at night except when they have the strength of numbers suggests a keen awareness of the need to protect themselves. But just what, if anything, they now have to be afraid of, and to what extent, remains a mystery. In the eastern Pacific and in a few other areas



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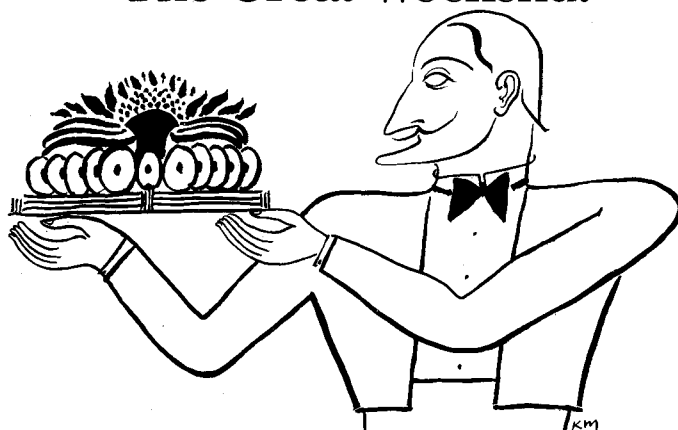
where their numbers are modest, a tiny banded shrimp has been observed attacking the starfish. In what has been described as a David-and-Goliath encounter, these shrimp—a hundredth the size of the starfish—manage to flip the starfish over, pierce its body wall, and attack its gonads and other tissues. This is enough to persuade the starfish to beat a hasty retreat. In the western Pacific, in areas of major crown-of-thorns outbreaks, there is no evidence that the shrimp has any impact on the starfish population.

Another possible limiting agent on the crown of thorns was suggested to John Lucas during his work at James Cook University. "As starfish go, they're big," he said. "And the fact that they're so much tissue and not much skeletal material seems to make them prone to bacterial infections. This happened in the lab. In the early seventies, I was trying to rear these starfish in order to follow the life cycle. Suddenly, one kind of bacteria went riot in the aquarium system and started ripping into them. They'd just fall apart in a matter of a few days. Other starfish in the seawater system weren't affected. We had a hypothesis that one of the controlling factors on the crown-of-thorns population might be that when they get very dense they succumb to epidemics of bacteria. It's just a hypothesis, but some other invertebrate marine animals—oysters, for instance—when they become very abundant get bacterial diseases."

Lucas went on, "We got a bacteriologist in, and we got isolates from the sick starfish. The trouble was there were so many starfish, and we didn't have a chance to find which were primary infections and which were secondary, and so on. We did think of trying to inoculate starfish in the field—infect them with the bacteria—and then see what happened, but by that stage the starfish had disappeared from the nearby reefs." Since no mass mortality of adult crown-of-thorns starfish has ever been observed, post-mortem data that might confirm the role of bacteria—or identify some other cause of death—have never been available.

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IF everyone else has trouble determining what curbs the size of crown-of-thorns populations, Endean suffers from no such uncertainty. The most controversial of his theories re-

garding the crown of thorns is that a particular type of mollusk—the giant triton, or trumpet shell—is an effective natural predator of the starfish. Moreover, he believes that in the past the tritons managed to keep the crown-of-thorns population under control but that human interference with the reef—in the form of overcollecting of tritons—has caused the continuing crown-of-thorns outbreak.

Endean's assertions on the subject of tritons drive just about every other marine biologist in Australia up the wall. Barry Goldman was not speaking just for himself when he commented, "It is certainly not the result of predation of crown of thorns by triton shells, which one of our eminent ecologists tried to tell everybody, and which brought a lot of discredit to ecology, because even the man in the street could see through it and laughed at it. With the crown of thorns there is some factor that influences whether the larvae survive or not, and that determines whether you're plagued with it or not."

The triton, which is one of the largest and handsomest shells in the ocean, reaching a maximum length of about eighteen inches, has been much prized since antiquity. It was once an important element in initiation ceremonies and temple worship; for example, a triton of carved alabaster was found in Crete when Phaistos, one of the centers of early Minoan civilization, was excavated. Present throughout the Indian and Pacific Oceans, it has been sought by shell collectors for centuries.

A triton has been observed once or twice with a crown of thorns in its grasp, but the reasons that make the triton an unlikely over-all control factor for the crown of thorns seem straightforward enough to most biologists. "First of all, the triton is rare," John Randall said. "I don't think I've seen more than three or four in all the years I've been diving. Second, the crown of thorns is not the triton's sole food, or even its preferred food. It feeds on all kinds of starfish, and if it is given a choice it won't feed on the crown of thorns. And even if there were quite a few tritons what we're looking at is masses of starfish they could never control."

Richard Kenchington agrees with Randall, and Robert Pearson also expressed skepticism about the ability of

tritons to keep the crown of thorns at bay. "The triton is a very slow-moving animal, and starfish can usually escape from it," he said. "A triton might move three-quarters of a foot per minute up and down the coral and on flat sand. A starfish would beat a triton. I don't see how the triton could be an effective predator."

Even if a triton does catch up with a crown of thorns, a further fundamental fact of starfish biology affects the outcome of the encounter: starfish can regenerate. Most animals have a head to bite off, but a starfish doesn't; it presents attackers with multiple arms, any of which it can do without, and one of which is usually enough to let it grow back into an entire starfish. (One species of starfish, which is a cousin of the blue *Linckia*, reproduces by taking advantage of this ability: an arm of the starfish simply walks away from the rest of it and begins life on its own.) The crown of thorns is not the most spectacular of regenerators—it can't start afresh from a single arm—but it can easily regrow a good chunk of itself that is bitten off. Accordingly, when a crown of thorns is caught by a triton it can yield part of its body to the triton and still survive.

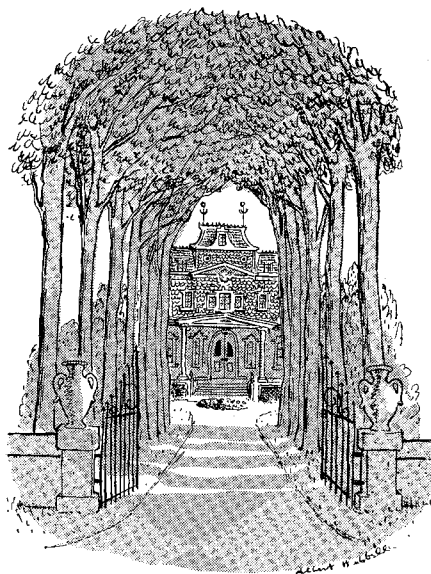
Although many biologists scoffed when Endean pinpointed tritons as the balancers of nature on the reef, he has refused to reconsider his position. When I asked what his response was to those biologists' arguments, he sighed, as if preparing himself for yet another undeserved beating. "You must appreciate that this is a hypothesis," he said. "It was put up as a hypothesis. It is not proved. Definitely not. But it is, to our way of thinking, a logical hypothesis

that can be looked at in detail. I've advocated now that we do just that—that we select reefs that have never been attacked by the starfish and remove the predator triton cover to see if the crown of thorns attacks."

Concerning the rarity of tritons and the rate at which they were removed, he admitted, "My information on the collection of triton shells is not very good." He believed that the collecting of tritons had been popular with servicemen in the Pacific during the Second World War, and that the demand for the big, showy shells had increased in the fifties. Many were traded at bars and hotels, he said, and obviously no records were kept of such transactions. Yet another argument against his hypothesis, however, is that crown-of-thorns outbreaks have occurred on remote Pacific islands where tourists, commercial shell collectors, and other inadvertent tamperers with the balance of nature have never appeared. Endean is willing to modify his hypothesis somewhat, to include fish as a control agent for the crown of thorns—fish that have been removed by spear-fishing, scuba-diving man. But beyond anecdotal information, such as isolated reports of the finding of a crown of thorns in a large grouper's stomach, he has no data to support his contention that these fish were the force that once kept the starfish populations on the reef under control.

CHARLES BIRKELAND appeared just in time to rescue the despairing mainstream biologists. A biologist at the University of Guam, he wrote a paper in 1981 that offered the biological community a theory explaining the crown-of-thorns outbreaks as a natural phenomenon. Birkeland was impressed by the need to look beyond conditions on individual reefs, such as those in Guam (there had been a severe crown-of-thorns outbreak there in the late sixties) or along the Great Barrier Reef, and to try to account for the Pacific-wide phenomenon of crown-of-thorns outbreaks. After all, one of the most remarkable, and also least analyzed, facts about the situation was that many invasions by the starfish of reefs separated by several thousand miles were more or less synchronous. What could conceivably link these events? The connection, Birkeland suggested, was the weather.

His review of records from the

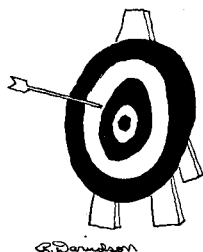


starfish-infested areas indicated that roughly three years before each of the crown-of-thorns outbreaks there had been exceptionally heavy rainfalls. Most of the outbreaks were near high islands where such rainfalls would wash large quantities of nutrients onto nearby reefs. The excess supply of fertilizer would stimulate the growth of phytoplankton—creating what are known as “algal blooms” on the surface of the water—and this food would be available to the crown-of-thorns larvae. Since the starfish breed during the rainy season, the weather-related surge in the food supply would fit in neatly with the larvae’s need for nutrition. Birkeland noted that Lucas’s laboratory studies had shown that with increased food there was a large increase in the rate of survival of starfish larvae. All this added up, in his analysis, to an explanation of the outbreaks which was both statistically clear and biologically reasonable: they were caused not by man’s interference with the balance of nature but by one of nature’s own routine shifts and swings.

Birkeland’s findings were greeted with applause by biologists who were looking for a way to rebut Endean. One thing that his findings had going for them was their general similarity to biologists’ understanding of locust plagues. Between 1934 and 1974, southeastern Australia suffered seventeen locust plagues. In Mexico, South America, Africa, and the Middle East, plagues also occurred periodically: permanent populations expanded and formed swarms. Studies of the onset of these episodes showed that rainfall—especially after periods of drought—was a common catalyst.

If there was quick approval of Birkeland’s findings, there was also little immediate critical analysis of them. Many Australian marine scientists were weary of the long crown-of-thorns debate, it seemed, and if a simple theory came along that would end the debate, the temptation was to accept it with no questions asked. Questions concerning Birkeland’s findings eventually arose, however, and the simple correlation he had described was found to have some potential weak spots. It was noted that remote low islands had

had outbreaks, and so had places where it hardly rained at all. In addition, the accuracy of some of the dates and sites of outbreaks and storms mentioned in Birkeland’s paper was questioned. And, most important, there was a logical problem. “There is a wealth of different species out there that probably feed on exactly the same resource. Why don’t they have outbreaks?” Richard Olson asked. The algal bloom was not a special meal prepared for crown-of-thorns larvae, so why didn’t the survival rate of the general population of animals in the areas of the bloom increase proportionately?



As a larval biologist, Olson said, he was also leery of armchair notions about what goes on in the field. He wanted to find out what actually happened to crown-

of-thorns larvae in the water. The ascidian larva he had been working on at Lizard Island was a “non-feeding larva”—one that swam in the plankton for such a short period that it didn’t need to feed there. The more he studied the issue, he said, the less sense it made to him that crown-of-thorns larvae starved to death in normal conditions, and survived only when there was an exceptionally large food supply. One of the reasons for his skepticism was research by other scientists showing that some larvae could extract dissolved organic compounds from the seawater and might have little need for phytoplankton. In Antarctic waters, for example, the level of phytoplankton was tens or hundreds of thousands of times lower than on coral reefs, yet starfish larvae there survived. Was phytoplankton really essential to crown-of-thorns larvae, and thus the big factor in causing the outbreaks?

To try to resolve the issue, Olson set up an experiment in which he took newly hatched crown-of-thorns larvae and put them out on a reef in ordinary conditions to see whether they survived; as a control, other newly hatched larvae were put on the reef but were given a big dose of the kind of extra food they would get from a phytoplankton bloom. The larvae were caged in plastic cannisters screened with fine mesh; pumps kept seawater going through the cannisters; and Olson and a team of divers monitored the

equipment and kept it clean, so that other animals could not settle on the equipment and upset the experiment. Olson’s “big experiment,” as he called it, was a difficult exercise, because it involved building an underwater platform on which to grow the larvae and then stabilizing the platform to prevent the surf on the reef from smashing everything. (On the tenth day of the experiment, a shackle worked loose on the platform, setting it adrift. The only thing that kept it from washing out to sea was a safety line, attached the day before by his wife, Molly.) I joined Olson and his crew on the research vessel Harry Messel, which was stationed on John Brewer Reef, off Townsville, and watched the setting up of the experiment (which, incidentally, gave me a chance to see the extensive damage that had been done to that reef by the crown of thorns).

The experiment lasted two weeks—the time it takes crown-of-thorns larvae to reach the stage when they are ready to settle on a reef. Olson found that the larvae whose diet was ordinary seawater survived just as well as the ones that got extra food. “Adding more food to their diet down on the coral reef didn’t make much difference,” he said. “The little suckers settled in two weeks without extra food.” So much for the “larval-starvation hypothesis” as the explanation of what controls crown-of-thorns outbreaks.

If food supply does not determine the survival of the larvae, what does? Olson said he thought that part of Birkeland’s analysis remained valid—there did seem to be a strong, although not perfect, correlation between outbreaks and climatic aberrations three years earlier. What was in doubt was the link. “In my opinion, loss of larvae to offshore currents is likely to be a much more important source of larval mortality than starvation,” he said. “Conceivably, typhoons might affect the circulation of nearshore water currents, resulting in more larvae being retained on the reef than in other years, but there are still nowhere near enough data to test this idea.”

“Anything’s possible, that’s the problem,” Richard Kenchington told me. “We used to play a game in 1972 that consisted of getting a flagon of wine, and you’d have a drink all the way around the table, and then some-

body would start inventing a fantastical series of things that were possible causes for crown-of-thorns outbreaks." The participants, he said, were allowed to make one "everyone knows" statement and then concoct a chain of developments from that premise which showed how heaps of starfish suddenly would appear on the reef. "What is frustrating," Kenchington went on, "is that it's so damned easy to come up with possible causes that can pass straight into the public debate. But to unravel each possible cause and see whether it's a probable cause usually involves ten man-years of science, and possibly a lot more. It is obvious that as of today nobody knows what causes crown-of-thorns outbreaks. As of today, nobody knows what causes the common cold. I have the suspicion that I'll have been long dead, buried, or burned before that's figured out."

WHILE the scientific debate continues, pressure is mounting on the Australian government to decide what to do about the continuing crown-of-thorns outbreaks. Endean still advocates direct action—a government-sponsored program to round up and kill the starfish—and the Marine Park Authority still resists this course as both unnecessary and futile. The level of frustration among the country's political leaders over the impasse was suggested in a retrospective account of the controversy written in 1985 by a committee of the Australian Parliament. This document commented, "The Committee finds it difficult to understand why it appears some scientists refuse to consider rationally the views of other scientists or to modify their opinions in the light of new information," and added, "It also concerns the Committee that some scientists have been so preoccupied with either advancing their own theories or rejecting the opinions of their opponents that some important developments appear to have been given insufficient attention."

In the middle of the debate about what to do is the Marine Park Authority. On the one hand, it is being exhorted by the environmentalists—greenies, as they are called in Australia—not to let so much as one more polyp succumb to the starfish; on the other hand, both the conservative, pro-

business government of the State of Queensland and the local tourist industry want it to avoid imposing burdensome regulations or initiating dramatic control programs. One real-estate developer offered the view that the reef could be counted on to heal itself, since "nature can take a terrible bashing."

The staff of the Authority, in the midst of being pushed and pulled by these conflicting political winds, remains stymied by its uncertain technical understanding of what is happening to the reef. "Where the available information is poor, you are always vulnerable to continuing niggles as to whether you're doing the right thing," Kenchington says. "Economic managers have been operating for many decades—some would say with singular lack of effect—in this sort of environment of trying to piece together what seems to be the best thing to do with any given circumstance. There is always a fundamental problem for a management agency. You never have as much information as you need to make your decision. That's almost axiomatic." In this instance, he notes, the distorted public debate fuelled by hysterical television and newspaper reports has aggravated the problems involved in making a rational decision. "The impression one gets is of total devastation," he said recently. "There's a very simple cause and effect. Cause: Large populations of starfish. Effect: No coral left. Proof: Here's a photograph. It is very difficult to counter this by saying that large populations of starfish died out, disappeared—we don't know what happened to them—and more than fifty

per cent of the coral that was on that reef before we started is still there, even though in a quarter of that reef ninety per cent of the coral has been killed. This presents a very complicated, multidimensional picture, which is difficult to communicate through the media."

As for controlling the crown of thorns, the Authority's position is that it has not been proved that the starfish present a dire threat to the reef as a whole, and, anyway, control is not feasible. A program to eradicate the starfish would be "great for getting a warm rosy glow and appearing to be doing something," Kenchington says, but neither of the most obvious methods—having divers collect the starfish by hand or inject them with a lethal dose of something like copper sulfate—seems likely to work. In Japan, for example, approximately four million dollars was spent on an attempt to control the starfish around a set of reefs in Okinawa, but a report by a Japanese scientist concluded, "The control programs were mostly unsuccessful . . . significant numbers of starfish still remained after each misguided and belated campaign." A further discouraging fact about control programs is that high-density populations of crown-of-thorns starfish eventually decline by themselves: during expensive and laborious control programs that have taken place on some reefs, the starfish populations have simultaneously declined on neighboring reefs where no control efforts were made.

Around specific areas, such as tourist sites, control obviously does make sense. And for Green Island, given the immense publicity that the outbreaks there have received, the Authority has a contingency plan to monitor the area visited by tourists for possible future starfish invasions. "If it happened on that part of Green Island, I think we would be obliged to wipe them out," Kenchington says. The Authority's real priority, however, is not starfish eradication but public education, to try to calm exaggerated fears, and scientific research, to try to settle the crown-of-thorns issue once and for all. On neither front is it making much headway. If Endean could take reporters on trips to the reef, the Authority decided, it could do the same, but the media coverage that a 1984 tour generated was not what officials had hoped



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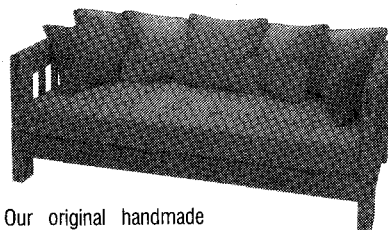
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for. Authority scientists tried to explain to the press how the coral could regenerate after attacks by the crown of thorns, how the animal didn't eat all the coral anyway, and other similarly reassuring information. An example of the success of its public-relations venture was a feature story in the *Brisbane Sun-Herald* which began: "The Great Barrier Reef is being destroyed by crown of thorns starfish and the Federal Government doesn't care." In the text of the article were a few of the facts the Authority wanted to convey.

On the research front, the Authority's problems are no less acute. It is true that Endean has been helpful in getting the government to provide it with funds for this purpose. Kenchington told me, "I have to admit that both times when there has been significant public expenditure it has followed fairly directly upon his activities in raising concern about the subject." The main problem, however, is that scientists "don't like to work on political hot potatoes," he said, and so are extremely hesitant to get involved in research on the crown of thorns. He recalled that in 1972, when he began his own work on the subject, he was advised by a senior colleague not to go near the issue. Graduate students I talked with at Lizard Island told me that they had been given similar advice, on the ground that no matter what results they came up with on this politically charged subject they were certain to offend somebody and expose themselves to public criticism. "The first time there was specific money for crown-of-thorns research was for the program that ran from 1972 to 1976," Kenchington said, "and that money was never fully committed, because there were not applications from enough scientists." Then, in the mid-seventies, when the starfish had apparently disappeared from the reef, research funds dried up, and now that the animal and the grants to study it are back "we're very light on applications" from people wanting to make such studies. "They don't want to touch it with a barge pole, thank you. That's the way the scientific career machine works."

THE shark appeared on my left. It was about six feet long, was twenty or thirty feet away, and was swimming briskly. Sharks are common on the Great Barrier Reef, but this one,

in Mermaid Cove, was the first I had seen—there or anywhere else. I knew that shark attacks are extremely rare, though that is not the impression one gets from the shoptalk of local divers. Offer an Australian diver a beer, get a shark story; skip the beer, get a shark story. More scientific accounts have made it clear that only a few of the hundred species of shark on the reef present any serious threat. In the library at the Lizard Island Research Station, I had read the standard reference work on coral-reef fish and studied mug shots of the various sharks. When I saw my first one, though, all my homework proved useless. "Jaws" is what I thought.

I remembered having been told to keep swimming calmly if I did see a shark. I had to keep swimming in any event, to prevent the strong current at the end of the cove from sweeping me out into the ocean. It occurred to me to turn and take a better look at the shark, but my neck refused to cooperate. Finally, I did get up the courage to steal a glance to the left: the shark was gone. I relaxed, and turned back in time to see it coming around on my right. This time, I took a good look, and noted that it had a black tip on its dorsal fin. I wanted to ask Randall what to expect from the species with this distinctive marking, but Randall and another diver who had come out with us that morning were a hundred feet below, searching for rare fish that live near the base of the reef.

The shark finally left. I made it to the beach—swimming over a patch of coral that had apparently been killed by the crown of thorns—and sat there for a while contemplating both my mortality and the coral polyps'. Before long, Randall and the other diver surfaced, brought the boat we were using up to the beach, and picked up a somewhat unsteady frogman-reporter. When I described my encounters, Randall told me that the shark was one of the most harmless species on the reef. "You just say 'Boo!' to it and it goes away," he added.

While no magic word can be used to get rid of the crown of thorns, I began to think that the starfish scare in Australia, like my reaction to the shark, might ultimately prove to be a false alarm. Human beings may not like to watch other creatures being devoured, but there is no convincing reason to think that the crown of thorns is en-

gaged in anything beyond business as usual on the reef. After all, the animal did not leap out of a genetic-engineering laboratory. It has been around for a long time, and the evidence is strong that the starfish is just another of nature's creatures, following the rules that all other creatures, including the common starfish, obey. Though ordinary starfish eat oysters and mussels, plenty of oysters and mussels survive, because they have a high rate of reproduction, and there is no reason to doubt that corals will survive, too, for the same reason.

The emotions stirred by the crown-of-thorns controversy, however, will not die down soon, but it might be refreshing, and humbling, for the biologists involved to take time to reread Darwin's short book on coral reefs. For one thing, the modesty with which he puts forward his theory on coral-reef formation is a model of scientific reasonableness. For another, his broad overview commands the attention of scientists who may be unduly concerned with the idiosyncrasies of one starfish. "There are living checks to the growth of coral-reefs, and that the almost universal law of 'consume and be consumed' holds good even with the polypifers forming those massive bulwarks, which are able to withstand the force of the open ocean," Darwin writes. "We know that the existence of the innumerable polypifers forming a reef depends on their sustenance, and that they are preyed on by other organic beings; and, lastly, as we know that some inorganic causes are highly injurious to the growth of coral, it cannot be expected that during the round of change to which earth, air, and water are exposed, the reef-building polypifers should keep alive for perpetuity in any one place. . . . It is, then, not improbable that the corals should sometimes perish either on the whole or on part of a reef."

Darwin's calm acceptance of the death as well as the life of corals contrasts with the reef-killer-plague school of thought on the starfish outbreaks. If only Darwin had actually seen some crown-of-thorns starfish near the dead coral he stood on at Cocos atoll—if, in fact, it was the culprit there. With a little detective work by the father of modern biology, the coral-eating habits of this animal might have come as less of a shock today.

—DANIEL FORD

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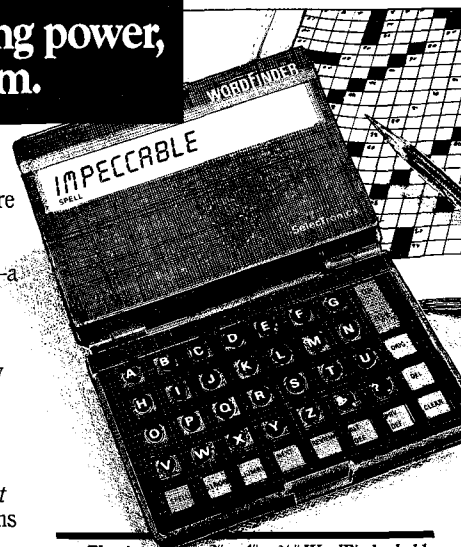
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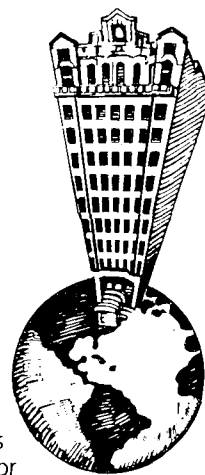
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THE SPORTING SCENE

THE COUNTRY CLUB AND THE OPEN

THE COUNTRY CLUB, in Brookline, Massachusetts, the scene of Curtis Strange's victory last month in the United States Open championship, has long been one of the most renowned homes of golf in the world. Established in 1882 by gentlemen horsemen, The Country Club added a golf course to its other facilities eleven years later. On December 22, 1894, two delegates from the club met at the Calumet Club, in New York, with delegates from the St. Andrew's Golf Club, near Yonkers, the Shinnecock Hills Golf Club, on Long Island, the Newport Golf Club, and the Chicago Golf Club. That evening, this group formally founded the United States Golf Association. Down through the decades, The Country Club has been very active in U.S.G.A. affairs. A good sprinkling of its members have served as officers of the association, and the club has been the venue of three national open championships, five national amateur championships, two national women's amateur championships, one national junior amateur championship, one national girls' junior amateur championship, and two Walker Cup matches in which amateur teams representing the United States met teams

representing Great Britain and Ireland.

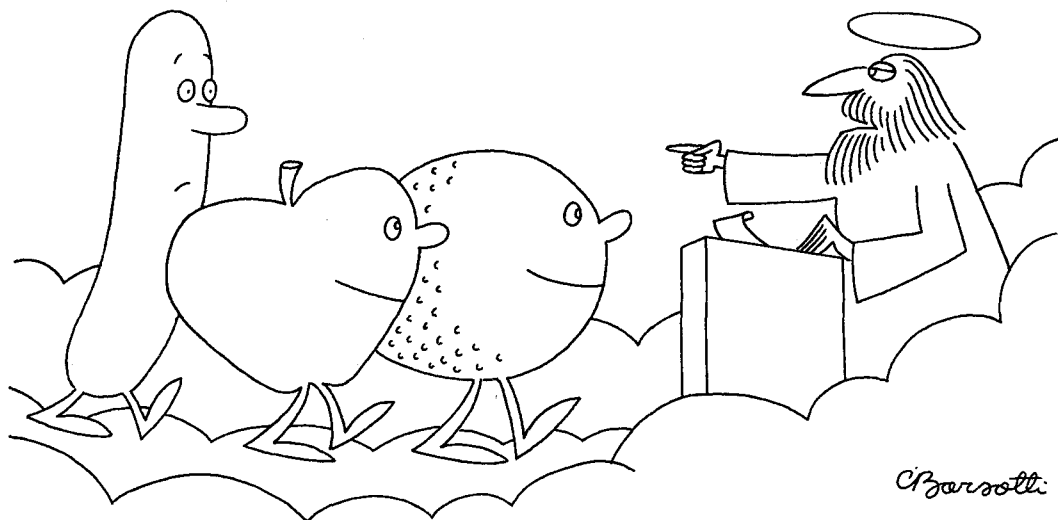
The Country Club first gained its global reputation when it was the scene of the 1913 United States Open, which is still generally regarded as the most momentous event in the game's history. Francis Ouimet, a young and almost unknown American amateur, first tied Harry Vardon and Ted Ray, two celebrated British professionals, over the seventy-two holes of play and then went on to defeat them in a dramatic eighteen-hole playoff. Ray, the 1912 British Open champion, was a huge, mustachioed chap who always played with a pipe in his mouth. Vardon had won the British Open, that era's most distinguished championship, in 1896, 1898, 1899, 1903, and 1911, and he would win it once again, in 1914. Some golf scholars consider Vardon the first modern golfer. He popularized the overlapping grip, had a relatively short and upright backswing, and was so accurate on his good rounds that it was nothing unusual for him to rifle a full brassie shot ten feet from the flag. Ouimet was a tall, slim young man of twenty from a working-class family who had picked up the game as a caddie at The Country Club. He played on the Brookline High School golf team, and his game kept improving. In 1913, he

won the Massachusetts State Amateur championship. Later that summer, he qualified for the United States Amateur, but he was eliminated in the second round by the defending champion, Jerry Travers. Ouimet had not planned to play in the Open but was talked into it by the president of the U.S.G.A., Robert Watson. Few people outside the Boston area had heard of Ouimet (or knew that the name was pronounced "Wee-met") until, in his playoff with Vardon and Ray, he fired what inevitably came to be called "the shots heard round the world."

Ouimet had performed a minor miracle to get into the playoff. On the morning of the third round, he had shot a 74 to move into a tie for the lead with Vardon and Ray, with a total of 225. It rained steadily in the afternoon, and the scores ran high. Ray brought in a 79, eight over par, and Vardon, who finished about an hour later, also had a 79. Their four-round totals of 304 tied them for first. One by one, Walter Hagen and other young American challengers fell away, and so did such transplanted stars as Jim Barnes, a Cornishman, and Macdonald Smith, a Scot from Carnoustie. Ouimet, a late finisher, had apparently thrown away

any chance he might have had by playing the first nine in 43, seven strokes over par, and then starting back with 5s on the par-3 tenth and the par-4 twelfth. On the thirteenth tee, he calmly figured out that to catch Vardon and Ray he would have to play the last six holes in two under par. He got the first of the two birdies on the thirteenth, a short par 4, when he holed a thirty-foot chip shot. On the seventeenth, a 360-yard dogleg par 4 on which the fairway broke to the left, he followed a well-placed drive with an approach shot with his jigger which finished about twenty feet to the right of the pin. He made a ticklish sidehill putt for his birdie. Now all he

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO JANE BRODY

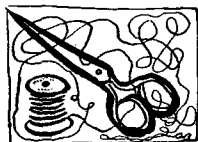


"Orange, come in. Apple, come in. Hey you, frankfurter, hold it right there."

had to do was to get his par on the eighteenth, a rugged par 4 to an elevated green that was overhung on the right side by the limbs of an ancient elm. Ouimet made no mistakes. He hit a long drive down the fairway. His mid-iron approach landed safely on the bank before the green. He chipped to four feet, and then stroked the ball into the center of the cup as if it were just another putt. Ouimet had tied Vardon and Ray.

The playoff got under way at ten o'clock the next morning beneath a leaden sky. The rain that had started the previous day was still falling, and it continued through most of the day. Considering how sodden the course was and how long it was playing, the standard of the golf on the front nine was fairly good. All three men made the turn in 38, two over par. Ray was erratic off the tee on the first five holes but settled down well. He made a superb chip on the difficult par-3 seventh to rescue his par, and on the eighth he got down a breaking forty-foot putt for a birdie. Vardon was not in top form. He birdied the sixth, a short par 4 to a hilltop green, when he put his pitch shot close to the pin, but on the par-5 ninth he hooked his tee shot to the far-left edge of the fairway. When Vardon was in his best form, he never hooked the ball; he faded it in softly from left to right. Ouimet was playing quite well. He had a spot of bad luck on the fifth, a long par 4. When he was playing his second shot, the wet grip of his brassie slipped in his hands, and the ball darted sharply to the right, into the trees, and out of bounds. In those days, a player was penalized only the stroke on which he hit the ball out of bounds, and Ouimet was able to get out of the hole with a 5. He hit one marvellous shot on the first nine. On the eighth, a 380-yard par 4 to another hilltop green—the green wasn't visible from the fairway, but the flag was—he played a mashie that covered the flag and finished just a foot from the cup.

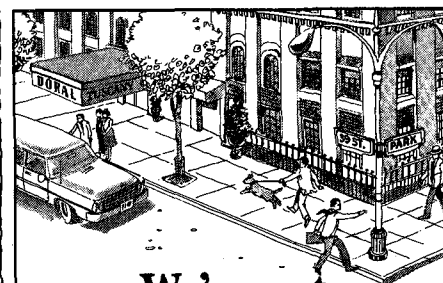
In retrospect, the tenth, the short par 3 from an elevated tee to a green many feet below, may well have been the turning point of the playoff. Ray's and Vardon's tee shots landed some thirty-five feet below the pin on the waterlogged green. Ouimet's iron was considerably closer. Moreover, on their approach putts the two Englishmen



had to avoid the pitch marks that their tee shots had dug in the green. They ended up with 4s on the hole. Ouimet was down in two putts for his 3, and moved out in front for the first time. He widened his lead to two strokes on the par-4 twelfth when Vardon and Ray were well short of the green on their approaches. Vardon got one of those strokes back on the thirteenth when he holed for a birdie 3 from ten feet. On the par-5 fourteenth, three 5s. Vardon and Ouimet made their pars on the fifteenth, a testing par 4 to a green

with a narrow entrance, but Ray, who had taken two shots in a greenside bunker, had to sink a fair-sized putt to escape with a 6. Upset with himself over his wayward golf, Ray was no longer a factor in the playoff. Vardon was also feeling the pressure. As a rule, he didn't smoke on the golf course, but on the fifteenth he lit a cigarette. He and Ouimet made routine pars on the short sixteenth.

The championship was decided on the seventeenth, the 360-yard par 4, on which the fairway swerved sharply to the left a little over two hundred yards from the tee. With holes running out, Vardon decided that he had to gamble on making a birdie on the seventeenth. To set himself up for a short pitch to the green, he tried to cut the corner on his tee shot. He didn't hit his drive solidly, and the ball ended up in the bunker in the angle of the dogleg. Furthermore, it was banked snugly against the face of the bunker. All he could do on his second was to blast the ball out of the hazard. He was on the green in three but not close to the pin. As for Ouimet, he had played his tee shot straight down the fairway. He was left with about the same approach shot he had had on the fourth round, and he again played his jigger. He hit a handsome approach that finished about twenty feet past the pin. The seventeenth green could be slippery, Ouimet knew, and he decided that the intelligent course was to try to roll his downhill putt close to the hole and make sure of his par. He hit a perfect putt that fell into the middle of the cup for a 3. Since Vardon had made a 5 on the seventeenth, Ouimet went to the eighteenth tee holding a three-stroke lead. He played the hole perfectly: a drive far down the fairway, a well-hit iron onto the green, and an approach putt to



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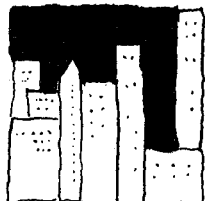
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about four feet. He took a moment to collect himself, and then hit the short putt he had left into the center of the cup. This gave him a 34 on the second nine, a 72 for the round, and, as it turned out, a five-stroke margin over Vardon (who made a 6 on the last hole) and a six-stroke margin over Ray (who birdied the last hole). The gallery of thirty-five hundred people, who had tramped through the wet grass hoping simply that Ouimet would acquit himself well, were profoundly thrilled by his remarkable triumph. They broke into a terrific roar, and a group of them lifted the young hero onto their shoulders.



Ouimet's victory over Vardon and Ray put golf on the front page of American newspapers for the first time. Largely because Ouimet was a young man whom most Americans could identify with, golf immediately became a much more popular game in this country, and in the nineteen-twenties, of course, it became a mania. Ouimet proved to be an exceptional man. In the summer of 1914, he won the U.S. Amateur at the Ekwanok Country Club, in Manchester, Vermont, defeating Travers, a four-time winner of the Amateur, 6 and 5 in the thirty-six-hole final. Down through the years, however, Ouimet's personal qualities were the most impressive thing about him. Outgoing and cheerful by nature, he had the rare gift of always being himself. At the same time, he was unusually perceptive about other people. For example, he was of considerable help to Robert Tyre (Bobby) Jones, Jr., because he quietly recognized the tremendous strain that Jones, as a youthful prodigy, was under in the early nineteen-twenties, when, with so much expected of him, he was unable to produce his best golf on the big occasions. After Jones broke through in our Open in 1923, life became much easier for him.

Ouimet's own golf remained at a high level for many years. He was a finalist in our Amateur in 1920 and a semifinalist in the Amateur in 1923, 1924, 1926, 1927, and 1929. Three of those times he lost to Jones. In 1931, when Ouimet was well past his golfing prime, he won the Amateur a second time, by beating a succession of kids in their early twenties and one nineteen-year-old on the way to the final, at the

Beverly Country Club, in Chicago. Ouimet compiled an amazing record in the Walker Cup matches between 1922 and 1949, serving as a player on and later as the nonplaying captain of the American team. In the years before the Second World War, nearly everyone in golf on both sides of the Atlantic had come to refer to Ouimet as Francis; no clarification was needed. A signal honor was bestowed on him in 1951: he became the first American to be elected captain of the Royal & Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews. In 1955, he became the first recipient of the U.S.G.A.'s Bob Jones Award for distinguished sportsmanship. In 1963, on the occasion of the fiftieth

anniversary of Ouimet's victory, the Open was again held at The Country Club. At the U.S.G.A. dinner on the eve of the opening round of that championship, Francis, in his familiar Massachusetts nasal twang, talked about his playoff with Vardon and Ray, and brought it vividly to life. This fine man, who made the world of golf such a pleasant place to inhabit, died in 1967.

IN 1984, the U.S.G.A. awarded the 1988 Open championship to The Country Club in recognition of the celebration this year of the seventy-fifth anniversary of Ouimet's epochal victory. Kennett F. (Ken) Burnes, a Boston lawyer, who is the chairman of the club's grounds committee and who also served as the chairman of the U.S.G.A.'s Open executive committee, intended to interview several golf-course architects before selecting the one he thought would be most effective in preparing the course for the Open. In mid-December of 1984, he chose the second candidate he met with—Rees Jones, of Montclair, New Jersey. After studying the course, Jones had proposed no sweeping plan to modernize it. On the contrary, he had advocated a program for restoring a large number of its old features which had been changed or obliterated since the club's first professional, Willie Campbell, from Musselburgh, Scotland, had extended the original course to eighteen holes, in 1899. A decade later, Herbert Jaques and Herbert L. Windeler, two members with a definite flair for golf-course architecture, had initiated some appropriate improvements

in a layout that was made up of two nine-hole courses, the Squirrel and the Clyde. (The squirrel is The Country Club's emblem, and its main entrance is on Clyde Street.)

Being selected to get a course ready for the U.S. Open is a plum for a golf-course architect, and the importance of the opportunity to prepare a historic course like The Country Club was not lost on Rees Jones. He is the younger of two sons of Robert Trent Jones, who is generally regarded as the premier golf-course architect in the period following the Second World War. An almost legendary figure today, he is still, at eighty-two, actively involved in building golf courses around the world. Jones was born in England in 1906, the only child of Welsh parents. He came to this country when he was four, and grew up in East Rochester, New York. A promising young golfer, he had to abandon his hopes of making a career in the game when he developed a duodenal ulcer. After finishing high school, he worked for two years as a draftsman for a transportation company. He found his job boring. What he wanted to do was to build golf courses. A born salesman, he was admitted as a special student by the registrar of Cornell University in 1926, and he spent the next three and a half years studying surveying, hydraulics, horticulture, agronomy, and landscape architecture in the university's various graduate schools, and economics and chemistry in the undergraduate college. In 1930, Jones formed a partnership with Stanley Thompson, a top-notch Canadian golf-course architect. He started his own firm, Robert Trent Jones, Inc., in Rochester in 1932, and stayed afloat during the Depression by building courses for the Works Progress Administration. Jones' business began to thrive during the postwar boom years. In 1951, he became nationally known, not because of a course of his own design but because of his daring revision of the course that Donald Ross, the distinguished Scottish-born golf-course architect, had created in 1917 for the Oakland Hills Country Club, near Detroit. To make that venerable layout a fitting test for the 1951 U.S. Open, Jones filled in the old bunkers that flanked the fairways at a distance of two hundred yards to two hundred and twenty yards from the tee, since the golfers in the Open field could carry them easily. He replaced

them with bunkers from two hundred and thirty yards to two hundred and fifty yards from the tee. He narrowed the landing area of the fairways—the part of the fairway where a good drive by a touring professional would come down—to between twenty and thirty yards. He also tightened up the bunkering in the green areas and resurfaced many of the greens. The scores in the Open ran uncommonly high, and the players protested angrily that the course was unfair. That Open was won by Ben Hogan. When he received the trophy at the presentation ceremony, he remarked, “I am glad that I finally was able to bring this monster to its knees.” He had indeed. He had responded to the challenge the course presented with rounds of 76, 73, 71, and a closing 67, on which he had played an almost unbroken succession of superlative shots. Between 1951 and 1986, Jones was called on fourteen times to remodel courses on which the U.S. Open was held. In addition, the 1965 and 1970 Opens were played over courses that Jones had designed: the Bellerive Country Club, in St. Louis, and the Hazeltine National Golf Club, in Chaska, Minnesota. The 1976 Open was played over an eighteen-hole course at the Atlanta Athletic Club, in Duluth, Georgia; nine of its holes came from courses that Jones had designed, and the remainder constituted a nine-hole course designed by Joseph S. Finger, a golf-course architect from Houston. Over the years, Jones has designed or co-designed, with his sons or with members of his staff, close to five hundred courses. Among the most admired are the Peachtree Golf Club, in Atlanta, on which he collaborated with a native Atlantan, Bobby Jones; the East and West Courses of the Dorado Beach Golf and Tennis Club, in Puerto Rico; the course for the Mauna Kea Beach Hotel Golf Club, on the island of Hawaii; the Old and New Courses of the Sotogrande Golf Club, in Spain; and the New Course of the Ballybunion Golf Club, in Ireland.

Jones' sons grew up in an intense golfing atmosphere. His elder son, Robert Trent Jones, Jr., had a natural gift for playing the game. At Yale, he was the No. 1 man on the college golf team. After his graduation, in 1961, he entered Stanford Law School. At the end of his first year, he decided that he would prefer a career in golf-course architecture, but he stayed on in Palo

Alto. He liked the way of life in California, and he thought that the West provided exciting prospects for creating new golf courses. He opened the West Coast office of Robert Trent Jones, Inc., in 1962. An inventive designer with a penchant for the dramatic, he has built approximately a hundred and fifty courses over the past quarter of a century. About thirty-five of them are in Asia or on islands in the Pacific.

Rees Jones, the second son, is forty-six. He played in some junior golf tournaments when he was growing up, and he was on the Montclair High School golf team that won the state championship. He went on to Yale, where he majored in history and minored in architecture. In his junior year, he was the manager of the Yale golf team. That spring, the national intercollegiate championship was held at the Duke University course, which his father had built. Since several members of the Yale team had already taken off for summer jobs, Jones was asked to fill in. He hadn't played any golf that spring, and in the championship he shot one of his two rounds in the mid-eighties and the other in the low nineties. The following day, a local newspaper ran a sidebar about his performance under the heading “DAD'S COURSE TOO TOUGH FOR SON.”

After graduation, Rees Jones spent a year studying landscape architecture at the Harvard University School of Design. He joined his father's firm in the summer of 1964, and late the following year he became vice-president of the East Coast office of Robert Trent Jones, Inc. He supervised the work of the office staff, of fifteen, and was actively involved in the design and construction of more than fifty courses during the next nine years. In 1974, when he was thirty-three, he went into business for himself. The offices of Rees Jones, Inc., are on South Park Street in Montclair—two blocks from the offices of Robert Trent Jones, Inc.



A pleasant and thoughtful man, Rees Jones has done well on his own. He has concentrated on building courses along the East Coast, because this makes it possible for him to check on the progress of several courses on a single trip. Over the last ten years, in addition to his tasteful remodelling of the No. 4 Course of the Pinehurst Country Club, in Pinehurst, North Carolina, his best work includes the Jones Creek Golf Course, near Augusta, Georgia; the Country Club of Hilton Head, on Hilton Head Island, South Carolina; the Woodside Plantation Golf Club, in Aiken, South Carolina; the No. 7 Course of the Pinehurst Country Club; the Stoney Creek Golf Course, in Wintergreen, Virginia; and the Haig Point Club, on Daufuskie Island, South Carolina. Daufuskie Island, by the way, offers a perfect example of the arrival of a new era in golf-course architecture. In the years following the Second World War, a high proportion of the clients of Robert Trent Jones and his contemporaries were either long-established golf clubs that wanted to build new courses or newly formed golf clubs that needed to build courses for their members. Today, a high proportion of the clients of all three of the Joneses are wealthy real-estate developers who are well aware that many of the successful men and women of the yuppie generation want to live in houses that overlook an attractive golf course. Haig Point is situated on the north end of Daufuskie Island, and the Melrose Golf Club, which Jack Nicklaus designed, occupies the center of the island. Daufuskie Island is a twenty-minute ferry ride from the south shore of Hilton Head Island. No private automobiles are allowed on it—only golf carts. In the way it has been developed, Daufuskie Island illustrates memorably that in the bountiful new era unfolding not only in the United States but around the world, golf-course architects will be given choice land to work with.

THE course that Rees Jones had inspected on his walk around The Country Club in December, 1984, was the Composite Course, which was first used in the 1963 U.S. Open. It starts with the first nine holes of the course that was played in the 1913 Open and ends with the last five. Three lengthy and demanding holes are added by making use of four holes

of the nine-hole Primrose Course, which William Flynn, of the Philadelphia firm of Toomey & Flynn, laid out in 1927. The first and second holes of the Primrose are combined to form the eleventh hole of the Composite Course, a difficult 453-yard par 4, on which there is a pond before the green. The eighth and the ninth of the Primrose, two strong par 4s, serve as the twelfth and thirteenth holes. The connecting hole, the tenth, is a 439-yard par 4 that runs from the new back tee of the third hole of the Primrose Course to the thirteenth green of The Country Club's regular course.

What struck Jones most forcibly on his first tour of the Composite Course was that both the shape and the size of all the original greens had obviously been changed down through the years. The greens had become much smaller, and nearly all of them were now more or less oval. In addition, the bunkers that had protected them were now situated many yards away, and they had been either filled in or reshaped. These changes had been made by self-appointed architects on the green committee who had attempted to modernize the holes. As Jones saw it, he had to achieve two primary goals at The Country Club: he had to redefine the unique character of this subtle old course, which occupies a very pretty piece of rolling land punctuated with rocky outcroppings and bordered by tall, thick stands of trees, and he had to come up with eighteen holes sufficiently strong and exacting to provide a formidable test for the world's best golfers.

In February, 1985, Jones returned to The Country Club and got things started by making a much more thorough inspection of the Composite Course. He then drew up on a topographical map a preliminary plan for remodelling the course, in which he indicated the main changes he had in mind for the greens, tees, and bunkers and for the routing of the fairways. He gave this plan to Ken Burnes in March, and they presented it to a committee that consisted mainly of former presidents of The Country Club and members of the club who had been or were affiliated with the U.S.G.A., either as officers of that association or as members of its executive committee. The plan was well received. Ninety-



five per cent of the changes were undertaken in 1985, for Burnes, Jones, and Bill Spence, the club's new superintendent, wanted the course to have three growing seasons before the Open. Under this schedule, the fairways and the greens were almost certain to have the desired maturity and pace in 1988. Work on the course started in July of 1985. Three entirely new greens were built, on the first, fourth, and seventeenth holes. They were shaped by Jones' two crackerjack bulldozer operators, who also attended to alterations made in a number of the other greens. About fifteen hundred square feet was added to the right side of the green on the eleventh hole—

that fusion of the first and second holes of the Primrose Course. On the ninth, a 510-yard par 5 to an elevated green, about a thousand square feet was added to the left side of the green to make it a more accessible target for the golfers who wanted to try to reach it with two big shots. Eight other greens were restored to their original size and shape. The three new greens and the extensions of the ten other greens were built with the same soil structure as the original greens in order to give them a similar compactness and resilience. Twenty greenside bunkers were either restored or created. Several fairways were swung differently, so that they would set up a stiffer approach shot. Thirteen fairway bunkers were restored or created to reinforce the value of hitting the landing area of the fairways. Sixteen tees were rebuilt. All this work was done chiefly by the two bulldozer operators. In August, when the revisions of a few holes had been completed, the hole-by-hole installation of an entirely new irrigation system began, under the skillful direction of Tamas Tanto, a Hungarian refugee who has become a leader in this field. The greens and the fairways were seeded with Pennncross bent, and bluegrass was used for the rough adjacent to the fairways. The grass on many of the fairways was found to be too thatchy. These faulty areas were ripped up, and new seed was worked into them to improve the quality of the grass. Jones made seventeen visits in all to The Country Club in 1985 to direct operations or to see how things were coming along.

The course wintered well in 1986,

and on Memorial Day it was opened for play. That year and the following year, Jones checked on the course at regular intervals. In July, 1987, it received just the test it needed: the Massachusetts State Amateur championship was held on it. The scores ran encouragingly high. In the thirty-six-hole qualifying round, which eliminated all but the thirty-two low scorers, players with a total of 161 made the cut. Jones' Christmas card that year was a drawing of the new fourth green.

When the Open had last been played at The Country Club, in 1963, the course had been hit hard during the winter by half a dozen ice storms. These caused snow mold, a blight that severely damaged the grass. In addition, a lack of rain from the middle of March to early May held back the growth of the fairways and greens. In mid-June, with the championship due to start in a matter of days, it was decided to verticut the greens—that is, to thin their thatchy areas. The greens grew in well at the last moment, and the course played a good deal better than had been anticipated. The lowest score for the seventy-two holes of play was 293—the highest total since the 1935 Open at the Oakmont Country Club, outside Pittsburgh—but that was due primarily to a strong northwest wind that gusted across the course on the Saturday, when the last thirty-six holes were played. (Julius Boros, Arnold Palmer, and Jacky Cupit tied for first, and Boros won the eighteen-hole playoff in convincing style with a 70.) This spring, in one of my early talks with Rees Jones, I asked him how The Country Club course had come through the winter just past. "Very well," he said. "I don't think it had a snow cover throughout the winter, but that wasn't critical. The greens were protected securely by plastic covers. Anyhow, the advanced fertilization practices these days will get a course through the winter. A well-trained superintendent like Bill Spence has a good deal more knowledge about these matters than people did in the old days."

IT is always a pleasure to return to The Country Club, as it is to revisit any place of happy memories that seems comparatively unchanged. The expansive old wooden clubhouse gleams as luminously primrose yellow as ever.

The elms and the oaks and the other fine trees around the clubhouse hardly bring Ballesteros, Watson, Norman, and Lyle instantly to mind, and, instead, they conjure up Longfellow, Holmes, Emerson, and Lowell. One thing, I learned, has changed. The elm tree whose branches spread well over the right side of the eighteenth green in photographs of the 1913 Open had to be taken down last October. It was a hundred and forty-two years old.

I went up to The Country Club on the afternoon of Monday, June 13th—three days before the opening round of the championship—to attend a ceremony at five o'clock celebrating the official issuance by the United States Postal Service of the Francis Ouimet Commemorative Stamp, on the seventy-fifth anniversary of his great victory. It was held in the indoor-tennis-courts building. Thousands were on hand, and the speakers included Thomas P. (Tip) O'Neill, the former Speaker of the United States House of Representatives. The organization that had successfully petitioned for the Ouimet commemorative stamp is the Francis Ouimet Caddie Scholarship Fund, which was established in 1949 by officers of the Massachusetts Golf Association and by Ouimet's friends and admirers. As of 1988, the Ouimet Fund has raised more than five million dollars and underwritten the education of more than seven thousand Ouimet Scholars, at eighty-seven colleges and universities throughout this country and overseas. That evening, to round out the festivities, a gala Ouimet Night Boston Pops concert was held at Symphony Hall.

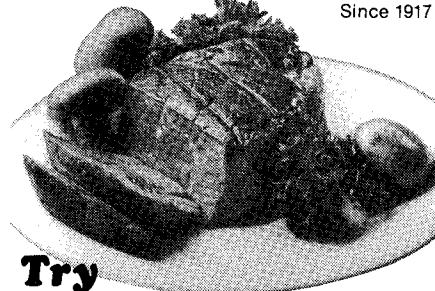
On Monday and the two following days—they were scorches, with the temperature climbing well into the nineties—I walked the course for brief periods. P. J. Boatwright, Jr., the U.S.G.A.'s executive director of rules and competitions, had announced this spring that for the 1988 Open the Composite Course would measure 7,010 yards, a hundred and forty yards longer than it did in the 1963 Open. He went on to state that the fairways, as has been the practice in the Open over the last two decades, would be between twenty and thirty yards wide; the first six feet of the rough would be two inches high; and the primary rough would be four inches high. He also said that the greens would be firm and fast, close to

a reading of eleven on the Stimpmeter, the instrument that the U.S.G.A. uses to measure the speed of greens. The U.S.G.A. believes that the golfers playing in such a significant event should be able to drive the ball straight, hit their approach shots from the fairway with backspin, and putt well on fast greens.

The Country Club's course, as it turned out, had an altogether different look from that of any other U.S. Open course in the last twenty years or so. The fairways seemed spacious. Quite a number of them looked to be over thirty yards wide, and a few appeared in some stretches to be close to forty. Moreover, except for a few heavy patches, the rough had none of the thick, grasping wiriness that one associates with the rough on Open courses. Back in early May, it had been intimidating, but now, already thin and sparse, it was wilting in the intense heat. The greens were putting more slowly than any Open greens I could remember, but they would be cut before the first round, and this would speed them up. Late Wednesday afternoon, I attended a press conference at which Ben Crenshaw, an astute judge of golf courses, spoke thoughtfully about the playing conditions. With the fairways so generous and the rough so light, he said, he saw no reason a golfer couldn't play a driver off most of the tees and switch to a 3-wood or a 1-iron only on certain holes, for the sake of accuracy. My feeling on the eve of the Open was one of trepidation. I didn't want the field to take The Country Club's course apart, but the prospect of several rounds in the middle sixties seemed imminent.

On Thursday, the day of the opening round, the course played distinctly harder than it had previously. A fairly good wind was blowing out of the west, and this made it more difficult for the players to judge the length of their approach shots, which is never easy on the constantly undulating terrain at The Country Club. In the starting field of a hundred and fifty-six players, only eleven broke par, which is 71—35 out and 36 back. The three leaders, with rounds of 68, were Bob Gilder, Mike Nicolette, and Sandy Lyle. Gilder is a thirty-seven-year-old Oregonian who has won six tournaments, including the Canadian Open, during his thirteen years on the P.G.A. Tour. Nicolette, currently in his tenth year

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on the tour, has won only one tournament, the 1983 Bay Hill Classic. Lyle, of course, is a player of the top rank. He won his first major championship, the British Open, in 1985, and this past April he carried off the Masters by birdieing two of the last three holes. Scott Simpson, the defending champion, was one of five players who brought in a 69. Lanny Wadkins and Curtis Strange, two of our best golfers, were grouped with Craig Stadler at 70.

The hole that gave the field the most trouble on the opening day was the famous seventeenth, which played as a 381-yard par 4 this year. On Monday, on arriving at The Country Club for the first time in eight years, I found myself doing something I imagine a good many pilgrims do when they revisit the course: I walked directly out to the seventeenth. It is only two hundred yards or so from the main entrance of the clubhouse to the point where the seventeenth fairway starts to swing to the left. One stands at the edge of the fairway and gazes and remembers. The hole still looks very much like the hole on which Ouimet made the birdie that got him into the playoff and the birdie that nailed down his victory in the playoff, but it has been altered a bit. In 1959, the town of Brookline needed to widen Clyde Street to ease the flow of traffic, and the land it required happened to include the seventeenth green. The club dealt with the problem skillfully. It called in Geoffrey S. Cornish, a veteran golf-course architect from Amherst. By extending the old fairway about fifteen yards beyond the Vardon Bunker, adding a bunker in the angle of the new fairway as it swung to the left, and building a new two-level green to replace the original one, Cornish was able to recapture a good deal of the look and spirit of the old seventeenth. (Cornish's seventeenth played a critical role in the 1963 Open: on the last round, Boros birdied it, Palmer three-putted it for a bogey, and Cupit made a playoff necessary when he took three shots to reach the green and then three-putted it.) Jones built an entirely new green—a small two-level affair, on which the terrace measures a little over twenty feet from the back edge to the start of the downslope. It drops off sharply at the back. The entire green is gently

slanted from back to front, and it is set off by a cortege of five bunkers. On the opening round, the pin was positioned on the right side of the terrace. It required nerve and touch for a golfer to drop his 7-iron, 8-iron, or 9-iron pitch softly on the terrace.

The second round, on Friday, was played under lowering skies. However, the impending rainstorm didn't break until all but the last two threesomes had completed their rounds; and the conditions had been almost ideal for scoring. There was no wind to worry about, and most of the pins were placed in easier positions than they had been on the opening round. Simpson took full advantage of the situation. He had five birdies on the front nine and made the turn in 30. He had



three more birdies on the back nine, but he also ran into a double bogey on the eleventh and a bogey on the eighteenth. This gave him a 66 for the round and a thirty-six-hole total of 135, which put him in the lead at the halfway point, a stroke ahead of Larry Mize, the 1987 Masters champion, and two strokes ahead of Gilder and Strange.

Only two golfers who had been in the starting field in the 1963 Open were in the starting field this year: Gary Player and Jack Nicklaus. Player, who has won a total of nine major championships, is now fifty-two. He missed the cut by three strokes, with rounds of 77 and 72. Nicklaus, who is now forty-eight, has won a record total of twenty major championships. When he teed off at The Country Club this year, it marked, almost unbelievably, the thirty-second consecutive year he has played in the Open. After rounds of 74 and 73, he missed the cut by a single stroke, and was deeply disappointed.

SATURDAY, when the third round was played, was one of those seemingly endless June days. Leaders fell off the pace, challengers caught and passed them, some of the leaders fought back, some of the challengers fell back, and, for good measure, play was suspended from 4:02 P.M. to 5:06 P.M. until an electrical storm had moved safely out of the area. When the long day was over, Curtis Strange, a self-assured thirty-three-year-old Virginian, had moved into the lead. There were moments when it looked as if Strange would run away from the rest

of the field. He birdied the magnificent 448-yard third hole—the narrow entranceway to the green is guarded by two rugged upthrusts of rock—when he hit his 7-iron approach two feet from the pin. He went on to birdie the eighth and ninth, by holing putts of ten and eighteen feet. After the rain delay, he made a birdie putt of twenty feet on the par-5 fourteenth. When Gilder, with whom he was paired, took a double-bogey 6 on the fifteenth, Strange was out in front with a three-stroke lead over both Gilder and the imper-turbable Simpson. Then Strange started to waver. He missed his par on the short sixteenth when his iron off the tee caught the right front bunker. He missed his par on the seventeenth when he needed three putts to get down from twenty feet. He seemed to be headed for a third straight bogey when his approach shot found the huge bunker before the eighteenth green, but he saved his par 4 with a wonderful sand shot five feet from the flagstick. This vital par gave Strange a 69 for the round—32 out and 37 back—and a three-round total of 206. This put him a stroke ahead of Simpson, Gilder, and Nick Faldo, of England, who had made an eighteen-foot birdie putt on the home green to bring in a 68. The best round of the day was a 66, by Mark O'Meara, during which he birdied four of the last seven holes. With a three-round total of 209, O'Meara was only three strokes behind the leader.

Most of the conversation on the eve of the final round centered on whether Strange was psychologically ready to win the Open. When he first came to prominence, in the middle nineteen-seventies, as a star at Wake Forest University, it was clear that he was a golfer of extraordinary talent. The tempo of his swing was keyed to one of the finest backswings in golf, and he loved to compete. His first two seasons as a professional were rather lean ones, but since 1980 he has annually won over two hundred thousand dollars on the tournament circuit. In 1985, he collected \$542,321 in prize money, which at that time was a record on the P.G.A. Tour, and last year he set a new record with a haul of \$925,941. A tanned, good-looking man whose dark-brown hair is flecked with gray, Strange stands five feet eleven and weighs a hundred and seventy pounds. He has been one of the outstanding

players in the game during the last half-dozen years. The one thing he had never achieved was to win one of the four major championships: the U.S. Open, the British Open, the Masters, and the P.G.A. Championship. He might never have a better chance than this.

On Sunday, the sun shone brightly in a cloudless sky, and there was a breeze out of the west. The fairways had been cut to a little over a quarter of an inch, and the greens to a little under an eighth of an inch. They now putted as fast as Open greens generally do. Strange was paired with Faldo in the last twosome, which went off at 2:25 P.M. He was slow in getting started. After mediocre chip shots, he failed to hole from five feet for his par on the second and from twelve feet for his par on the third. This put Faldo out in front by a stroke. A sturdily built thirty-one-year-old Englishman who stands six feet three, Faldo had done his part in the recent renaissance of British golf by winning the British Open last year at Muirfield, near Edinburgh. He accomplished this after rebuilding his swing almost totally and also changing his putting stroke. On his first three rounds in the Open, Faldo had played one sound shot after another, and he continued to do so on this round. Strange moved into a tie with him on the seventh, a tough 201-yard par 3, by hitting the elusive green with a 3-iron and holing his thirty-foot putt. On the tenth, the 439-yard par 4, Strange recaptured the lead by sinking a birdie putt of about sixteen feet. Of the players behind Strange and Faldo, only O'Meara and D. A. Weibring had made a serious run at them, but on the last nine holes it became a head-to-head battle between the two leaders. Faldo

kept on producing one solid par after another, and, like many people who were following this last twosome, I started to wonder whether Faldo might repeat his performance in the last round of the 1987 British Open, when he had reeled off eighteen pars in a row. His march came to a halt on the fifteenth, a medium-length par 4, on which the road to the clubhouse cuts across the fairway. After driving with his 3-wood, he dropped a soft 7-iron eight feet to the left of the flag and made the putt for a birdie 3. More to the point, in their quiet but intense duel Faldo and Strange were now

tied again, with three holes to play.

On the sixteenth, a 185-yard par 3 on which the green is protected in front by two large bunkers, Faldo, with the honor, decided to go with a 6-iron. A high, delicate shot is required, because the mounding at the front part of the green rises well above the rest of it. On this day, the pin was set in the center of the green about twenty-five feet from the front edge. Faldo tried to lob a 6-iron onto the green, but he cut across the ball, and it plopped into the right front bunker. Strange's 5-iron shot was right at the flag, but it had been hit on too flat a trajectory. It landed an inch or two short of the green, took a very fast bounce, and didn't stop rolling until it was banked against the fringe at the back of the green, about fifty feet beyond the pin. Strange decided to go with his wedge, and popped a weak shot half the distance to the hole. Faldo's explosion from the front bunker finished about twenty feet beyond the cup and to the right. Strange then rolled a great clutch putt into the middle of the cup, and this set off a terrific roar. When things were quiet again, Faldo took two putts to get down, but Strange was out in front by a stroke with only two holes to play.

The seventeenth was once again the crucial hole in an Open at The Country Club. Strange, with the honor, cracked a 3-wood that had exactly the right amount of draw on it, and the ball bounded nicely to the left with the bend of the fairway. Faldo played a 1-iron straight down the fairway. He may have misread the distance to the pin on his approach, for his 8-iron shot

landed on the front of the green and finished forty feet short of the flag, which was positioned on the upper level of the green, about ten feet beyond the start of the downslope. Strange, with the perfect line to the green, hit a soft 9-iron that covered the flag all the way. The ball landed on the terrace and drew up about eight feet past the flag. The huge gallery, which had almost got out of control on this hole, roared its appreciation. After things had quieted down, Faldo rolled a very good approach putt two feet from the cup. He would have his par 4. Strange carefully scrutinized his eight-foot putt. He didn't have to hole it. With his one-stroke lead, he could afford to play it safe on that fast, slanting green and make sure of getting down in two for



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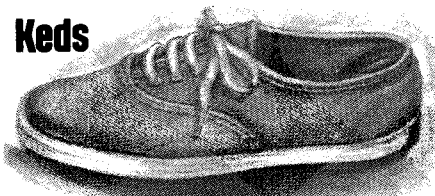
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his par. After reading his line from every angle, he got in position over the ball and tapped a putt that slid by the cup and didn't stop rolling until it was six or seven feet past the hole, dangerously close to the downslope. Everyone began to wonder if Strange had tried to hole the putt. He took plenty of time before he was ready to play the hard-to-read putt he had coming back. He stroked the ball, and it slipped by the left corner of the cup. A 5 for Strange, a 4 for Faldo, and a tournament in which the two leaders were tied once again.

On the eighteenth, a 438-yard par 4, Faldo had his par all the way—on the fairway off the tee, on the green with his approach shot, and down in two from twenty feet or so. Strange had to work much harder for his 4. His 3-wood off the tee caught the fairly thick rough on the left. The best he could do was to hack the ball out with his 7-iron into the deep bunker before the green. He had been in it on each of his three previous rounds. He had a good lie near the face of the bunker and played a heroic recovery a foot from the pin. Faldo: 72-67-68-71—278. Strange: 70-67-69-72—278. The eighteen-hole playoff the next day would begin at two o'clock.

In his press conference, Strange was asked several questions about his first putt on the seventeenth green. "The putt got away from me," he explained. "I really didn't hit it hard at all."

Incidentally, Rees Jones' revision of the course had proved to be a fair, interesting, and altogether successful test.

THE playoff was something of an anticlimax. With twenty-three thousand fans struggling to watch a single twosome play the eighteen holes, it was extremely difficult, especially on the first nine, to see many of the shots that Strange and Faldo played. After Faldo had bogeyed the third hole and Strange the fourth, Strange went in front on the fifth when he sank a ten-foot birdie putt. As it turned out, he led the rest of the way. The thirteenth, a 433-yard par 4 that runs down a long hillside and is enclosed by trees, proved to be the decisive hole. Faldo, after driving into the rough on the right, played a 6-iron to the back of the green, thirty-five feet past the pin. Strange, still leading by a stroke, was down the fairway off the tee and on the

green with a 6-iron, twenty-five feet past the pin. Faldo misread the speed of the green. His approach putt ended up ten feet past the cup, and he eventually took three putts and a bogey 5. Strange holed his twenty-five-footer for a birdie 3, and widened his lead to three strokes. Faldo ultimately bogeyed the seventeenth and eighteenth, and finished with a 75. Strange was around in a well-played 71. For the first time in the championship, he hit the eighteenth green with his second shot.

After the round, Strange, slowly absorbing his victory in the Open, dedicated it to the memory of his father, Thomas Wright Strange, who was the owner of and the golf professional at the White Sands Country Club, in Virginia Beach, Virginia. Mr. Strange died when Curtis and his twin brother, Allen, were fourteen. Tom Strange had played in the Open in the early nineteen-sixties. Curtis Strange's best years may lie ahead. He may never surpass the amount of prize money he collected last year, but a golfer's first victory in a major event is often the biggest step forward in his career. The wonder is what kept a golfer of Strange's rare talent from winning a major for so long. His best-known near miss, his collapse down the stretch in the 1985 Masters, might help to inform us. In brief, after coming back from an opening round of 80 with a 65 and a 68, he was leading the field by three strokes with six holes to play. He then opened the door for Bernhard Langer when he tried to reach the thirteenth green in two from a highly questionable position and caught the creek before the green on that short par 5. His mistake was boldly taking a dangerous risk when there was no need to. I have no idea what lay behind his searing fiasco on the seventy-first green at The Country Club, but he showed immense courage in securing that all-important par on the seventy-second hole. His discipline throughout the playoff was complete. When it comes to playing golf shots, few people in the game have as much going for them as Strange. He can drive the ball a long distance. He has a superb repeating swing with a consistent rhythm. He is a prodigious bunker player. He can hole putts. Now that he has the added assurance that comes with winning the Open, Strange should be a very hard man to beat, particularly in the major championships. —HERBERT WARREN WIND

THE THEATRE

Clip and Save

PHILIP FRENCH, the hero of Romulus Linney's "Juliet"—presented this year at the Ensemble Studio Theatre's one-act-play marathon and meticulously directed by Peter Maloney—is a brilliant young director whose recent production of "Romeo and Juliet" has won him respect and acclaim. Mysterious and darkly brooding (particularly as played by Thomas Gibson), French is famous in theatrical circles for two things: suicide attempts and a talent for handling difficult women. It is chiefly because of the latter gift that Willy Hardt (Sam Schacht) wants French to direct a production of Ibsen's "Ghosts," in which Hardt's mistress is to play Mrs. Alving. French wants passionately to direct "Ghosts," he even has a concept: he wants to do the play "straight—as written." To him, this means "a Norwegian living room with the fjords outside and good actors."

The problem is that the leading lady (Robin Moseley) also has a concept: she wants to substitute an upbeat ending for "all that Scandinavian depression." Instead of having the play culminate with Oswald's cry of "Mother, give me the sun!"—the outward sign that the madness of hereditary syphilis has finally overtaken him—she wants Mrs. Alving to bare her breast and seduce her son. French listens patiently while the actress puts forward her theories, then sets about refuting them: he talks about common sense and the logic of the play's context, finishing with the assertion that no grown man's mother would ever behave in such a fashion. At this point, his mother, Mrs. French (Lois Smith), walks in.

If the first half of "Juliet" pulls the rug out from under fashionable theatre, offering a reasoned argument against updating classics, the second half

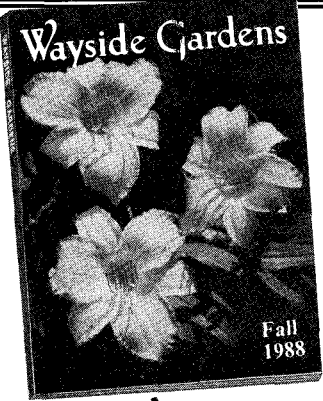
pulls the rug out from under the first. Anyone who saw Linney's full-length play "Holy Ghosts" last summer at Theatre 890 or his one-acter "April Snow" at last year's marathon might have predicted this: one of his signatures as a playwright is the intellectual about-face. In "Juliet," Mrs. French is there partly to argue against the compelling premise that no grown man's mother would try to seduce him: she proceeds to do just that. Kneeling down and putting her head on her son's knee, she begs him to give up his career and fly off with her to Hawaii (the banal equivalent of wanting to "give him the sun"). Again, Philip proves himself a good listener. Then, in a lovely speech beginning "You are old and I am sad," he tells her why she has to go to Hawaii alone. Linney's play is about the necessity of shaking off the ghosts of one's living parents. His

point is that you never really do. What Philip tells his mother—bringing the title full circle and rescuing classical theatre from Hardt's first, trivializing "Loved your 'Juliet!'"—is that she is present in all the female characters he fashions: in Ibsen, in Shakespeare.

The joke, of course, is that no grown man's mother would behave as Mrs. French does—not literally. But Linney has a gift for dramatizing the potential metaphorical content of a ludicrous character, premise, or situation. He also has an instinct for finding just the right image—one sufficiently far out to be comic but expressive of a truth sufficiently universal to make us want to accept it. This is a difficult thing to do. Another play in this year's marathon, Michael B. Kaplan's dorm-room comedy "Diphthong" (directed by Lisa Peterson), tried to use its title as a motif expressive of friendship—"two vowels, one sound"—but the image was obvious and prominently placed. Similarly, José Rivera's "Slaughter in the Lake" (directed by Joan Vail Thorne) made a bid for profundity by putting into the mouth of one of its two characters an anecdote about someone trying to blow up ducks on Central Park Lake. The image was *too* far out, and top-heavy in relation to the play's ostensible concern: two editors taking a lunch hour in the Park and trying to repair their damaged friendship.

"Diphthong" and "Slaughter in the Lake" were two of the marathon's weaker offerings this year, another being Paul Weitz's black comedy "Mango Tea." Still, it doesn't do to get indignant about the festival's disappointments. The E.S.T. one-act-play marathon isn't about absolute success and failure; it's a chance for young playwrights to test their mettle and for more experienced artists to develop new work. For this reason, it's easy to assume that the average theatregoer needn't bother with the marathon. Who, after all, wants to waste time with





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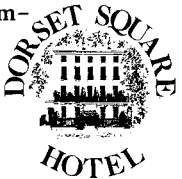
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untried writers and works? New Yorkers like a sure bet. But New York theatre *always* presents itself as a sure bet, overselling itself and frequently disappointing its audience; that's why the Ensemble Studio remains such an important outpost. Leased from the city in 1971 by Curt Dempster, the artistic director, E.S.T.'s ramshackle building on West Fifty-second Street is one of the last places where a New York audience can go without fear of feeling rooked. E.S.T. doesn't sell itself at all; over the years, in fact, Dempster has maintained a steadfastly indifferent attitude toward public image. The marathon—three sets of short plays spaced out over a period of six weeks—is, unlike many of the events staged there, open to critics. But it's not well advertised, and, typically, each series of plays runs for only two weeks—not enough time in which to dash into print with a weekly review. This is as it should be: theatre is for audiences, not critics or advertising copywriters. All the same, as one of New York theatre's best-kept secrets the E.S.T. marathon leaves the weekly critic in a bind—not because the festival isn't well known in theatrical circles but because New York is full of other people who should know about it.

This year, I found myself urging people to go and see Quincy Long's "Something About Baseball," in the A Series, a surreal comedy in which a German woman (Mercedes Ruehl) of questionable ontological status descends on spring training and demands to be given a chance at bat. Directed by Risa Bramon, and performed—by Richard Grusin, Steven Weber, Bruce MacVittie, Park Overall, and William Youmans—with just the right blend of realism and zaniness, "Something About Baseball" explored the forces that militate against women's colonizing male turf; and, with its wonderful speech about the subtext and symbolism of baseball and its set-piece dialogue about the differences between male and female perceptions of reality, it did so with more eloquence and insight than all the conversations I've ever heard on

the subject. (This in spite of an inexcusably bad performance from Miss Ruehl, who couldn't manage the accent.) It even ended with a visual expression of the whole conflict: kid phenom on the mound gazing after a home run the woman has just hit, and coach setting off in an attempt to catch it.

With just two fans, a coach, and two players—pitcher and catcher, the one hurling an imaginary ball, the other snapping a real ball in his mitt—Long's play created a whole ball-field, and that's extraordinary economy. What people attending the one-act-play marathon for the first time generally discover there is something about economy and theatrical form. Theatre is always about making much out of something that isn't there, and the one-acter is theatre at its most economical: it tries to see how much you can make out of a small space, a short time, and a mean budget. The spatial and financial limitations that obtain at E.S.T. are part of what gives its marathon sets (designed this year by Ann Sheffield) their satisfying cleverness: they *have* to be clever, because there isn't money enough for waste. This year, a sofa in Stuart Spencer's deft comedy of sexual manners, "Human Gravity" (directed by Evan Yionoulis), was ingeniously rigged so as to double as a rooftop skylight. The simple movement that transported the play from an interior to an exterior setting and back invited the audience to contrast two different kinds of action in a world where manipulative game-playing was reserved for indoors, while outdoors was kept free for revelatory truth.

Spencer's play was marred by a certain dishonesty and sententiousness (and by an overly self-conscious performance by Jennifer Van Dyck). But even when marathon plays fail they tend to fail interestingly. No one with an eye for literary form who saw James Ryan's "Door to Cuba" this year could help being intrigued by the *idea* of the play. Ryan was trying to see how much drama you could pack into a tenement corridor. (A surprising amount, it turns out, but still not enough.) Simi-



larly, no one interested in form who attended the A Series could fail to notice that Shirley Kaplan's moist-eyed reminiscence about two small children at a Roman Catholic orphanage, "Buster B and Olivia" (directed by Billy Hopkins), would be better off as a short story (nothing in the material needed to be acted out). But Lanford Wilson's wrenching monologue set in a police station, "A Poster of the Cosmos," which consisted of no more than a man telling a story, demanded the virtuoso performance it got from Tom Noonan, under Jonathan Hogan's direction. The point and the spirit of the play were lodged not only in the words Wilson had written but in the way the man told his story, in the twitching of his facial muscles, his tearful demeanor, and the constant interjections of "But...um" and "see." Like "A Poster of the Cosmos," "Something About Baseball" had to be a play: no other literary form could have expressed what it had to say quite so succinctly.

"Something About Baseball" was this year's Zeitgeist play. There's always a Zeitgeist play, just as there's always a vacation-spot play—usually by Richard Greenberg, whose character study this year of an embittered female journalist, "Neptune's Hips," was amusing and well constructed, in spite of an unnecessarily melodramatic ending. There's usually a play about South Africa, too, like David Lan's memorable 1985 "Painting a Wall." This year, it was Oyamo's unobtrusive "Singing Joy" (directed by Peter Wallace), which had little to recommend it but good ensemble work and an admirable performance by Anne O'Sullivan. It may be part of the Zeitgeist itself that this year there was no building-a-wall play—the standard offering about working-class men. (The archetype of this genre is the 1986 "Worker's Life," by Brandon Cole and John Turturro.) This season, the festival seemed to run to upper-middle-class intellectuals, and "Something About Baseball" was the closest you came to the mind of middle-class man. In any case, by the time I was telling people about Quincy Long's play it had closed, and the festival had moved on to the next series. Maybe critics should save writing about the marathon until the following season, when summer rolls around again. That way, it would be on people's minds. —MIMI KRAMER

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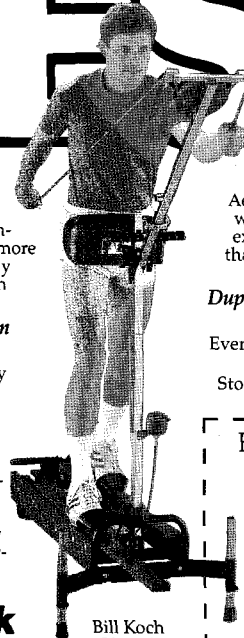
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Afterglow

ERIC ROHMER's latest movie, "Boyfriends and Girlfriends" ("L'Ami de Mon Amie"), could hardly be more insubstantial. It's a light romantic comedy in which four completely unremarkable young people—two women, two men—reshuffle their affections so that, after the usual misunderstandings, hesitations, and temporary disappointments, each winds up with the "right" partner in the end. And nearly all the action takes place in the most banal setting imaginable: a modern community in the suburbs of Paris—Cergy-Pontoise, a self-contained development of high-rise housing, sleek office buildings, pristine recreational areas, and cozy, overdesigned clusters of shops and cafés. Cergy-Pontoise isn't a futuristic horror. It's a parody of a town, a calculated and slightly ridiculous attempt to create a happy, secure community out of nothing at all, but the people who live there don't mind: they look very content as

they stroll, in bright, crisp sports clothes, through the spotless town square, or windsurf on the lake amid the splashing and the jagged laughter of children. The town is a middle-class playground, perfectly ahistorical: it suggests neither the heavy, weary Old World nor an especially brave new one. Rohmer didn't invent Cergy-Pontoise—it actually exists—but the place has the wispy, unreal quality of an abstraction, one of those literary never-never lands designed to allow young lovers to find each other. It's a bland utopia, a bourgeois Forest of Arden.

"Boyfriends and Girlfriends" is fluff of a rarefied order. The movie is so rigorous and elegant and extreme that it seems, finally, to be about its own weightlessness—not so much a thin romantic comedy as a comic meditation on the thinness of romance. It's a French intellectual's beach-party movie: fluff degree zero. Yet, for all its

formality and self-consciousness, the film isn't lifeless. It's artificial without being oppressive—a graceful, friendly abstraction. Like all of Rohmer's movies, "Boyfriends and Girlfriends" unfolds slowly. The characters walk around, chat about this and that, tease each other a little, argue amiably, eat a couple of meals, bump into each other on street corners; as we watch their aimless daily routines we're wondering just who these people are and what, if anything, is going to happen. The beauty of Rohmer's best films is that his characters seem to be wondering the same thing: they're in a state of expectancy, waiting for some half-imagined significance to emerge from their everyday selves, and trying to decide whether there's anything they can do to speed the process along. They, and we, discover that in Rohmer's world meaning takes its sweet time and turns up in unexpected forms. "Boyfriends and Girlfriends" is essentially the same leisurely comedy of self-knowledge that Rohmer has been making for nearly twenty years—since "My Night at Maud's"—but this time he treats his themes with a frivolous, casual, almost dismissive air.

The young lovers of Cergy-Pontoise aren't as introspective or as driven as Rohmer's usual protagonists, and they suffer only minor spiritual agonies in the course of selecting their mates. Blanche (Emmanuelle Chaulet), a direct, uncomplicated girl who lacks confidence and blushes when she has to tell a lie, develops a crush on a passive lady-killer named Alexandre (François-Eric Gendron); her best friend, Léa (Sophie Renoir), who's willful and a bit devious, lives with a good-natured windsurfing enthusiast named Fabien (Eric Viellard). By the end of the movie, Blanche has paired off with Fabien, and Léa with Alexandre, and not for any very profound reasons: Blanche and



"Nevermore. And you can quote me."

Fabien simply feel comfortable together, and Léa and Alexandre enjoy each other's little games. The women have a few stabs of guilt about poaching on each other's territory, but their qualms don't seriously threaten the suburban idyll. The final arrangement of things seems so natural, so effortlessly right, that no one's inclined to complain or feel betrayed. The lovers shrug and accept their happiness.

The cheerful superficiality of "Boyfriends and Girlfriends"—its relative lack of moral tension and emotional complexity—is a bit of a surprise, especially since this film concludes the six-part cycle of "Comedies and Proverbs," which Rohmer began, in 1980, with "The Aviator's Wife." If we were expecting some great summing-up, a true resolution, this movie isn't it. The real climax of the series turns out to



JEANNE

have been the fifth film, called "Summer" in this country. Its original title, "Le Rayon Vert," means "The Green Ray," and refers to a rare visual phenomenon that, according to Jules Verne, occurs the instant after the sun has dropped below the horizon. In this amazing film, which followed the two weakest and most contrived of the "Comedies and Proverbs"—"Pauline at the Beach" and "Full Moon in Paris"—Rohmer relaxed his customary iron control over the narrative: the movie was made in an on-the-run documentary style, in 16-mm. and with direct sound, and the dialogue, usually chiselled and epigrammatic in his movies, was largely improvised by the actors. It's as if Rohmer knew that the time had come for him to subject himself to the kinds of uncertainties and anxieties that he had always been content merely to observe. In "Summer" he's exploring, a little nervously, hoping that something will emerge from the mess of daily improvisations, wondering if anything will *happen* as he follows his restless heroine from one French vacation spot to another. Of all Rohmer's films, this one comes closest to being a self-portrait. Delphine (Marie Rivière) is a slim, dark, delicate-featured depressive. Since breaking up with her boyfriend, she has become cautious, conservative, almost

pathologically wary. Her response to everything is refusal: she's a vegetarian, she flees from men who approach her, she won't even admit, after two years, that her love affair is over. Rohmer, whose art is based on refusal—he quietly declines to indulge in the ordinary, vulgar pleasures that movies provide so easily—understands her very well. The movie has the tentative, irresolute rhythm of its heroine's search for a place where she can feel at ease on her long French summer holiday. This woman is comically, absurdly, infuriatingly incapable of enjoying herself: she goes somewhere, gets disgusted with it, returns to Paris, takes off for someplace new, and is unhappy everywhere. Her idea of vacation reading is "The Idiot." She drives us crazy, but she's in real pain, the mundane, annoying, debilitating kind that won't go away yet isn't spectacular enough

to win much sympathy—like a migraine. When relief comes, it's sudden, arbitrary, a stroke of luck or grace. While Delphine is waiting for a train in Biarritz to take her back to Paris after another vacation fiasco, she decides, impulsively, to tag along with a pleasant young man on his way to the coastal town of Saint-Jean-de-Luz. She surprises herself, and us, with her boldness: after all her self-imposed restrictions, this act has the force of a reckless break with her old self, or perhaps a return to a freer, more spontaneous relationship to experience. In Saint-Jean-de-Luz, she's rewarded: watching the sun go down, she sees the green ray, which, according to Verne, enables its viewer to "see clearly into his own heart and the hearts of others." She cries "Yes!" and clutches her gentle companion. This is one of the purest moments of happiness in recent movies: we feel that Rohmer, along with his heroine, has finally found a way to release himself, to be at ease with the accidents, the scary contingencies, of the natural world.

"Summer" is a great film. "Boyfriends and Girlfriends" isn't, and isn't meant to be. It's the afterglow of the green ray: though the film was fully scripted by Rohmer, its mood is relaxed, blissfully inconsequential. His suburban characters are too young and

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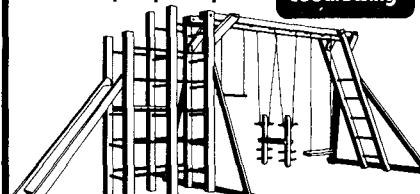
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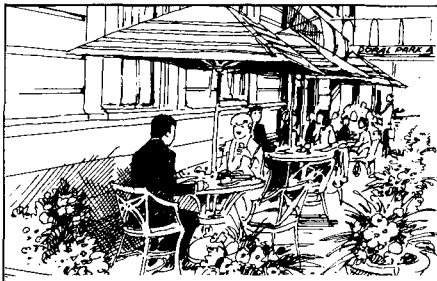
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too protected to have suffered much or to have developed very complex responses to experience, and they live in an inglorious environment of commercial artifice, but Rohmer finds real beauty in both the people and the setting. He takes pleasure in the cleanness and brightness of this world, in the contented buzz of shoppers and office workers and Sunday picnickers, in the forthright way his characters pursue their comforts. This is, of course, an intellectual's dream of simplicity and unself-consciousness; there's no condescension in it, though. Rohmer even allows himself to indulge in some of the conventions of popular French comedy. (Not that the movie is likely to be confused with abject crowd-pleasers of the "Cousin, Cousine" variety.) In a way, this picture is a perfect conclusion to the "Comedies and Proverbs" series. Its ease is unexpected, a green bolt from the blue: as Rohmer has often suggested, the end of our self-explorations is something we didn't know we had been waiting for. "Boy-friends and Girlfriends" looks accidental, but its lovely insubstantiality is hard-won.

THE British have their own style of fluff, based not on the vagaries of romance but on the farcical collision of benign eccentrics. The full flowering of this brand of lunacy was the period of the great comedies produced by Ealing Studios in the forties and fifties—movies like "The Man in the White Suit," "Kind Hearts and Coronets," "The Ladykillers," and "The Lavender Hill Mob." These movies had an even-tempered, genteel nuttiness: even when they dealt with murder, as they frequently did, they maintained a placid and unsurprised tone—which was, of course, the source of most of the humor. In the sixties, English comedy mostly did away with Ealing-style understatement. "Monty Python's Flying Circus" gave us more than a handful of mild eccentrics; every half-hour episode bombarded us with the ravings of dozens of full-fledged loonies, and kept them coming at a maniacal pace. The new "A Fish Called Wanda" promises to embody the best of both eras: its director, the seventy-seven-year-old Charles Crichton, made "The Lavender Hill Mob;" its writer, executive producer, and star, the towering John Cleese, was a member of the Python group (most memo-

rably, he was the Minister of Silly Walks). It's a caper comedy about a gang of jewel thieves and a very proper barrister. Jamie Lee Curtis is Wanda, the brains of the gang—a crafty American crook who is, however, terribly susceptible to men who talk gibberish in foreign languages. She's firmly in the eccentric class, and so is the barrister, played by Cleese—a respectable but not particularly happy family man, who can't resist the temptations offered (with ulterior motive) by Wanda, and who finds himself doing such unseemly things as dancing naked while chanting in Russian. Wanda's accomplices are absolute loonies. Kevin Kline is an aggressive American named Otto, who's dumb as dirt but thinks of himself as a mastermind (he reads Nietzsche in bed and you'd swear he moves his lips); he hates the British with an unholy passion, sniffs his armpits for manly courage, and makes a total mess of every violent ploy he dreams up. Ken, played by the ex-Pythonite Michael Palin, is a de-ranked stutterer who's perfectly happy to bump off old ladies but becomes inconsolable at the death of a small dog or a tropical fish.

In every sense, the eccentrics win. The movie has a fair number of laughs, but Crichton's direction is too drab and poky for the material. Every time "Wanda" threatens to take off into the realm of insane, head-splitting farce, as Cleese's explosively funny post-Python series "Fawlty Towers" so often did, something seems to drag it down—some impulse toward stability and restraint, at odds with the script's spirit of manic invention. The mildness of the filmmaking also undercuts the movie's only real theme: that the British would be happier if they loosened up some. Cleese, Curtis, and Palin are all fun to watch, though, and Kevin Kline gives what must be one of the oddest comic performances ever. He does an uninhibitedly theatrical turn: his readings are hilariously peculiar, and his gestures are even weirder—they're *huge*. His physical clowning might be more enjoyable if he didn't make us aware of how meticulously he was choreographing it; there's more than a touch of vanity in this over-scaled performance. Still, it's nice to see him enjoying himself (for once) onscreen, and "A Fish Called Wanda" would be a lot duller without him.

—TERRENCE RAFFERTY

DANCING

Acid Rain

CUTOUTS of great architectural monuments—a pyramid, the Parthenon, the Leaning Tower of Pisa, the Eiffel Tower, the Empire State Building—pass along the back of the stage. A dwarf (Sabine Rothe) attempts to keep up shrill comparisons of them. “*Celui-ci est plus classique que celui-là. Mais celui-là est plus visité que celui-ci. Celui-ci est plus grand*” (or “*plus formidable*”), and so on. This episode could be hilarious, a desperate effort at cultural commentary. But the work it occurs in, William Forsythe’s “France/Dance,” performed this June at City Center by the Frankfurt Ballet, is laden with disparate grabs for our attention; the piece is an exercise in pointlessness, so organized that the audience is excited. A curtain is drawn or pulled back to conceal or reveal half the rear of the stage. Cutouts of animals—hippo, hawk, gorilla, iguana—are placed onstage and soon removed. A Bach score is served up in slices along with the sound effects of Forsythe’s favorite animals, dogs; isolated Balanchine steps are delivered in phrases that have the accentuation of rock routines but develop no momentum. Past and present are ironed out into one negative vision. No poignancy.

Pointlessness, dogs barking, Balanchine devices, moving curtains, overhead lighting, sudden blackouts: these are standard aspects of Forsythe’s dance theatre. Not only the choreography is his but, in several cases, the lighting, the costumes, and the collation of sound effects are, too. I have seen no Forsythe choreography in which alienation is not rife, and often it’s delivered in violent terms, as a nonstop wow effect. In May and June, New York was given a bumper dose of choreography by Forsythe, who is American-born. New York City Ballet performed his new “Behind the China Dogs;” the Frankfurt Ballet, of which he is the artistic director, brought five of his works to the City Center for a week; then the Paris Opéra Ballet brought “In the Middle, Somewhat Elevated” as part of its season at the Met. A biographical note in a Met program said that Forsythe’s ballets “are often as controversial as they are cultural;” and, sure

enough, the première performance of “In the Middle” occasioned a chorus of boos, which were soon outnumbered by cheers. The performance was part of the gala to celebrate Rudolf Nureyev’s fiftieth birthday; when Mayor Koch made a brief speech in honor of Nureyev, he took the opportunity to reactivate the fray, announcing not only that he liked the work but also that those who booed “would probably have booed Mozart.” I doubt it. Those were the only boos Forsythe received this season. He is being acclaimed in his own day and in his home country.

Forsythe has worked for some time to create a succès-de-scandale reputation. For a charity gala at the London Palladium in 1980, for example, he made a typically anti-gala item for Lynn Seymour, in which she appeared in a leopardskin coat and high heels, took beer cans from a refrigerator, and tried to shoot herself with an unloaded automatic: a flat, “Get lost” gesture toward a gala audience. Cultivating an anti-fashionable pose, he follows fashions. His works never quit their “Up yours” tone—tenderness is unknown in Forsythe choreography—yet they ingratiate themselves with the audience they pretend to alienate.

His recipe—aggression of manners, of presentation, of light, and of sound—isn’t new, and in other hands it can achieve beauty and glory. There has probably been no more successful dance demonstration of this violence than Karole Armitage’s “Drastic Classicism,” made in 1981. I can still feel the thrill—huge, jagged dancing plunging through blasting rock noise. It was a perfectly timed statement of the tenacious, evolving power of classical dance values; academic dance was somehow weathering the latest Dark Age. Though some of Armitage’s work since then—most notably “The Watteau Duets,” of 1985—has developed this idiom successfully, she’s never again seemed so surely in the vanguard of dance classicism. In her two-week season at the Joyce this spring, the three works she presented were all predictably fashionable affairs, in which great Balanchine inventions recurred as casual Armitage mannerisms. One duet in “Duck Dance, Crucifixus, Oh My God” was an inscrutable exercise in mock japonaiserie; it stood to Balanchine’s “Bugaku” as Tom Stoppard’s “Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead” stands to “Hamlet,” but without wit or drive of its own. I found the whole evening trivial and depressing. Even if Armitage never recaptures the success of “Drastic Classicism” or “The Watteau Duets,” though, she has her place



“Jonah! When did you get out?”

in dance history: for a while, she helped to carry the torch of contemporary classicism. Whether or not she has influenced Forsythe I don't know—the title of “In the Middle, Somewhat Elevated” is said to be a reference to a work she made for the Paris Opéra last year—but he is choreographing as if he had grabbed that torch. With him, however, the flame has gone out. Starting with “France/Dance” and culminating in his works for the Paris Opéra and New York City Ballet companies, he has been hard at work in the high-tech neoclassical vein of Armitage-style ballet. Like her, he makes dancing on the biggest possible scale. But the dynamic variety that has characterized the best of her pieces is absent from his.

Forsythe's dance emphasis, whether accompanying Leslie Stuck, Tom Willems, Aretha Franklin, Dionne Warwick, or Bach, is that of rock music. That's part of his impact: he seems to have an instinct for popular culture. Not all his work has to do with academic ballet; “Skinny,” for example, is for a stomping, slangy horde in sneakers. But—unlike Armitage or Twyla Tharp—Forsythe never tries to get under his music's skin. He doesn't explore the current that rock music can accumulate; he just uses its heaviest accentuations to drive home his dance style, which is relentlessly harsh. Any developing intimacy between music and dance is alien to his mode of dance theatre. The hostility of the dances in “Love Songs” stands in deliberate contrast to the Franklin and Warwick songs; in “Steptext,” as in “France/Dance,” he chops up a Bach score; in “Skinny” dancers saw away at violins till the bows are shredded. Forsythe finds his most apt match in the loud, pounding, acidic scores made by him and Willems for “Skinny,” by Willems for “In the Middle, Somewhat Elevated,” and by Stuck for “Behind the China Dogs”—scores that don't invite you to enjoy them, just to be knocked out: rock as scourging, monumental pomp.

On the rare occasions (mainly in “Steptext”) when Forsythe's timing is not violent, it is monolithic; and this places him at the end of a line of trash-makers—Maurice Béjart, Glen Tetley, and Jiří Kylián—each of whom has brought his turgid idiom to the boil in Europe. In none of the choreography I've seen by Forsythe

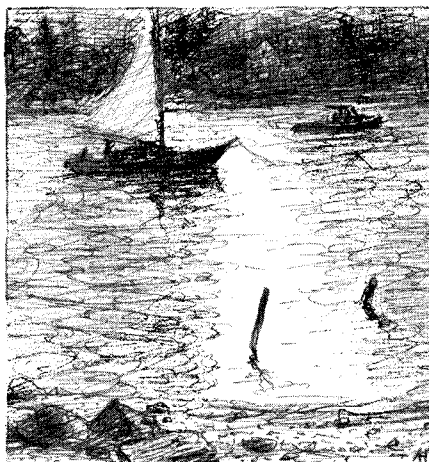
could I discern any honor done to the dancers. He does distinguish—unlike Tetley—between local ballet styles. Not, however, illuminatingly. The Paris Opéra and City Ballet styles are reduced by him to exaggerations of their most obvious—most applause-seeking—characteristics; yet what the Parisians do on balance and what the New Yorkers do off balance exert exactly the same pressure on you. These performers and the Frankfurt-ers are shown in his choreography not as dance artists but as stunt-deliverers—whamming out steps as isolated feats on the disco floor of Armageddon.

The Frankfurt dancers are as coarse and unprepossessing as their material. They were appearing at the same time that the Royal Danes were at the Met; to go from a *matinée* of “Napoli” to a triple bill of Forsythe choreography performed by dancers trained to do it to his satisfaction was “See Naples and die” with a vengeance. And yet “China Dogs” and “In the Middle” at Lincoln Center were as vile as “Skinny” and “France/Dance” and the others at City Center. In Forsythe's hands, all dancers are Huns; and he is Attila.

UNDER the aegis of the New York Festival of the Arts, we saw not only the Frankfurt Ballet but the Dance Theatre of Wuppertal, which brought two full-evening works by Pina Bausch in its return, two-week visit to the Brooklyn Academy of Music. Bausch's works are so long and diffuse that if ever I pick up a clue to some connecting theme or subject matter she then loses it for me. “Carnations,” which is an hour and fifty minutes without intermission, handles two trendily surefire topics—the futility of romance in modern society and the supervision of private lives in a totali-

tarian regime—but keeps veering away from both. What unity the work has is in its method—the now predictable collection of exercises in the Wuppertal School of Ritual Humiliation. Some of these banal routines are performed as punishments—as when a supervisor compels a girl to tickle a man's bare feet; his agonized laughter is amplified by a microphone. As this petty torture goes on, even after the supervisor has left, the unvarying nature of the man's laughter betrays first masochism, then self-indulgence. Later in the show, every man in the company advances in turn to bury his face in freshly sliced onions, and then joins a line at the front of the stage and stands with onion still on his face. You start to forget the absurdity of *what* these men are doing and to notice instead the military relish with which they do it. Elsewhere, a woman's sustained hysteria is addressed to a microphone. Bausch's dancers are old hands at picking their scabs in public. For me, the evening was one of gathering nausea, bit by bit eroding any incidental pleasure in some of Bausch's striking images—just as the field of pink carnations that made the stage beautiful at the start was gradually trodden and stamped into mess.

Hysterical self-torment repeated and turned into fatuous self-gratification is also an ingredient of the other Bausch offering, “Viktor.” Here, however, it never becomes the dominant tone of the evening (which lasts, with one intermission, for three and a half hours). Some of the performers are sometimes engaging; a ludicrous café scene—not unlike “The Judgment of Paris,” by Antony Tudor—for three decrepit waitresses and one weary client proves successfully funny; there is memorable charm in a simple sequence when women hang from rings and swing; steadily and freely, to and fro. “Viktor” takes place in a huge dirt pit. During the course of the evening, a workman up above, at the cliff top, pitches spadefuls of dirt down onto the stage floor. Gradually, you realize, dirt will cover everything: an archetypal Bausch point about the nature of existence. Apart from this inescapable frame, “Viktor” is as absurdist as anything else Bausch has given us. But its better moments are so truly entertaining that, time and again, I was disarmed. Unlike Forsythe's, Bausch's dance theatre is on a human scale, and



it is sometimes capable of variety of mood, of beauty, and of fun—albeit as minor diversions in the Slough of Despond.

THE Parisians, who followed the Danes at the Met, closed their three-week season with Robert Wilson's production of "Le Martyre de Saint-Sébastien." Wilson has adapted the five-hour original, created by Gabriele D'Annunzio and Claude Debussy in 1911, when Ida Rubinstein danced the role of the martyred Christian Adonis. Now the role is divided between female and male (Sylvie Guillem, in boy's attire, and Michael Denard, in sailor outfit but barelegged): Saints-Sébastien I and II. Perhaps this device is a historical reference to Rubinstein's dancing the male role; it evokes, too, the Syberberg film of Wagner's "Parsifal," and the way its hero is suddenly replaced by a woman after Kundry's kiss. Wilson's show—he not only directed but co-choreographed it (with Suzushi Hanayagi) and co-designed the sets (with Xavier de Richemont)—is a kind of latter-day attempt at making a "Parsifal" of dance theatre: it's all about the hero's *Wanderjahre* on the way to sainthood. Like "Viktor," "Le Martyre" lasts over three hours and has one intermission. And it's perverse and obscure. (Wilson has added a prologue set on a pre-First World War cruise ship, aboard which both Guillem, as "An Elegant Woman," and Denard, as "Sébastien"—no saint—are seen. The passengers, says the program note, "are unaware of what awaits them when they reach their inevitable destination.")

Most of "Le Martyre" had me wriggling with boredom despite some ravishing Debussy music, not all from the original score. Still, its finest moments were the best things about the Parisians' season here. The finale, a chalk-white Paradise of slow motion, with its two Sébastiens wandering amid polar bears, apes, and birds, and its blood-red angel, sword in hand, is a scenic marvel. Although as Sébastien I the hyperextended Guillem looks as bizarre as she does in other roles, she has here a plastique, a dramatic edge and purpose that were not to be found in her Odette-Odile in "Swan Lake"—or, this January at Covent Garden, in her Giselle. Patrick Dupond, now a guest étoile with the

company, was the Emperor who falls for Sébastien; like Guillem, he projected with more integrity than I had previously encountered in his performances. The scene between them, in which Sébastien is tempted, like Christ by Satan, by the Emperor's offer of earthly power, has deliberately sexy overtones (more appealing than the covert sensuality elsewhere). At the hero's moment of peak temptation, Sébastien II is brought in to repeat a duet his alter ego has just danced with the Emperor; it's a very Syberberg—"Parsifal" stroke, but Denard's arrival weakens a scene that otherwise has more tension than anything else in "Le Martyre."

The Parisian repertory tends to be a shopwindow for Eurotrash. Maguy Marin's "Leçons de Ténèbres" was a long, dreary barefoot trough of ritual, its imagery of suffering made in response to the text from Lamentations used in its Couperin score; but, with its darkened stage, mirrored ceiling, and huge candles, its male-female confrontations and its partial views of naked flesh, the work was drenched less in religion than in eroticism of the pseudo-mystic, incense-laden, anguished kind. Most of the ballets were given with various casts, but one viewing was usually more than enough for me. I spent Nureyev's "Swan Lake" trying to ignore the sourness of the production—in which Prince Siegfried is the dupe of the heroine and his tutor—and instead to understand Parisian musical style. To no avail: a dance phrase might begin loosely attached to the metre, meander away by itself, and then hover vaguely beside the melody line. Part of this is due to Nureyev's ghastly unmusicality as a choreographer, his singularly crabbed way of knitting steps, steps, steps tight together without ever shaping them into dances. This completely throttles his version of "The Nutcracker." His retelling of the story is basically the same as in his production for the Royal Ballet (last performed at Covent Garden in 1977): little Clara dreams that she grows up to become the ballerina and that old Drosselmeyer grows down to become her Prince; the Christmas-tree music is given to the mice, who swarm in a nightmarish pursuit of Clara and her Nutcracker and tear off part of her skirt; a flock of bats in Act II turn out to be her relatives. If memory serves, the steps

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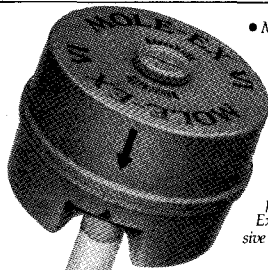
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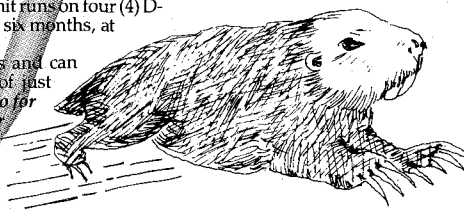
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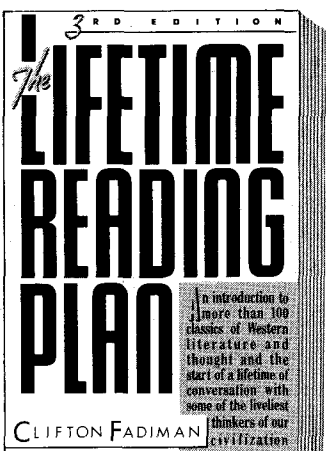
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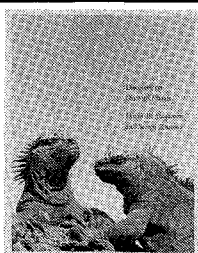
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are now in several places even more densely and unlyrically fitted to the score than before; at any rate, the Royal Ballet and Nureyev himself in the seventies used to navigate them better. Having seen the Paris staging in December, I found this July that I could not bear to remain in the Met after the first act. I care too much for the dancing I saw Nureyev do in his thirties to have been able to enjoy the feeble and strained performances he has given in the last ten years, or even his presence onstage in a ballet. At least the performance of the grand défilé given at the gala in honor of his half-century allowed him to appear—at the climax of all the élèves, quadrilles, coryphées, sujets, premiers danseurs, étoiles, and guests—in black tie, as a private citizen.

This year, New York was able to see not only the Opéra's ballet company but its ballet school, too. Students performed in "The Nutcracker;" they also performed in a daylong lecture-demonstration of their syllabus at the Juilliard Theatre and, the next day, gave two performances of a double bill of Léo Staats' "Soir de Fête," to music from Delibes's "La Source," and Albert Aveline's version of "Les Deux Pigeons," to the Messager score. One could see the foundation of the light-toned Opéra style; and one could see divergences from it. What the best Opéra students, both the most junior and the most senior, exemplified was, in fact, more like style, and more Parisian, than almost anything displayed by the company's dancers. Accurate timing, unexaggerated amplitude, elegant wit, and pellucid, delicate articulation: these virtues were well showcased in the gloriously absurd "Soir de Fête." Staats choreographed this escalating array of ceremonious and academic revels in 1925 for Olga Spessivtseva and Gustave Ricaux and eighteen other dancers. His intention was "to guard the quality of classical dance technique jealously and to condemn neglect severely." Sixty years on and more, his ballet still helps to serve this purpose. And just set "Soir de Fête" beside the repertory of the company into which these students hope to graduate—not to mention the dance companies from Germany that New York has also seen this season. It's like champagne in the desert.

—ALASTAIR MACAULAY

IN FASHION

Camelot

THE controversy (did he or didn't he have AIDS?) that surrounded Perry Ellis's death, two years ago, and drowned out the eulogies has lately been stirred up all over again by Jonathan Moor's biography, "Perry Ellis" (St. Martin's; \$17.95), which belabors the issue. There is no doubt that Ellis's career was cut short or that his death was awful and demeaning, but today the question of how he died seems nowhere near as important as the sad fact that he is gone, and that much of what he stood for in fashion seems to have died along with him.

Ellis's life was not the stuff of which epic biographies are made. He grew up in Virginia—in Portsmouth and, later, in suburban Churchland—and his childhood was, by his own account, contented and uneventful. Success came to him relatively late, when he was nearly forty, and the life he led from then on, though extravagant in some respects, was hardly grandiose or fancy; his close friends weren't movie stars or intellectuals or millionaires or artists. There was no mystery about him, according to Patricia Pastor, his longtime assistant, who succeeded him as designer for the line that bears his name. He had, she says, "a plain old life," and he was happy in it.

His route to success on Seventh Avenue was a roundabout one. His background was in marketing: he earned a bachelor's degree in business from the College of William and Mary and, after a brief stint in the Coast Guard, a master's in retailing from N.Y.U. He had no formal design training. In 1963, he went to work at Miller & Rhoads, a department store in Richmond, and eventually built its junior sportswear depart-

ment, one of the smallest in the store, into the biggest money-maker—"bigger than the furniture department," he proudly told an interviewer—on the strength of the Shetland sweaters and matching knee socks, the plaid skirts, and the Peter Pan-collared shirts that were the staples of such manufacturers as John Meyer of Norwich and The Villager. Representing a large constituency, Ellis wielded considerable influence with these manufacturers. Often, they asked his opinion on colors and design changes, and he advised them so well that in time he was hired away by John Meyer. In 1974, Ellis joined Manhattan Industries as vice-president and merchandise manager of its Vera Sportswear division, and was assigned the task of turning Vera Neumann's bright-colored silk-screen paintings into sportswear. Two years later, he was given his own line, called Portfolio, and, two years after that, his own division, with his name on the label.

Several of Ellis's collections achieved instant landmark status:

the swirling wool challis dresses and skirts printed with ducks, geese, and pheasants; the twenties-style linen and eyelet chemises that coincided with the movie "Chariots of Fire;" the kaleidoscopic mixture of tartan plaids; the geometric patterns inspired by Sonia Delaunay. In every collection, there were buttonless blazers, worn open or anchored by a belt; trompe-l'oeil one-liners (a sweater with a "belt" knit into the waist or a "pendant" at the neckline); woolly tights and patterned socks; flat shoes. Single-handedly, Ellis revived hand-knits, bringing to sweaters peplums, ruffles, and other details usually reserved for fabrics, and purveying such oddities as a two-piece knit bathing suit with Argyles down the sides. He waged a campaign to bring back culottes, as a more flattering alternative to pants and a more comfortable alternative to skirts, and he turned them out in all varieties: cossack pants, knickers, and bloomers; box-pleated, streamlined, or full; ankle-length, mid-calf, or mini (a combination of shorts and skirt, formerly



"We're a great team, Sash—you with your small and large motor skills, me with my spatial awareness and hand-eye coordination."

called a "skort"). He created width at the shoulders by means of a pleat at the top of the sleeve or a ruffle around the armhole. Though the antecedents of his clothes often came from menswear, the silhouette was unfailingly feminine. However voluminous the skirt or coat or culottes, the waist was always clearly defined. His clothes moved gracefully.

Ellis believed that if you weren't having fun doing your job you were in the wrong line of work. The good times that he and his assistants—Pastor, who joined him in 1976, and Jed Krascella, who was hired two years later—had designing his collections spilled over into the clothes and onto the runway. Early on, the three of them settled into their special roles: Ellis supplying the ideas, Krascella getting them down on paper, and Pastor calculating how to make the designs work in fabrics and on a body. The themes, Pastor says, were never preconceived; they simply emerged from the clothes as the collection evolved. Planning a collection dominated by flared boleros and high-waisted matador trousers, the three of them talked in Spanish accents all day long. For the fall show of 1978, they engaged the Princeton football captain and cheerleaders to appear, and this prompted a string of free associations—an oversized raccoon coat, saddle oxfords, snug little sweaters, and chrysanthemum corsages—that all together celebrated life on campus.

ELLIS emerged in the late seventies, at a time when the names on designer labels had suddenly become household words and the designers themselves had been elevated to the rank of celebrities, signing their names on the rear pockets of bluejeans. Their living rooms, their dinner menus, their dogs were routinely featured in "life style" stories; their opinions on matters of taste were duly recorded; they were photographed at parties in the company of glamorous clients wearing their designs. And the public was reassured to know that at the center of those images lived a real person: Ralph Lauren, the silver-haired, smiling urban cowboy; Calvin Klein, the boyishly handsome entrepreneur; Bill Blass, the wry, debonair man-about-town. But the Perry Ellis image was uninhabited. Ellis believed that the designer's name belonged in-

side the clothes. He preferred to go about his life in private, in the company of a few close friends, and refused to allow a personality cult to be built around him. When, from time to time, the press tried to bestow a blue-blooded past on him, making him out to be a preppy Southerner from an Old Dominion family, who lived in a West Side town house furnished with heirlooms, he didn't bother to set the record straight.

He was an obstinate perfectionist, who paid excruciating attention to detail. One season, when all the post offices in New York were sold out of a new issue of flower stamps he wanted for his invitations, he sent someone on his staff to New Jersey to buy them—to buy twice as many as he needed, because he liked only two of the four designs. Rea Lubar, who handled Ellis's publicity for the first few years, claims that though he drove her staff crazy they loved—and respected—him for being such a stickler. Trying to find extra seating for one of his shows, she consulted the Yellow Pages and came up with a Staten Island company that rented bleachers. She was prepared to make the arrangements over the phone, she says, but Ellis insisted on seeing the bleachers. So off they went, in his big white Pontiac. The bleachers were fine, he said when he saw them, but a little rusty—could they be painted orange? There are stories of flowers being too short for a vase, of a custom-designed dining-room table for his apartment being a quarter of an inch too wide. Yet somehow he managed to escape being tyrannized by his own good taste—a common fate in the fashion business. Robert McDonald, who shared a brownstone with Ellis for fifteen years, recalls that their house was the kind of place where there are dog hairs on the sofa and you can put your feet up on the coffee table.

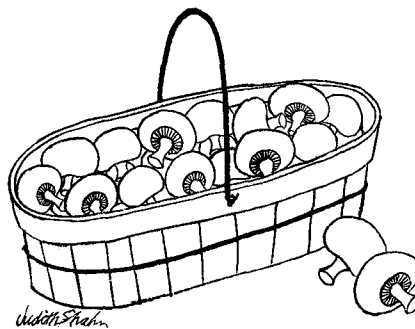
In his book, Jonathan Moor, with

nothing more than scraps of information, constructs a picture of an average, unassuming guy who loved Frank Sinatra's singing and Frank O'Hara's poetry, who was a good cook and a good dancer, who never learned to drink Scotch. According to other sources—people who knew him well—he was a homebody, an intensely loyal friend, and something of a snob, impressed by other people's celebrity, though not by his own. He appreciated humor but couldn't tell a joke well. He played squash regularly (always doubles), more for the company than for the exercise. McDonald characterizes his taste in music as "lite classical." His taste in books ran to biographies, mostly of historical or literary figures; after reading Beryl Markham's "West with the Night," he sent copies of it to some twenty people he knew.

His friends contend that Ellis was an introvert. In an interview in 1980, he said that his favorite childhood pastime had been reading, "because you do it by yourself." An only child, he remained on close terms with his parents. His mother wrote him a letter once a week, enclosing five dollars. Sometimes she sent clippings, usually inspirational, with the important parts underlined. Pastor has one of these taped up on the bookshelf behind her desk: "What a man is and does depends entirely on the use he makes of his indwelling power. Right thinking plays the most important part in our lives."

Ellis himself was an inveterate, assiduously thoughtful note-writer—more comfortable expressing his feelings in writing, one friend believes, than in person or over the phone. Another friend remembers a note Ellis sent to thank him for a gift he had sent to thank Ellis for a weekend at his house. An acquaintance of Ellis's who worked as a lowly copywriter at *Vogue* once got a note from him saying that while he was riding his bike to work he'd spotted a woman walking down Columbus Avenue looking wonderful in his clothes, and then realized that it was she.

FOR all Ellis's refusal to advertise himself, his clothes were an open book, and in them one could read aspects of his personality. Looking at videotapes of his collections recently, I was struck again by how prolific he was, and how unstinting. Often, he



would spend several ideas on a single outfit when most designers would spread them out and call attention to each of them. He preferred the durable to the luxurious, the casual to the formal, the understated to the showy. When, in 1979, he began designing furs, he chose to work in sheared beaver, not "glamour" skins like fisher and sable. Ellis's furs were dyed moss green or slate blue or eggplant, to match the color range of his clothes, and they were treated as fabric, cut along the same lines as his jackets and coats—with capelet collars or dimple sleeves. In the collection inspired by Sonia Delaunay, he showed sheared-beaver coats in vivid geometric patterns. These were furs that aspired to the status of mere cloth—furs with a grandeur so self-effacing that it didn't register at first glance.

Ellis brought to everyday, casual clothes a level of invention in the cut, a richness in the colors, and a complexity in the mixing of prints and textures which are usually reserved for more sumptuous fabrics and for statelier clothes—for haute couture. He never outgrew his affection for the collegiate style—the matching-sweater-and-knee-socks sets and the pleated plaid skirts—that had served him so well in his first job. Like most designers, Ellis had his weaknesses, and, as is often true, they were the converse of his strengths. His men's suits looked downright jokey, as if he couldn't quite bring himself to do something so conventional with a straight face. His evening clothes for women were lacking in conviction; the best of them were generally softer, more luxurious versions of the sweaters and skirts he did so well. The theatricality, the role-playing, the fantasy inherent in the most dramatic evening dressing went against his nature. He was a pragmatist, at home in the here and now, and the woman his clothes projected was an ingénue, not a femme fatale.

When Laughlin Barker, Ellis's lover and the president of Perry Ellis International, died of AIDS, in January, 1986, Ellis asked Robert McDonald, who was then working in the film industry, to come into the office a few days a week, "just to keep the paper flowing." In March, Ellis asked him to step in as president, a job for which, McDonald says, "I couldn't have been less qualified." But Ellis's own health was failing, despite public statements to

the contrary, and he clearly wanted to leave his business in the hands of a friend. McDonald complied, assuming that he and Ellis would have a year or so together, during which he could learn the ropes. Ellis died that May—not, however, before dictating a stack of thank-you notes to friends for the flowers they had sent him during his illness.

Patricia Pastor says that the transition was smooth, because Ellis had always included her and Jed Krascella in decisions. "We were so much a part of the business that there was no waking up one morning and wondering, 'What would Perry have done?'" Her collection for this fall is exuberant and quirky, with wool check suits whose jackets are fringed like a cowgirl's, scallop-edged blouses and ballerina skirts, cable-knit cashmere scarf-necked sweaters, blanket skirts, and a trenchcoat lined in Russian squirrel. The clothes are not, perhaps, as whimsical as Ellis's, but some of the signature themes—the mixture of patterns, the culottes—are still there, and the style is in keeping with the one he devised. Pastor says that there is bound to be a resemblance between her designs and his, because in the course of working for him she came to believe most of what he believed about clothes.

FOR years, Ellis dressed in the same uniform daily: khaki pants (no belt), a blue oxford shirt, and Top-Siders (sometimes no socks). If clothes could be said to have a purpose, it was, to his mind, to give people a sense of well-being—to put them at their ease, so that they could go about the business of their lives. He had no interest in turning out sartorial objects of art. He wanted to bridge the gap between fashion, which seemed aloof, meticulous, and forbidding, and the discombobulation of everyday life—between the frozen image and the body in motion. What mattered finally wasn't the clothes themselves, or even the way they looked, but the way they could make people feel. Anyone who doubted the validity of this theory had only to watch his models and the way they moved in his clothes. They strode—sometimes skipped—down the runway, breezy and sure, arms swinging at their sides.

In his collections, Ellis showed a bias toward the natural—little or no

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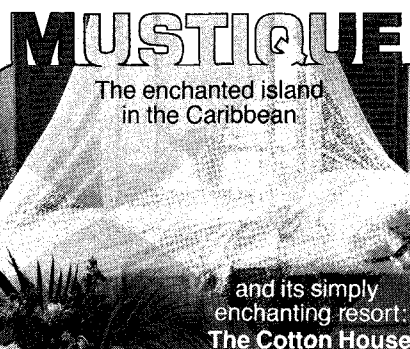
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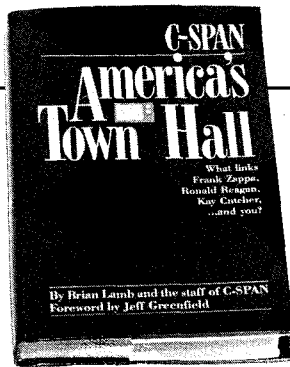
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makeup, hair that fell into place, an image that hadn't been fussed over. He made clear the distinction between self-respect and self-adoration, between self-awareness and self-involvement; even at its most elaborate, his style was remarkably free of the vanity implicit in so much of high fashion. In the late seventies (which to all intents and purposes lasted until 1983 or 1984), the height of the Beige Decade, Ellis leaned toward a palette of rich colors: teal and periwinkle blue, eggplant, forest green, garnet. While the rest of fashion was awash in silk crêpe de chine, he chose to work instead in wool, linen, and cotton—rough-textured, unpretentious fibres that didn't require people to be on their best behavior. At a time when clothes were getting more and more explicit, when many designers subscribed to the notion that the best wrapping is the one that divulges the contents of the package, Ellis proceeded on the assumption that a woman's sex appeal resides in her sense of herself—in her wit and energy and confidence and humor—and that in the end the sexiest clothes are the ones that put her at her ease.

When Perry Ellis and Ralph Lauren were mentioned in the same breath, as they often were, it was usually to make a point about American fashion—about its being such a mass-market industry, bereft of artistry, that a designer who couldn't even sketch (as Ellis couldn't, and as Lauren can't) could nevertheless become a staggering success. What Ellis and Lauren had in common was a knack for merchandising, an instinct for what a certain customer wanted, and in both of them this understanding was subjective, an outgrowth of their own tastes and yearnings. The clothes Lauren designs are, to all appearances, an attempt to invent for himself the life to which he aspires; Ellis, in the clothes he designed, re-created for himself an idealized version of the life he remembered. For those of us who grew up in circumstances like the ones he invoked, his clothes became the means by which we could revisit our past, glossing over the lousy time we had at the prom, or the tedious summer we spent working at the five-and-ten. And for people who knew no more of this world of small towns and tidy suburbs than what they'd seen in the movies, Ellis's

fantasyland proved to be no less compelling. While Lauren caters to our popular fascination with the aristocracy, Ellis reaffirmed our faith in the middle class. He celebrated Middle America at its most ordinary: homecoming parades, covered-dish suppers, summer camps, Scout troops, and paper routes.

Our memory when it comes to fashion is short and selective. The clothes we wore twenty or thirty years ago seem comprehensible and appealing, however quaint. But the clothes we wore ten years ago strike us now as impossibly remote, and the years when Ellis flourished have been consigned to oblivion for the time being. His name has quietly slipped into history, until that day in the

distant future when some museum mounts a retrospective exhibition and revives his reputation. In the meantime, for those of us who witnessed his career there is something poignant and a little painful about recollecting the clothes he designed. In them we see how much the world has changed in these past few years, and how much we have changed along with it. Ellis's clothes are full of optimism, of laughter, of innocence. He presented us with a vision of what politicians and editorial writers call the youth of America—student-council presidents, cheerleaders, varsity athletes, yearbook editors, valedictorians—and of the future stretching out before them, unfolding at their feet like the clean white paper down the middle of the runway.

—HOLLY BRUBACH

TELEVISION NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[From *TV News of Manhattan South*]
(13) **OXBRIDGE BLUES** Featured: "Sleeps Six" Actor Ben Kingsley portrays Gandhi, a successful film producer who ultimately is betrayed by his agent and is beknighted.

Raytheon Company Chairman Thomas Phillips (left) of Weston talks with Gov. (and apparent Democratic Presidential nominee) Michael Dukakis at the gala dinner held at the Boston Park Plaza Hotel prior to the performance of "Homage a Plisetskaya," an evening of ballet featuring dancers Maya Plisetskaya and Mikhail Gorbachev at the Wang Center.—*Photo caption in the Natick (Mass.) NewsWest.*

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BOOKS

Gloriously Ugly

WHAT most men dread in the mirror, hung over, Charles Laughton saw there sober. But if he gazed on his fleshy untidiness long enough perhaps his self-loathing could be smoothed over by acting, by Art. It would prove his otherwise secret beauty if he could uncover a spirit of poetry in features that people called homely or ignominious—a verdict he often believed he deserved. There was no room for objectivity: as a Romantic, Laughton knew that he appeared gloriously ugly to a stupid world, with its specious ideal called Beauty. If only he could have played Caliban or Jekyll and Hyde.

"He was the kind of boy one longed to take a good kick at" was the recollection of a contemporary, quoted without mercy or dispute by Elsa Lanchester, Laughton's wife, in her 1937 book, "Charles Laughton and I." By the time he reached the trenches at Vimy Ridge, aged eighteen, he looked like the idiot and butt of any company of men—except that his eyes were as heavy-lidded, gloomy, and delicate as those of a fading duchess. In one photograph you can see a lascivious, constipated Lady Bracknell beneath the military cap; there is a sneer of suffering and superiority on the thick lips. He was a year at war, enduring mud, rats, and the best British jokes about his oddity. He was expected to push bayonets into Germans. In the last week of fighting, he was gassed. His body was thereafter subject to disfiguring rashes, and his larynx was damaged. Now he would be an actor who sounded as if he had narrowly avoided being strangled, adding grief and peril to his ardent whisper, and courage to his grand recitations.

He would dare his own looks and challenge the public to watch him; if, in the last analysis, they missed his nobility, he could frighten them. Quasimodo was his true Lear. Yet Laughton was confused enough to want to play the classical king, too, at Stratford. When he did, in 1959, it was a disaster; the strain and disappointment of that experience may have hastened his death, in 1962. He could never abide by the music of the verse; he felt enchained if he wasn't free to find a unique, halting rhythm of his own. And so the purists talked of greatness ruined by the company of Deanna Durbin and Abbott and Costello—of a virtuoso too given to wayward, private voices to be a regular actor.

Simon Callow's fascinating book "Charles Laughton: A Difficult Actor" (Grove; \$18.95) rather rejoices in the difficulty. Mr. Callow sees it as the equivalent of what we call problem plays—some mystery of content which

will not be resolved. An actor himself, Mr. Callow is far better-looking than Laughton (he made a handsome Orlando in "As You Like It"), yet I suspect he has an itch to spread, twist, and flower with grotesqueries. That aspiration surely follows from the dedicated way in which he sees Laughton's disfigurement as his best means to acting glory:

The physical gesture of the performance is enormous: the stutters and the tics are nearly incapacitating, and the limp is one of utmost deformity, like a man walking along with one foot in a trench. The point is not that people do have just such terrible distortions in life, which they certainly do, but that behind them, inside them, is a quite different person, not a loon or a cripple, but a gentle, wise, and humorous man, a scholar and a poet, who has remained untarnished by his physical disadvantages and people's crass and cruel reaction to them.

The performance so richly described here is that in "I, Claudius," and Mr. Callow is persuasive enough to make us feel it a triumph. Whereas that film

was never finished, in large part because neurotic obstacles prevented Laughton from delivering his performance. There is no question but that the director of "I, Claudius," Josef von Sternberg, was a stricter apostle of film art than Laughton needed. Sternberg did not film performance so much as enigmatic, poised faces registering the destiny of light. But there is a possibility, not acknowledged by Mr. Callow, that Laughton was not averse to a ruined film, or to the legend of a great performance that was forever cursed—what the French call *maudit*. For Mr. Callow, difficulty is a presage of tragic grandeur, but in the theatre world of Laughton's day many people regarded him as aloof, vain, hammy, undirectable, and insuf-



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ferable. This was a man admired, a little feared, but decisively disdained by Laurence Olivier, in a remark that Mr. Callow takes for an epigraph:

I'm not a genius. There's no room for genius in the theatre, it's too much trouble. The only actor I ever knew who was a genius was Charles Laughton. Maybe that's why he was so difficult.

Mr. Callow is no average actor, either, and not the most obedient actor of his generation. He is already spoken of as a headstrong outsider (he does write books), ready to go over the top, eager to be carried away. He is best known in this country onscreen, in "A Room with a View," "Maurice," and "The Good Father," and in Peter Shaffer's "Amadeus," in which he played Schikaneder, the leader of the popular theatre. (At London's National Theatre, in 1979, in the play's first production, Mr. Callow had played Mozart.)

Everything about Mr. Callow suggests that he feels privileged to be an actor. He is that rarity in the theatre, a passionate enthusiast ready to challenge the institution—no friend to the cult of directors, no meek member of the company. Laughton would have appreciated him; and Mr. Callow perhaps needs the great example. Mr. Callow is also the author of a witty, candid guide to the art, the neuroses, and the business of "Being an Actor" (a new edition is coming later this year from Grove). In it, he writes firsthand, like a good journalist; he knows what happened when *he* acted; he was there, with pangs and pleasure, playing the part and trying to be himself. But he cannot often bring that same inside daily raciness to a full-length critical analysis of another actor; "Charles Laughton" lacks the exuberance of the earlier book, and is occasionally awkward in the writing. Still, there is no doubt about the quality of Callow's gentle, sympathetic, yet boisterous mind.

How hard it is to convey the immediacy of acting, let alone the process that created it; it must be exquisitely frustrating for another actor making the attempt. Mr. Callow is as self-effacing as someone under orders to restrain himself. He never met Laughton or saw him onstage, but he worshipped him from the darkness of movie theatres. His starting point for doing this book, he says, with provoking brevity, "was my realisation that I

was not, after all, Charles Laughton." He could easily have gone overboard. Yet is it possible that modesty and deliberate, sensible restraint have gone too far? That "after all" sighs with temptation reluctantly denied. And if the author wasn't there, isn't he bound to imagine? And hope for resemblance? If the subject is Laughton, doesn't everything depend on our being moved?

There is much in Mr. Callow's book that is biography. He had access to the papers that Elsa Lanchester gave to U.C.L.A., and conducted over fifty interviews with people who had known and worked with Laughton. But he insists that his purpose was narrower and more professional:

This... is a sustained attempt to write about acting, as exemplified by one of its greatest practitioners. It is an enquiry into what he was trying to do and how far he succeeded in doing it. It tries to discover what kind of an artist he was. It considers the question of whether it is possible to talk about acting as an art at all. His life was in many ways extraordinary, but the body of the book is concerned with it only in relation to his acting.

That's a reasonable approach, and the glory of the book is that it makes a reader feel the texture of performances long since given up to stale reviews or tamed by videotape. To read the book is to *have* to see some of the films again.

Just listen to Mr. Callow on Laughton's Javert in "Les Misérables": "the unsmiling, almost contourless orb of his face, glowing coldly with frozen misery and single-minded sureness of purpose," and then, as Javert hears his own dossier and its mention of his father's prison sentence, "The orb cracks—only for a second, but it is unforgettable, because it seems as if the whole man might split straight down the middle, such is the force of the impulse."

I think we can infer from this how physical an actor Mr. Callow is, how bursting with inner demons. And he loves Laughton the uncontainable, the actor writhing with the role's energy. When the book comes to "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," you may want to hover over the "pause" and "rewind" buttons on your VCR to absorb the splendor of that lopsided face and the cunning mind behind it.

As for the stage work—"A Man with Red Hair," "On the Spot," "Measure for Measure," and, above all, "Galileo"—recall is not just tantalizing for us; it is torture. So it must

have been for Laughton, to feel the precious ghosts of his genius vanishing even as they were released.

It says something about our need for acting that players lost to record are still legendary: Garrick, Kean, Irving. How do such reputations survive? It can be only because of the living oral tradition of actors like Simon Callow. Still, I think he has decided to keep a mistaken distance from the inner tumult of Laughton. If only he could bring to one of Laughton's rehearsals the gossipy worry of his own work on the stage version of "Amadeus." This extract from "Being an Actor" suggests both that he was always thinking of Laughton and that he is seldom unaware of his own acting. It also indicates a homosexuality shared by Callow and Laughton. But whereas Callow treats his feelings with enthusiastic curiosity, for Laughton gayness was a terrible secret. It may even have been an explanation for him of his "monstrous" looks:

At last [Callow writes] I found the courage to be charming. I realized that up till now, not only as Mozart but in every part I had ever played, because I was certain that no audience (and of course, no man) could ever accept me as attractive or charming, I determined to make it clear that I wasn't trying, that what I was was ridiculous, ugly, overpowering, and chose instead to command admiration for my honesty and self-exposure. In fact, the greater honesty, the greater self-exposure, was to offer myself as I was, just as attractive and charming as I actually was, not trying to be more or less. It had taken eight years to learn this simple thing.

LAUGHTON was born in Scarborough, a classy seaside town in Yorkshire, in 1899, in the Victoria Hotel, which his parents owned. During his childhood, they prospered, giving up the Victoria (opposite the railway station) for the "four star" Pavilion, with a Grill Room, an American Bar, and dancing on Saturday nights. The parents devoted themselves to the hotel, and were not well disposed toward "artistic" tendencies. Charles was himself destined to be a hotelier. He had a couple of years, during the war, at Claridge's (a training ground for Ruggles, and even for Captain Bligh), observing life, and sitting in theatre galleries every night he could afford to.

He had worked with the Scarborough Players, and in 1922, at the Pavilion, the visiting Osbert Sitwell was impressed by "a rather substantial young man" making a performance out

of his job of hotel manager. Nevertheless, it was a brave departure when, at twenty-four, Laughton applied to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. This was an age of salon handsomeness on Shaftesbury Avenue, of the elegant underplaying of Gerald du Maurier; Claude Rains was a teacher at RADA. Yet Laughton excelled there: he won the Bancroft gold medal; he played Sganarelle and Falstaff. Some predicted a great future. But Sir Johnston Forbes Robertson said, "It's unkind. He hasn't a hope in hell of ever working, looking the way he does."

Only will, talent, and need could have proved that warning unfounded. The young Laughton rose fast: five London roles in 1926, seven in '27, and another five in '28—good character parts in Gogol, Ibsen, Chekhov, Pirandello, Euripides, often directed by Komisarjevsky. He was also in his share of bad plays, and his turn in those was hailed by reviewers as the reason for seeing the show. He was robust yet dainty, homespun yet flamboyant, funny yet frightening. In the press, he was a "character," an actor who had rapport with the cheap seats and with people who didn't normally go to the theatre. You can still find shy, unactorly men in England who will give you their Bligh impersonation.

He was becoming his own genre, and moving toward poorer material. He was a smash hit in Arnold Bennett's "Mr. Prohack," with a performance that Bennett alone failed to realize was modelled on the author. Then came his first lustrous villain, in Benn Levy's "A Man with Red Hair." The role was Crispin, crippled by difference and turning on his tormentors. At one moment, Crispin destroys a Rembrandt engraving to assert the power of ugliness. Mr. Callow never saw the play, of course, but as we read him we see and hear Laughton in it, and begin to grasp the dance he did with himself—the freak and the circus master.

There were mistakes ahead, too. Laughton could not fathom the foolish benevolence of Mr. Pickwick. Six years later, in Hollywood, he had the same problem with Mr. Micawber, and yielded the part to W. C. Fields. (Mr. Callow is very good on the way Dickensian characters have no "unconscious" side, leaving no rock for Laughton to turn over.) But he was the rage of London as Hercule Poirot

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JOHN CHEEVER A BIOGRAPHY

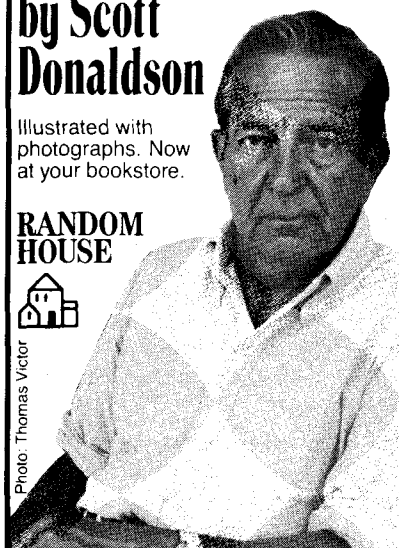
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in "Alibi," as a Chicago-Italian gangster in Edgar Wallace's "On the Spot," and as a domestic murderer in "Payment Deferred."

Mr. Callow calls this last a "major crux," and not just because of the best-selling darkness of Jeffrey Dell's play. While it was in rehearsal, Laughton was brought up in court on homosexual charges. The magistrate dismissed the case—a narrow escape for 1931—but the impact on Laughton's home life was severe. In 1929, he had married Elsa Lanchester, a quirky actress, the brilliant pixie in a circle of intellectuals, and a verbal tease who found a willing victim in Charles. Elsa had never suspected that Charles was homosexual—she said. She was quietly shattered and embittered, and he was cast in a lifetime of guilt. But they stayed together until his death, pursuing their separate love affairs, working together as if intent on looking after each other.

Mr. Callow knows he doesn't fully understand that vexed tie; its clash of politeness and masquerade, fondness and recrimination, calls for a great play. But his insight into Laughton the actor leads us to the point of needing to know more about the marriage and about Laughton the homosexual. If ever a man deserved torrential confession, it was he, but he left little on paper, and Mr. Callow has not explored Laughton's love life. Yet surely it is vital to know how this lyric sufferer loved, and what the balance of gratification and humiliation was for him. That is a way of gaining access to that eerie gesture in "Hunchback" when he hides his love-stricken face from Maureen O'Hara's Esmeralda.

By the early nineteen-thirties, Laughton was working in America as well as in England. He was thus the first famous English actor to "betray" his heritage. (His former teacher Claude Rains was to capitulate a year later; talking pictures loved English elocution.) In Hollywood, in 1932, Laughton did the screen version of "Payment Deferred," and he was a half-naked Nero for De Mille in "The Sign of the Cross" and part of that monument of camp horror "The Old Dark House."

He was becoming what the world thought of as a great actor. (Paul Muni was his chief rival.) He played

big parts in showy productions; he was refined and brutal at the same time; and he varied his appearance with every role. He was no less adorable as Ruggles than hateful as Bligh. It was Victorian barnstorming, with the benefit of movie technology. For Alexander Korda, he raised the status of the entire British picture business, and won his Oscar, in "The Private Life of Henry VIII" (founded on every English workingman's grudging admiration for 'Enery). He was the father, puffing as he carried Norma Shearer, in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street;" and he was "Rembrandt," for Korda again. No part meant more to him. Laughton revered painting, and in the Dutchman he found an enigma of nobility and lowly humanity oddly akin to Peter Shaffer's Wolfie. On the London stage, he played the Bard's Henry VIII, Angelo in "Measure for Measure," a failed "Macbeth," Prospero, Canon Chasuble in "Earnest," and Captain Hook to Elsa's Peter Pan. His range was vast; he could have played any man who felt misunderstood.

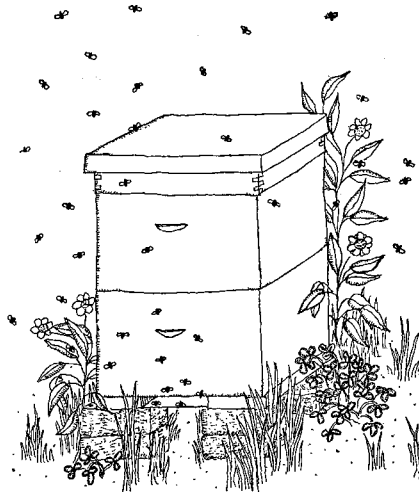
Not yet forty, rich enough to start collecting paintings, he could pick his projects. His brief eminence reached its peak in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." Clearly, the man worked hard. He was capricious, and not everyone's easy company, but only the Micawber withdrawal hinted at unreliability until "I, Claudius." This was another Korda project, with Laughton in a role so made for him that he grew uneasy. Fearful of acting the part, intimidated by von Sternberg, he became obsessed by the recording of Edward VIII's abdication speech, reluctant even to

leave his dressing room. The picture had to be abandoned. Von Sternberg was a real Bligh to Laughton. He had comforted the actor in the distress of a rectal fistula, but as a director he humiliated him on the set. For the first time, Laughton was empty when the camera was ready. Or too full to speak. The muse had become elusive.

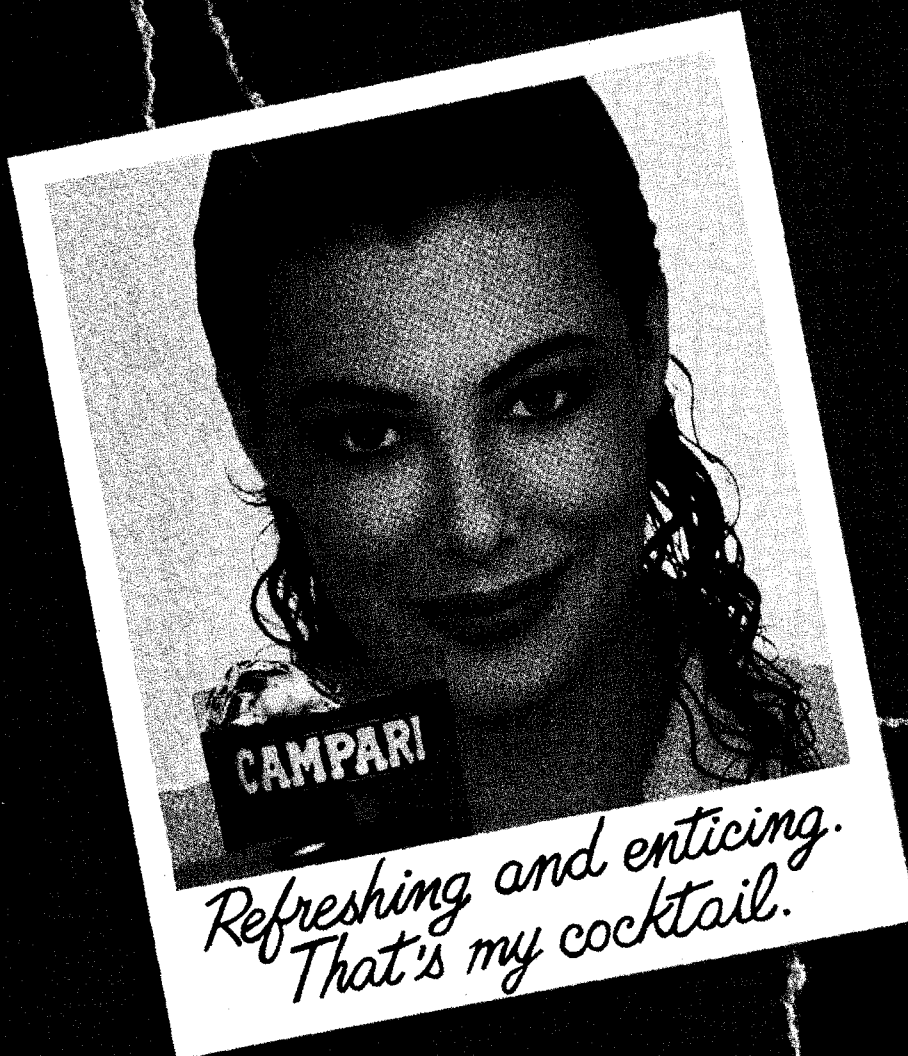
Between 1939 and 1945, he went from being a giant to becoming a problem, hard to cast as more than a stock villain. He was fat for frightening; he leered and drawled to denote malice. There were no plays and only one adventurous film, Renoir's "This Land Is Mine." It flopped; despite its pathos, it has moments of shrill hysteria when Laughton seems to know he's forcing the role of a humble coward. It was easier to be a gloating heavy, making dark jewels of wicked moments: "Captain Kidd," "The Big Clock," "Arch of Triumph," "The Paradine Case," all the way to "Abbott and Costello Meet Captain Kidd" and an incredible and incredulous Herod to Rita Hayworth's "Salome." His barrister in "Witness for the Prosecution" and his senator in "Advise and Consent" were more accomplished figures, in clever entertainments, but nothing could conceal Laughton's own feeling that they were too easy for him.

Onstage, there was the Brecht "Galileo," in 1947, celebrated to the point of folklore but—for this reader, at least—very hard to envisage. Mr. Callow does his best, but was Laughton really a Brechtian actor? That the two men were friends is not in question; Brecht was the kind of bully under whom Laughton flourished. As for the performance, it may be most instructive as a venture outside the mainstream of theatre. Laughton felt the urge to break bounds. He was turning more to direction and unlikely material: he directed and played in "Don Juan in Hell," with Cedric Hardwicke, Charles Boyer, and Agnes Moorehead; he also directed "John Brown's Body" and the original "Caine Mutiny Court Martial." He made his money, increasingly, from travelling one-man shows in which he recited famous speeches from literature and history.

The interest in directing coincided with an acting group he led in Los Angeles that included Shelley Winters and Robert Ryan. The notion had



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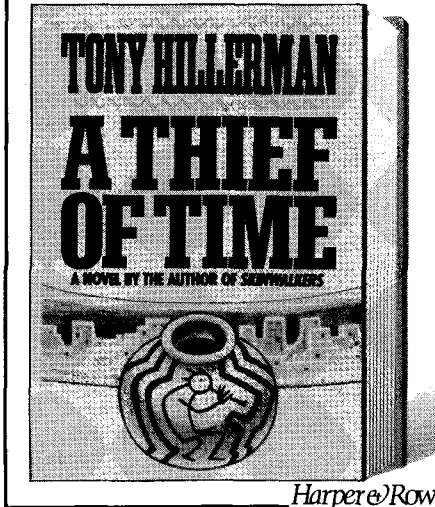
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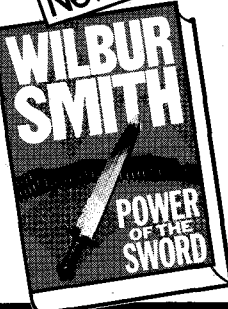
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spread that Laughton was not directable; but he had rarely known good directors or been in good films. It was as a director that he came to the work that may prove his finest achievement—the film of “The Night of the Hunter,” in 1955.

That movie has always been commercially disreputable, and it left Laughton without any further chance of directing. So his first try as a film director has all the gravity of a last work. Mr. Callow's account of the film is so exciting it ought to give the picture a new lease on life. Quite simply, “The Night of the Hunter” is among the major American films—a Depression fairy story, from a Davis Grubb novel. James Agee did a script, but Laughton felt compelled to rewrite it. The story has two children pursued across a dreamscape of rural America by a rogue preacher who has murdered their mother. Robert Mitchum is the preacher and Lillian Gish the fairy godmother who rescues the babes from the night.

Laughton looked at D. W. Griffith movies for inspiration, and as his cinematographer he had Stanley Cortez, the cameraman of “The Magnificent Ambersons.” But “The Night of the Hunter” is unlike other films—or was until “Blue Velvet” captured the same air of tranquil horror. Nothing in the later film is as stirring as the completeness with which Hollywood-hand-some Mitchum becomes the fearsome preacher. Laughton beguiled and relaxed Mitchum; he encouraged his daring, his grace, and his intelligence. The director must have smiled to see how monstrous the good-looking could be. If only Laughton the actor had had such a director! “The Night of the Hunter” is a living fable; the luminous force of its melodrama impels us to examine good and evil. Despite the Gothic atmosphere, it is a film quietly confident in its audacity, so mysterious that sometimes the preacher's pain hurts and the chilly innocence of the children is disturbing. That such a film failed can only have convinced Laughton that the world was undeserving.

I'm not sure any Laughton performance is as rich or as fascinating. For Mr. Callow, “Rembrandt,” “This Land Is Mine,” and “The Hunchback” are the finest. Quasimodo, he says, is “acting at its greatest.” Yet the film is as sentimental and literary as its original. Is a supreme performance

possible in a film not of the highest quality? Laughton's hunchback is startling and heartbreaking, but he has no reach or context. He is just the gargoyle of eternity in a film content to send folks home happy. He is a tour de force, but a sideshow. Moreover, he is softer than Quasimodo could ever be. To see Lon Chaney in the silent version is to see a terrible fierceness, a strength of body that is the only hardness for pain. I can't believe Laughton could have lived up in the tower or worked the bells with those slack legs of his. I am never sure that Laughton's beasts of burden are not ultimately guises of self-pity rather than visions of humanity. Mr. Callow would disagree hotly. I can only thank him for forcing me to think about the matter.

There are some irritating, small faults in this challenging and original book. Without source notes, we do not know whom Mr. Callow interviewed, let alone who said what. That lack compromises a work with any biographical thrust; it also leaves the vague places in Laughton's life extra-obscure. There are several errors of fact and detailed observation. (It is Senator Stennis, not Sennis, on whom Laughton's “Advise and Consent” accent is based; Laughton wears pince-nez, not a monocle, in “The Paradine Case.”) The list of plays omits the production of “The Cherry Orchard” put on by Laughton's acting group. More important, the book is feebly illustrated. The picture of Laughton in the Army which I referred to earlier is not in this book but in Charles Higham's 1976 biography. There is not even a shot of Quasimodo's face. That is insulting to the author and to a book that contains a hair-raising account of the sadomasochistic relationship between Laughton and his makeup man on “Hunchback.” We deserve a book with the proper respect for illustrating one of the loveliest wrecked faces of our time. For it is in that intelligent, pained gaze that we always find the turmoil of a thwarted child and a wronged man.

—DAVID THOMSON

ATHLETICS 9TH: Jones pitching. Polonia fouled out to catcher. Javier tripled to center. Canseco singled to right, Javier scored. Canseco to second on catcher's indifference.—*USA Today*.

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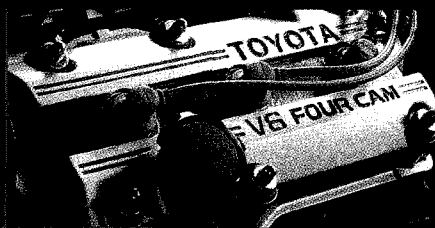
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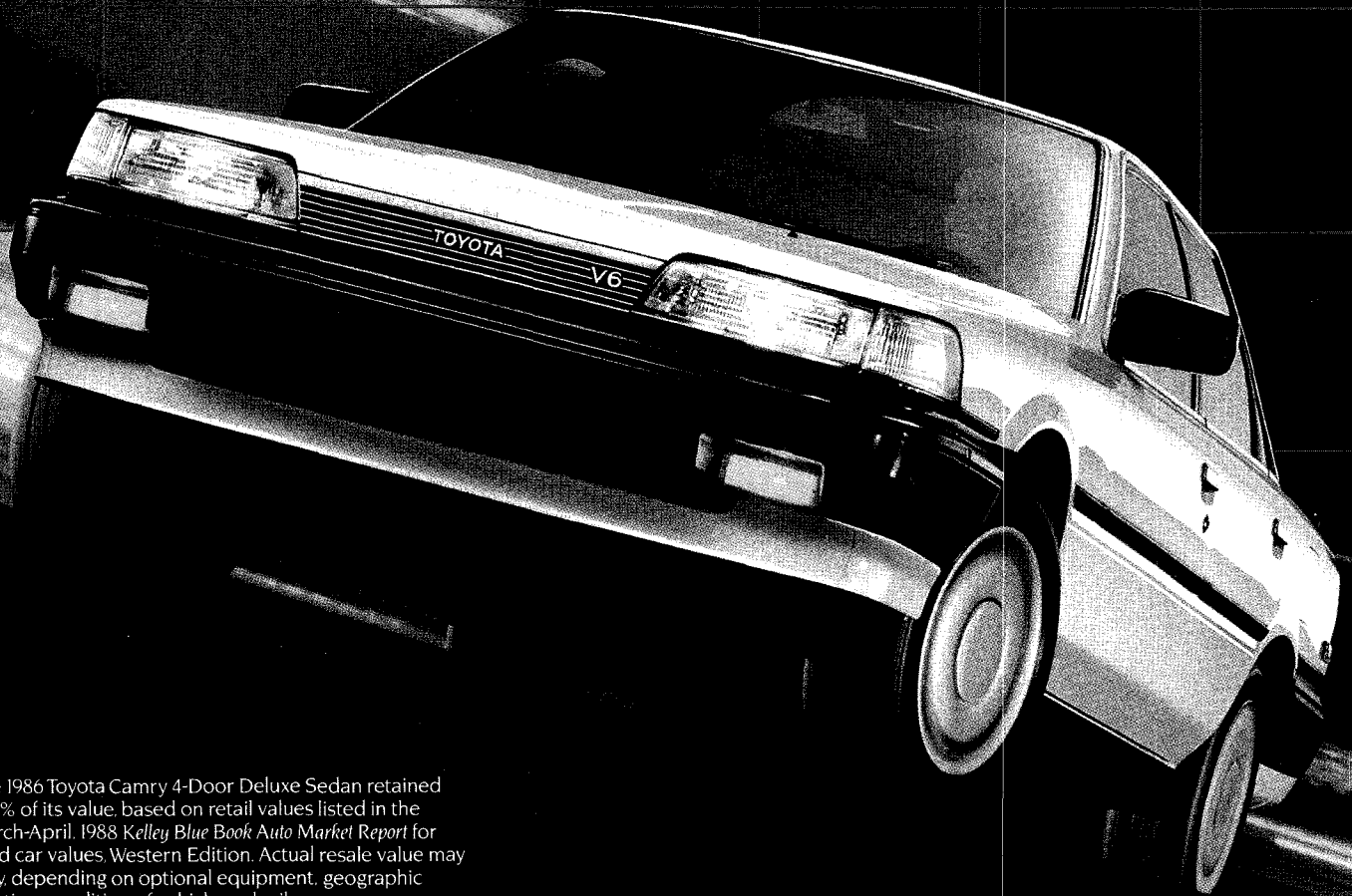
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